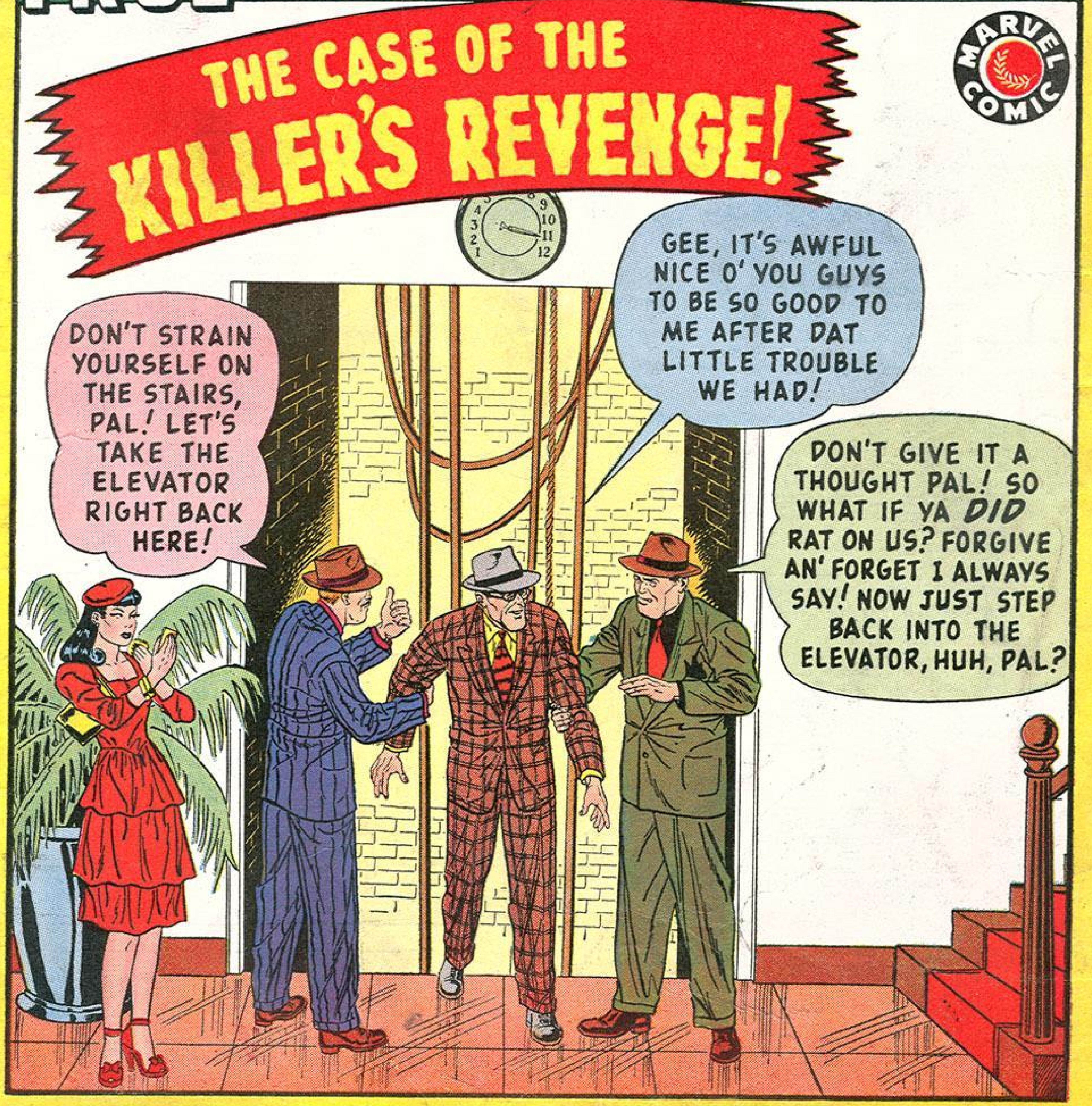
JULY
NO. 34

# ALL-TRUE CRIME CASES COMICS

K 10¢

## TRUE CASES PROVING CRIME CAN'T WIN!

MARVEL COMIC


THE CASE OF THE KILLER'S REVENGE!
DON'T STRAIN YOURSELF ON THE STAIRS, PAL! LET'S TAKE THE ELEVATOR RIGHT BACK HERE!
GEE, IT'S AWFUL NICE O' YOU GUYS TO BE SO GOOD TO ME AFTER DAT LITTLE TROUBLE WE HAD!
DON'T GIVE IT A THOUGHT PAL! SO WHAT IF YA *DID* RAT ON US? FORGIVE AN' FORGET I ALWAYS SAY! NOW JUST STEP BACK INTO THE ELEVATOR, HUH, PAL?

*Amazing*

ALL-OVER RAIN-COVER BARGAIN

U. S. GOV'T SURPLUS

BIGGEST VARIETY OF USES OF ANYTHING YOU EVER OWNED

WISH WE HAD ONE OF THOSE RAIN COVERS INSTEAD OF GETTING CAUGHT WITH ONLY A NEWSPAPER
OH! MY DRESS IS RUINED. HOW WILL I EVER GO TO THAT PARTY TONIGHT?
THIS SUDDEN SHOWER DOES'NT BOTHER US, DOES IT, DARLING?
GEE! I'M GLAD YOU SENT FOR THIS ALL-OVER RAIN-COVER... WE'RE JUST AS SNUG AS "2 BUGS IN A RUG"
WHAT A HAPPY DAY THAT WAS WHEN I GOT THESE ALL-OVER RAIN-COVERS FOR ONLY $1.00 EACH

*Take it to* **BALL GAMES, PICNICS, RIDING, HUNTING, FISHING . . . 101 OTHER USES**

This newest type, durable, compact, light, all-weather, all-purpose cover-all was made for gas warfare protection. It's all plastic with transparent top. You can see in all directions. It's BIG . . . 52" long, 52" wide. Big enough for two people to keep perfectly dry. Covers you completely . . . hat, coat, shoes and ALL.

Big and roomy as it is, folds to compact package of 4" by 7". Small enough to fit in pocket, lady's purse, golf bag, tackle box, dashboard compartment, etc. Ready instantly if you're caught in rain or sleet storm whether walking, riding, in open car, watching ball game, hunting, fishing, picnicking, etc. Children play tent, too. Insert clothes-hanger and you have dust-proof hamper to store clothes, dresses. Covers baby's carriage. Etc., etc.

Amazing close-out price is only $1.00, and they're going fast. If you don't agree that these specially made cover-alls are worth 4 or 5 times that much, we'll refund your dollar. It's the kind of all-over weather-protection you have wished often you could find. Keeps you as dry and cozy as a bug-in-a-rug because it covers your hat, coat, shoes, and ALL. Rain can't get to you. Get one or two NOW. You will not have another chance like this after this close-out is gone.

**SEND NO MONEY.** Mail the coupon TODAY. When package arrives in special foil-lined case, deposit only $1.00 plus C.O.D. postage with postman. Open it and SEE what an amazing VARIETY of uses to which you can put it. If not 100% pleased, return in 5 days for money back. BUT HURRY. This is a close-out, and you will never get another one at this bargain price.

**SURPLUS SALES, Dept. 54-DA, Joliet, Ill.**

YOU WILL NEVER GET ANOTHER ONE AT THIS LOW PRICE ONLY $1.00

LET 'ER RAIN! WE DON'T CARE DO WE HONEY? —THIS IS FUN!

*Folds to small pocket size pack. carry it anywhere*

JIMMY, DON'T YOU WISH YOU HAD SENT FOR ONE OF THOSE ALL-OVER RAIN-COVERS? THEY COST ONLY $1. AND LOOK WHAT THEY SAVE YOU

**MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY**

**SURPLUS SALES, Dept. 54-DA, Joliet, Ill.**

Please send me............All-weather, All-purpose Cover-all at $1.00 each. I will deposit the total amount of my order with postman, plus C.O.D. Postage on arrival. (If I enclose total amount of my order with coupon, you are to pay all postage charges.)

Name ____________________

Address ____________________

City ____________________ State ________

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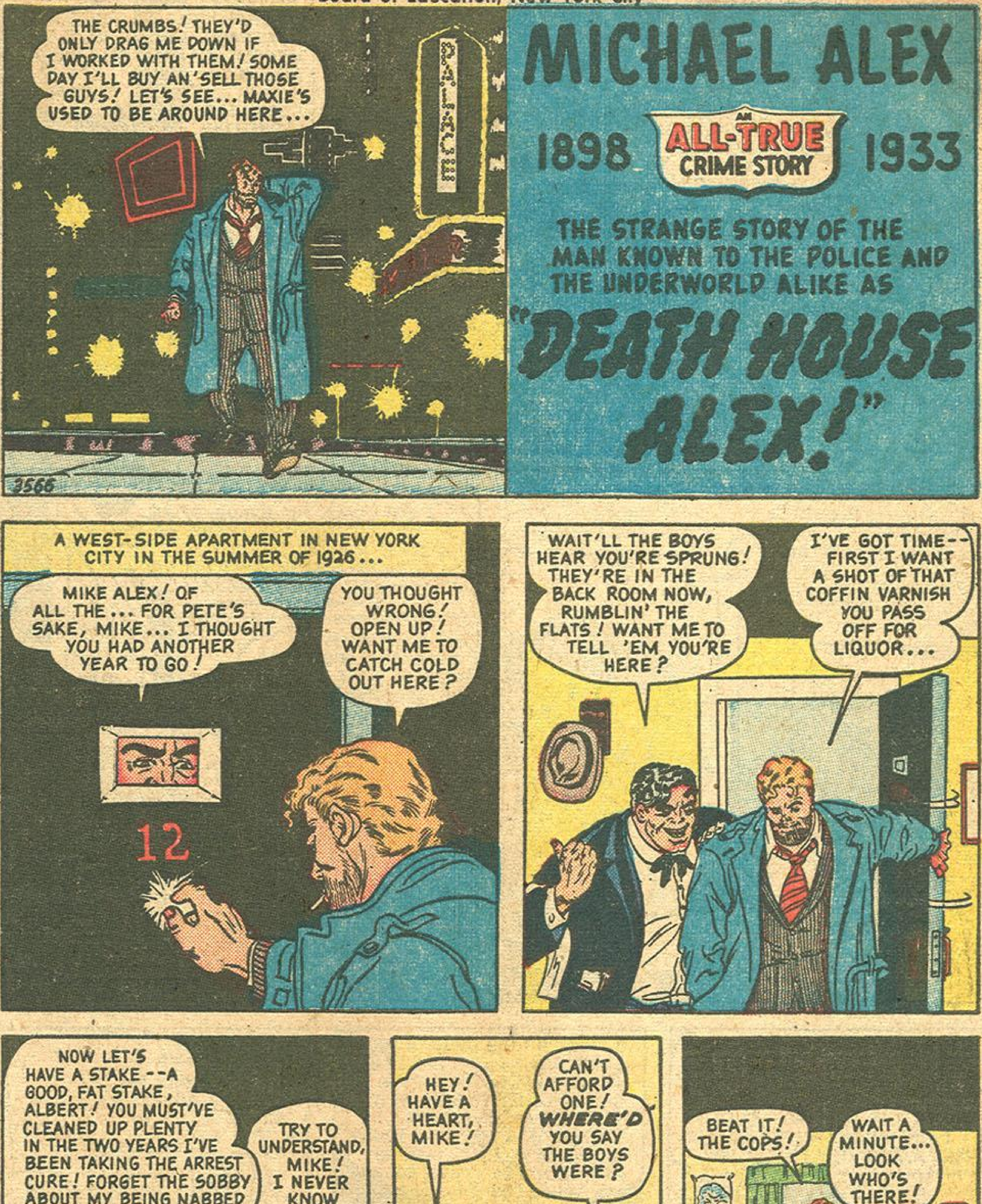
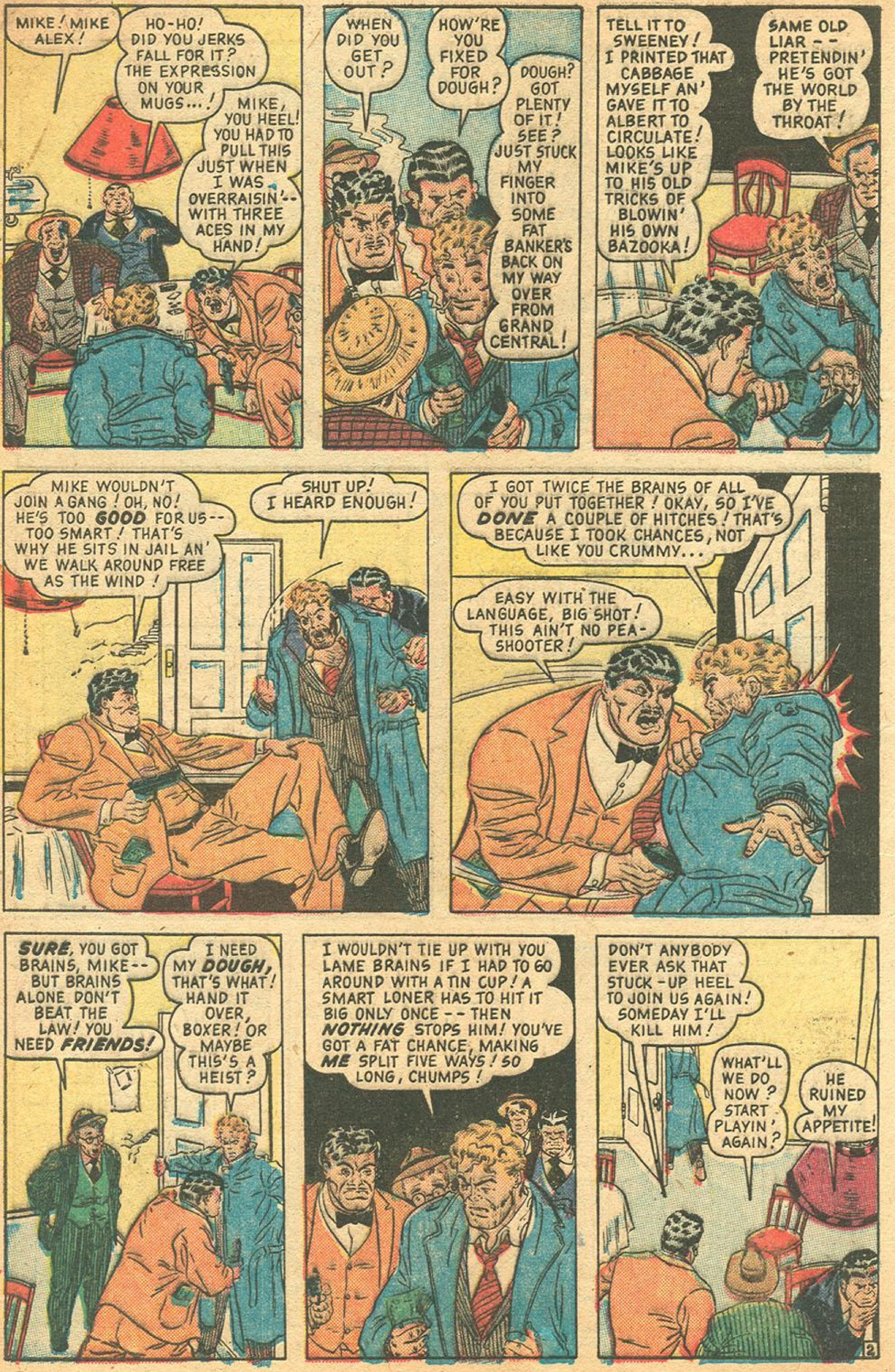
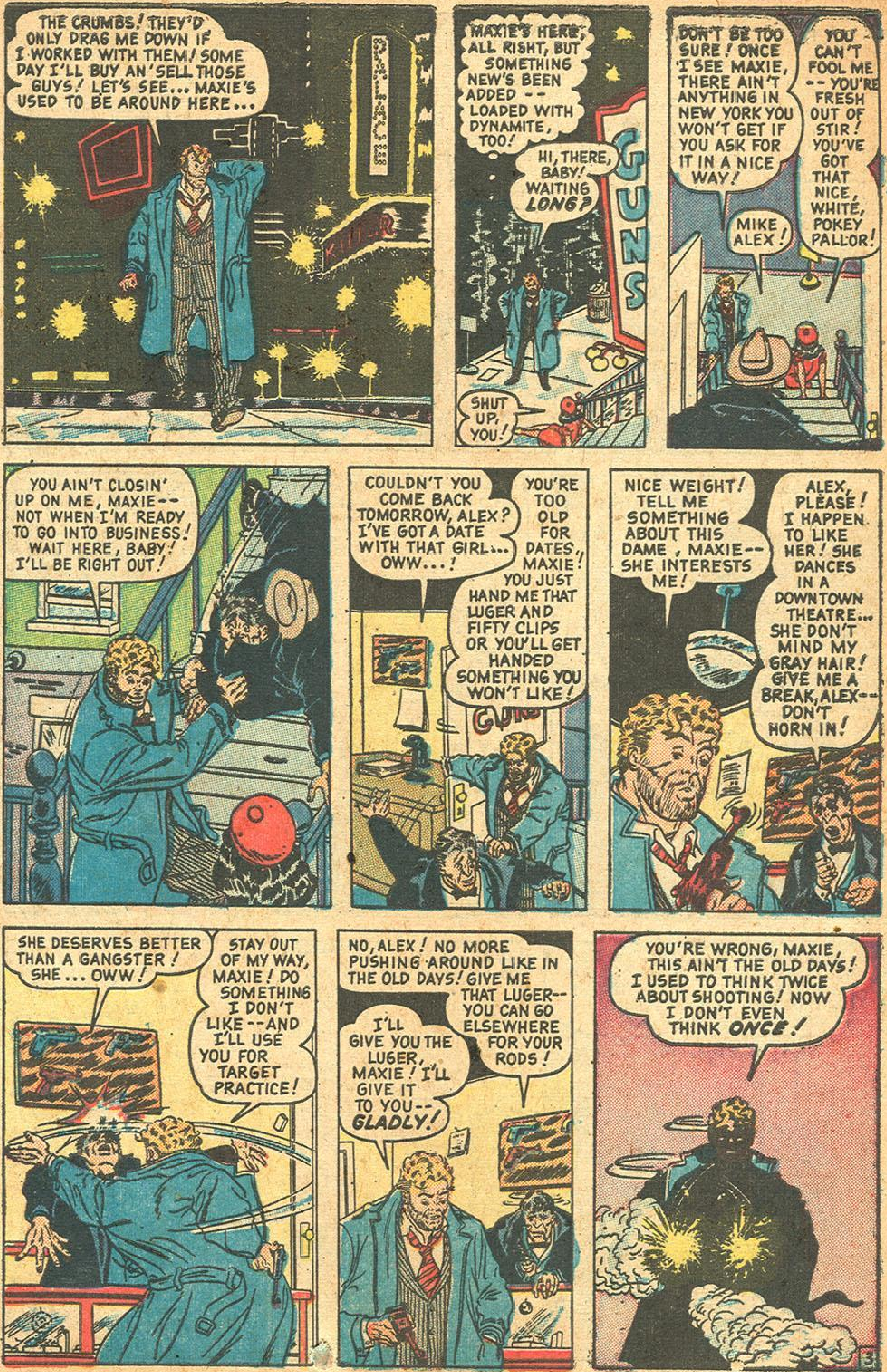
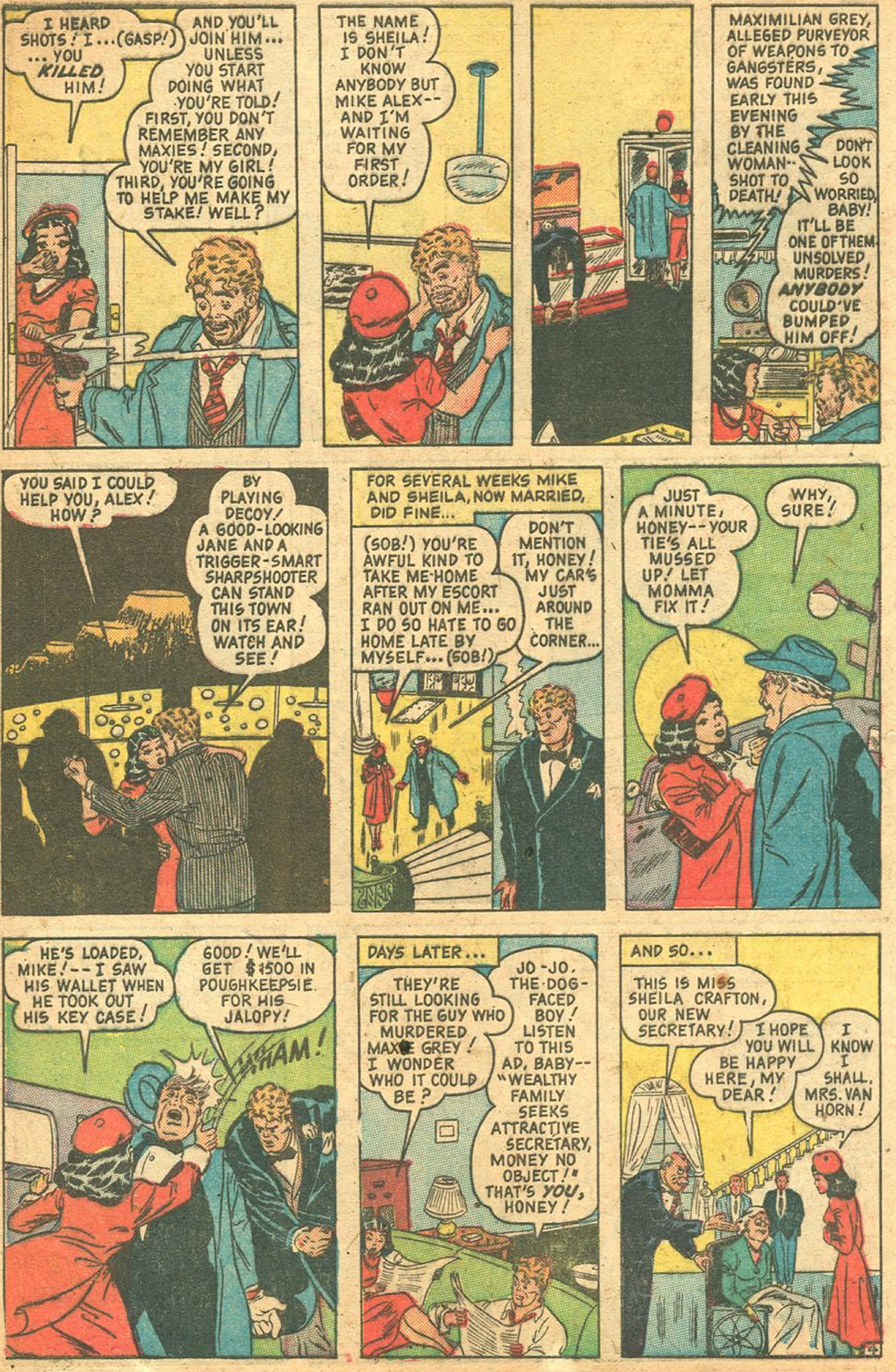
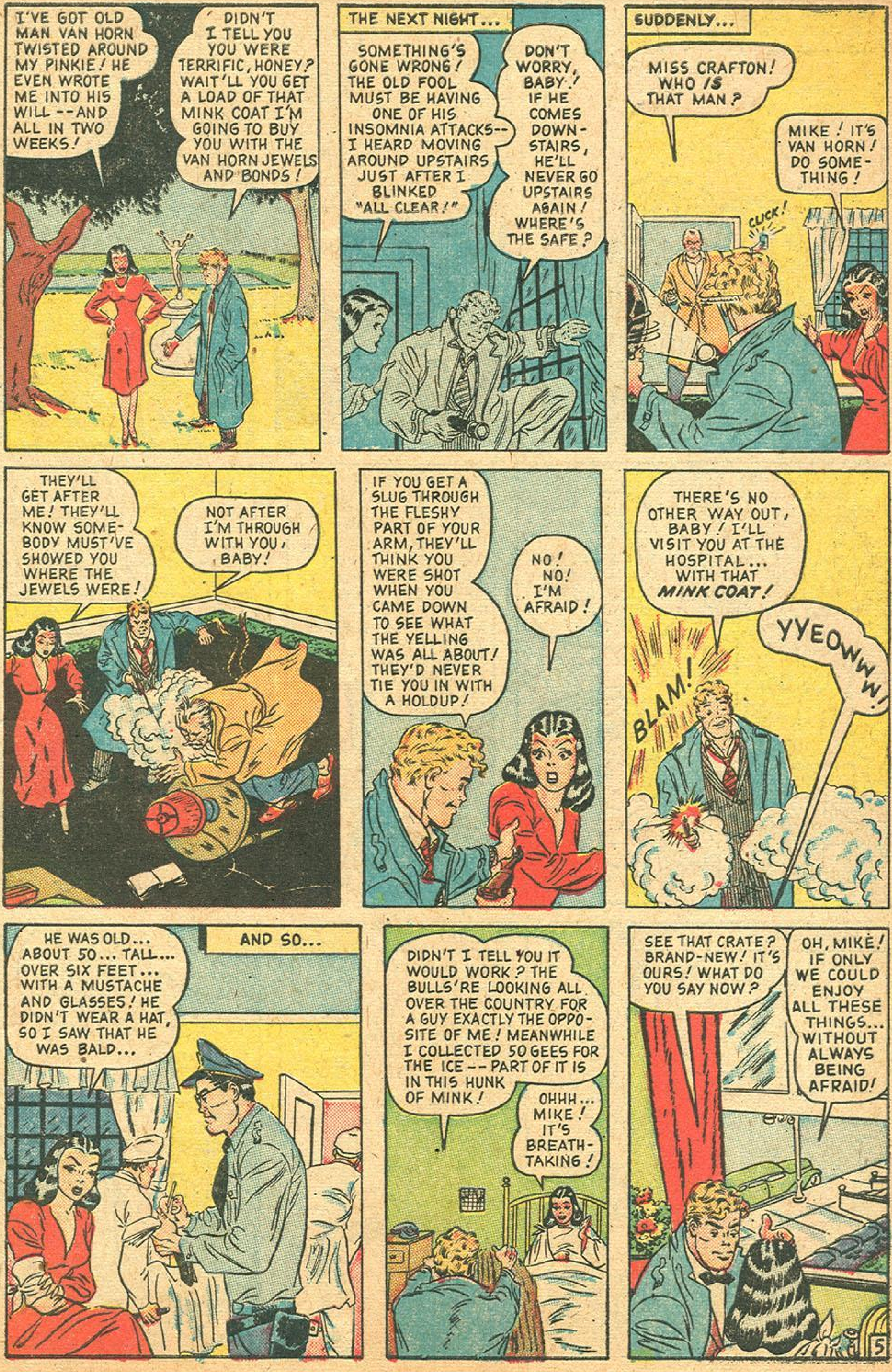

THE CRUMBS! THEY'D ONLY DRAG ME DOWN IF I WORKED WITH THEM! SOME DAY I'LL BUY AN' SELL THOSE GUYS! LET'S SEE... MAXIE'S USED TO BE AROUND HERE...
PALACE
3566
MICHAEL ALEX
1898
AN ALL-TRUE CRIME STORY
1933
THE STRANGE STORY OF THE MAN KNOWN TO THE POLICE AND THE UNDERWORLD ALIKE AS
"DEATH HOUSE ALEX!"
A WEST-SIDE APARTMENT IN NEW YORK CITY IN THE SUMMER OF 1926...
MIKE ALEX! OF ALL THE... FOR PETE'S SAKE, MIKE... I THOUGHT YOU HAD ANOTHER YEAR TO GO!
YOU THOUGHT WRONG! OPEN UP! WANT ME TO CATCH COLD OUT HERE?
12
WAIT'LL THE BOYS HEAR YOU'RE SPRUNG! THEY'RE IN THE BACK ROOM NOW, RUMBLIN' THE FLATS! WANT ME TO TELL 'EM YOU'RE HERE?
I'VE GOT TIME-- FIRST I WANT A SHOT OF THAT COFFIN VARNISH YOU PASS OFF FOR LIQUOR...
NOW LET'S HAVE A STAKE --A GOOD, FAT STAKE, ALBERT! YOU MUST'VE CLEANED UP PLENTY IN THE TWO YEARS I'VE BEEN TAKING THE ARREST CURE! FORGET THE SOBBY ABOUT MY BEING NABBED THE DAY YOU STAKED ME THE LAST TIME...
TRY TO UNDERSTAND, MIKE! I NEVER KNOW WHEN I'M GOIN' TO BE THROUGH, RAIDED, ROBBED...
HEY! HAVE A HEART, MIKE!
CAN'T AFFORD ONE! WHERE'D YOU SAY THE BOYS WERE?
BEAT IT! THE COPS!
WAIT A MINUTE... LOOK WHO'S THERE!

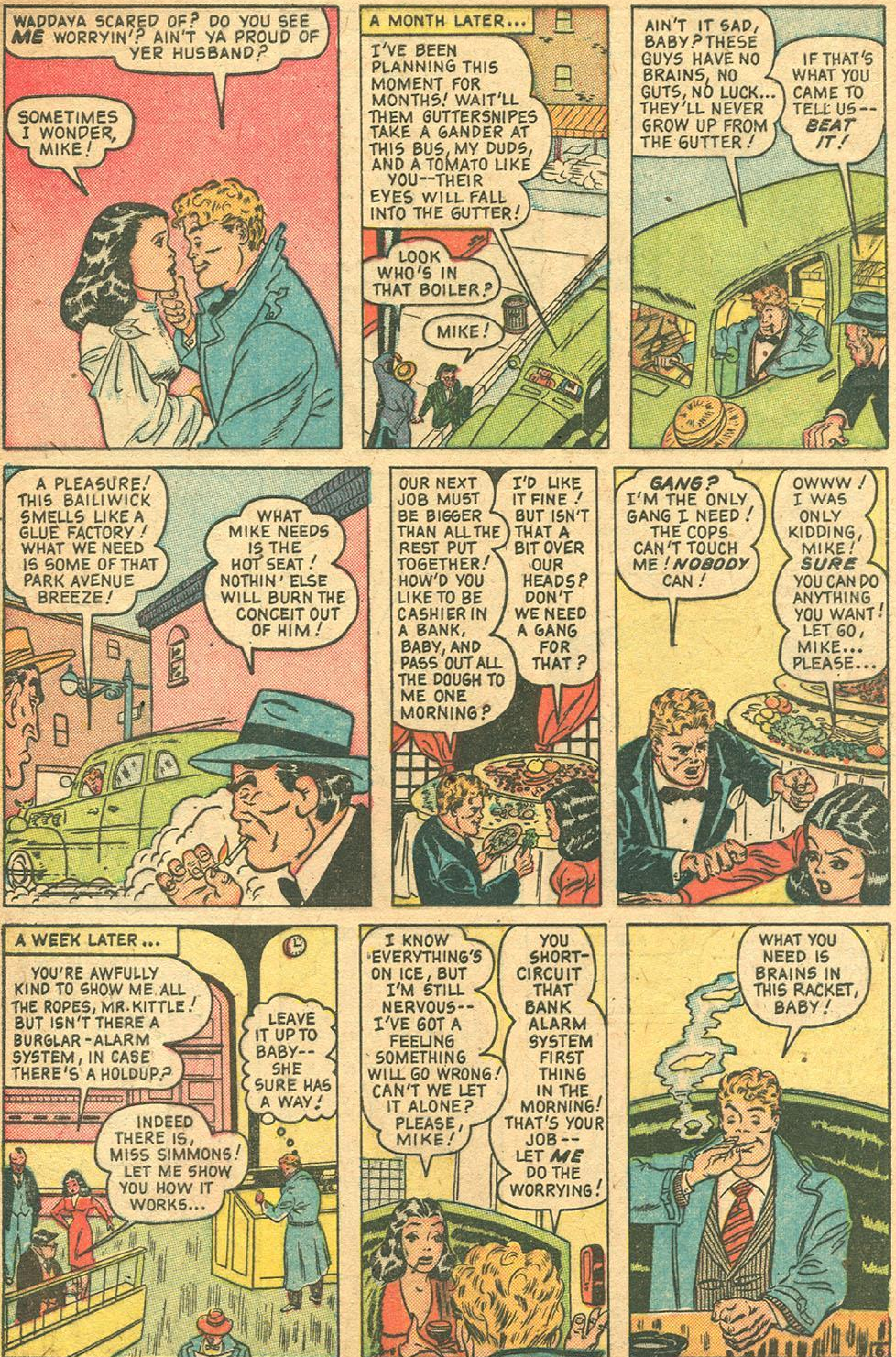
ALL NAMES AND PLACES IN THIS TRUE-TO-LIFE STORY ARE FICTITIOUS
ANY SIMILARITY BETWEEN ACTUAL PERSONS OR PLACES AND THOSE USED IN THIS STORY IS PURELY COINCIDENTAL

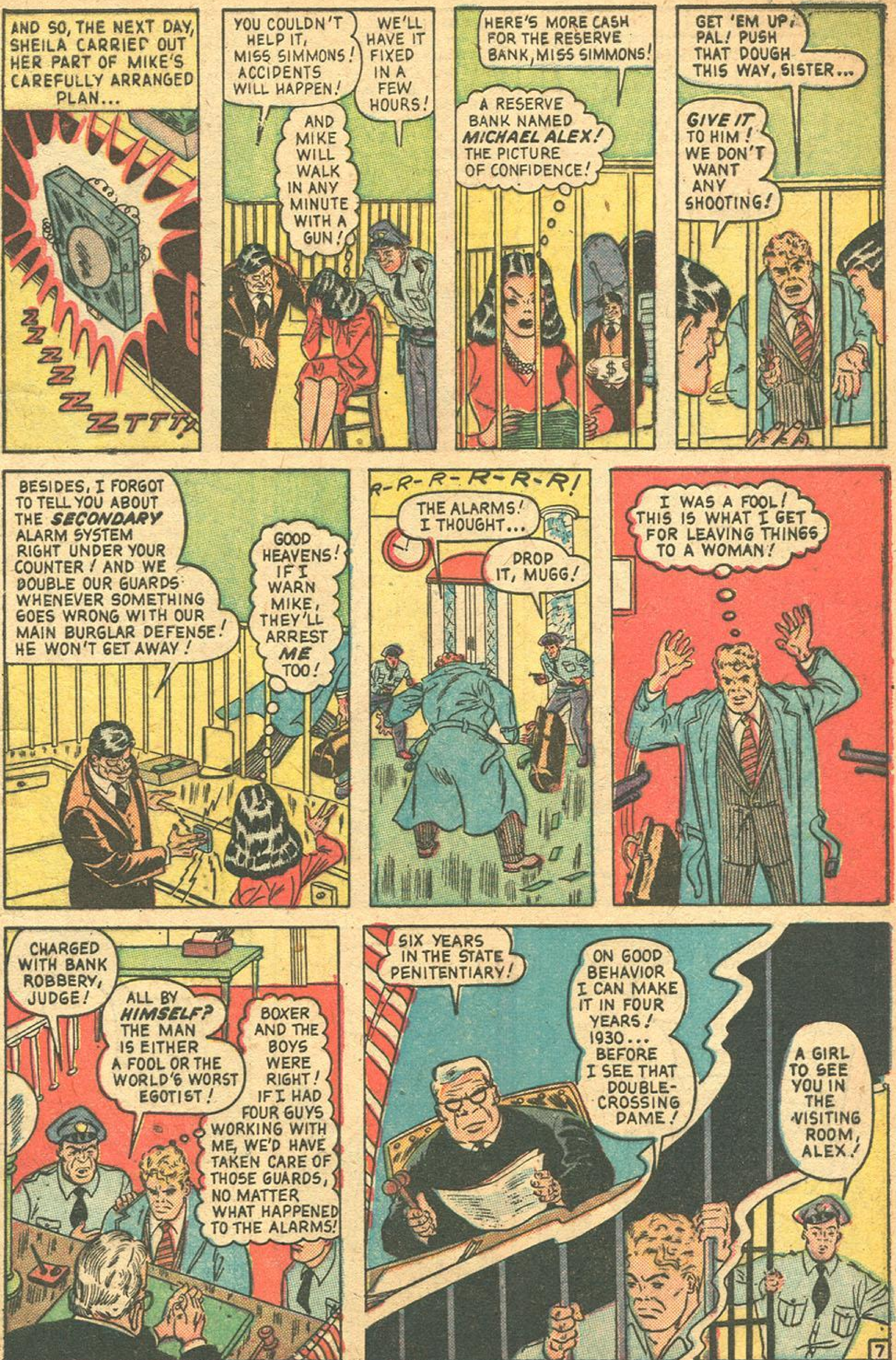

MIKE! MIKE ALEX!
HO-HO! DID YOU JERKS FALL FOR IT? THE EXPRESSION ON YOUR MUGS...!
MIKE, YOU HEEL! YOU HAD TO PULL THIS JUST WHEN I WAS OVERRAISIN'-- WITH THREE ACES IN MY HAND!
WHEN DID YOU GET OUT?
HOW'RE YOU FIXED FOR DOUGH?
DOUGH? GOT PLENTY OF IT! SEE? JUST STUCK MY FINGER INTO SOME FAT BANKER'S BACK ON MY WAY OVER FROM GRAND CENTRAL!
TELL IT TO SWEENEY! I PRINTED THAT CABBAGE MYSELF AN' GAVE IT TO ALBERT TO CIRCULATE! LOOKS LIKE MIKE'S UP TO HIS OLD TRICKS OF BLOWIN' HIS OWN BAZOOKA!
SAME OLD LIAR -- PRETENDIN' HE'S GOT THE WORLD BY THE THROAT!
MIKE WOULDN'T JOIN A GANG! OH, NO! HE'S TOO GOOD FOR US-- TOO SMART! THAT'S WHY HE SITS IN JAIL AN' WE WALK AROUND FREE AS THE WIND!
SHUT UP! I HEARD ENOUGH!
I GOT TWICE THE BRAINS OF ALL OF YOU PUT TOGETHER! OKAY, SO I'VE DONE A COUPLE OF HITCHES! THAT'S BECAUSE I TOOK CHANCES, NOT LIKE YOU CRUMMY...
EASY WITH THE LANGUAGE, BIG SHOT! THIS AIN'T NO PEA-SHOOTER!
SURE, YOU GOT BRAINS, MIKE-- BUT BRAINS ALONE DON'T BEAT THE LAW! YOU NEED FRIENDS!
I NEED MY DOUGH, THAT'S WHAT! HAND IT OVER, BOXER! OR MAYBE THIS'S A HEIST?
I WOULDN'T TIE UP WITH YOU LAME BRAINS IF I HAD TO GO AROUND WITH A TIN CUP! A SMART LONER HAS TO HIT IT BIG ONLY ONCE -- THEN NOTHING STOPS HIM! YOU'VE GOT A FAT CHANCE, MAKING ME SPLIT FIVE WAYS! SO LONG, CHUMPS!
DON'T ANYBODY EVER ASK THAT STUCK-UP HEEL TO JOIN US AGAIN! SOMEDAY I'LL KILL HIM!
WHAT'LL WE DO NOW? START PLAYIN' AGAIN?
HE RUINED MY APPETITE!

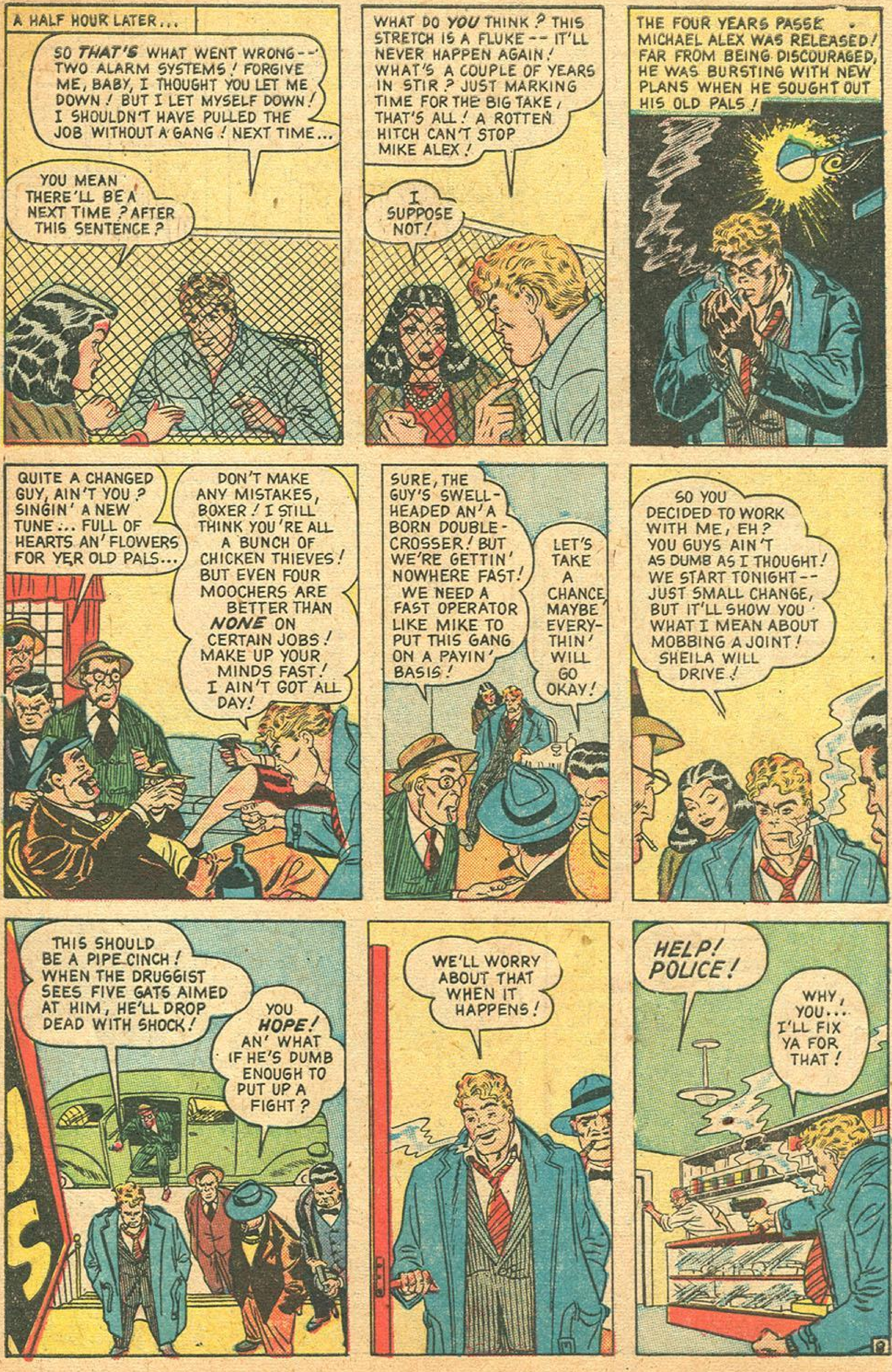

THE CRUMBS! THEY'D ONLY DRAG ME DOWN IF I WORKED WITH THEM! SOME DAY I'LL BUY AN' SELL THOSE GUYS! LET'S SEE... MAXIE'S USED TO BE AROUND HERE...
KILLER
MAXIE'S HERE, ALL RIGHT, BUT SOMETHING NEW'S BEEN ADDED -- LOADED WITH DYNAMITE, TOO!
HI, THERE, BABY! WAITING *LONG?*
GUNS
SHUT UP, YOU!
DON'T BE TOO SURE! ONCE I SEE MAXIE, THERE AIN'T ANYTHING IN NEW YORK YOU WON'T GET IF YOU ASK FOR IT IN A NICE WAY!
YOU CAN'T FOOL ME -- YOU'RE FRESH OUT OF STIR! YOU'VE GOT THAT NICE, WHITE, POKEY PALLOR!
MIKE ALEX!
YOU AIN'T CLOSIN' UP ON ME, MAXIE-- NOT WHEN I'M READY TO GO INTO BUSINESS! WAIT HERE, BABY! I'LL BE RIGHT OUT!
COULDN'T YOU COME BACK TOMORROW, ALEX? I'VE GOT A DATE WITH THAT GIRL... OWW...!
YOU'RE TOO OLD FOR DATES, MAXIE! YOU JUST HAND ME THAT LUGER AND FIFTY CLIPS OR YOU'LL GET HANDED SOMETHING YOU WON'T LIKE!
GUNS
NICE WEIGHT! TELL ME SOMETHING ABOUT THIS DAME, MAXIE-- SHE INTERESTS ME!
ALEX, PLEASE! I HAPPEN TO LIKE HER! SHE DANCES IN A DOWNTOWN THEATRE... SHE DON'T MIND MY GRAY HAIR! GIVE ME A BREAK, ALEX-- DON'T HORN IN!
SHE DESERVES BETTER THAN A GANGSTER! SHE... OWW!
STAY OUT OF MY WAY, MAXIE! DO SOMETHING I DON'T LIKE --AND I'LL USE YOU FOR TARGET PRACTICE!
NO, ALEX! NO MORE PUSHING AROUND LIKE IN THE OLD DAYS! GIVE ME THAT LUGER-- YOU CAN GO ELSEWHERE FOR YOUR RODS!
I'LL GIVE YOU THE LUGER, MAXIE! I'LL GIVE IT TO YOU-- *GLADLY!*
YOU'RE WRONG, MAXIE, THIS AIN'T THE OLD DAYS! I USED TO THINK TWICE ABOUT SHOOTING! NOW I DON'T EVEN THINK *ONCE!*

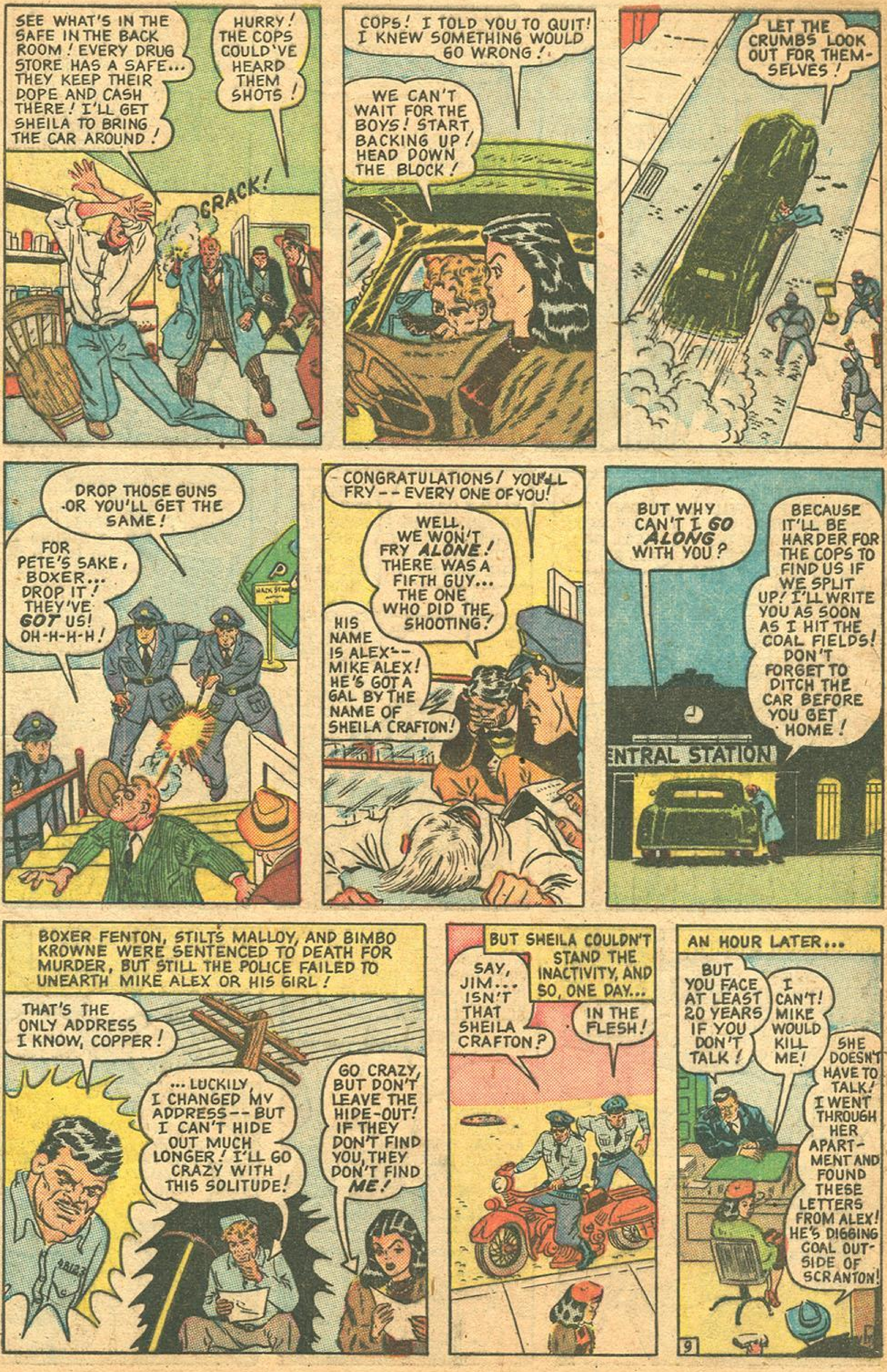

I HEARD SHOTS! I...(GASP!) ...YOU *KILLED* HIM!
AND YOU'LL JOIN HIM... UNLESS YOU START DOING WHAT YOU'RE TOLD! FIRST, YOU DON'T REMEMBER ANY MAXIES! SECOND, YOU'RE MY GIRL! THIRD, YOU'RE GOING TO HELP ME MAKE MY STAKE! WELL?
THE NAME IS SHEILA! I DON'T KNOW ANYBODY BUT MIKE ALEX--AND I'M WAITING FOR MY FIRST ORDER!
MAXIMILIAN GREY, ALLEGED PURVEYOR OF WEAPONS TO GANGSTERS, WAS FOUND EARLY THIS EVENING BY THE CLEANING WOMAN--SHOT TO DEATH!
DON'T LOOK SO WORRIED, BABY! IT'LL BE ONE OF THEM UNSOLVED MURDERS! *ANYBODY* COULD'VE BUMPED HIM OFF!
YOU SAID I COULD HELP YOU, ALEX! HOW?
BY PLAYING DECOY! A GOOD-LOOKING JANE AND A TRIGGER-SMART SHARPSHOOTER CAN STAND THIS TOWN ON ITS EAR! WATCH AND SEE!
FOR SEVERAL WEEKS MIKE AND SHEILA, NOW MARRIED, DID FINE...
(SOB!) YOU'RE AWFUL KIND TO TAKE ME HOME AFTER MY ESCORT RAN OUT ON ME... I DO SO HATE TO GO HOME LATE BY MYSELF...(SOB!)
DON'T MENTION IT, HONEY! MY CAR'S JUST AROUND THE CORNER...
JUST A MINUTE, HONEY--YOUR TIE'S ALL MUSSED UP! LET MOMMA FIX IT!
WHY, SURE!
HE'S LOADED, MIKE!--I SAW HIS WALLET WHEN HE TOOK OUT HIS KEY CASE!
GOOD! WE'LL GET $1500 IN POUGHKEEPSIE FOR HIS JALOPY!
WHAM!
DAYS LATER...
THEY'RE STILL LOOKING FOR THE GUY WHO MURDERED MAXIE GREY! I WONDER WHO IT COULD BE?
JO-JO, THE DOG-FACED BOY! LISTEN TO THIS AD, BABY--"WEALTHY FAMILY SEEKS ATTRACTIVE SECRETARY, MONEY NO OBJECT!" THAT'S *YOU*, HONEY!
AND SO...
THIS IS MISS SHEILA CRAFTON, OUR NEW SECRETARY!
I HOPE YOU WILL BE HAPPY HERE, MY DEAR!
I KNOW I SHALL, MRS. VAN HORN!

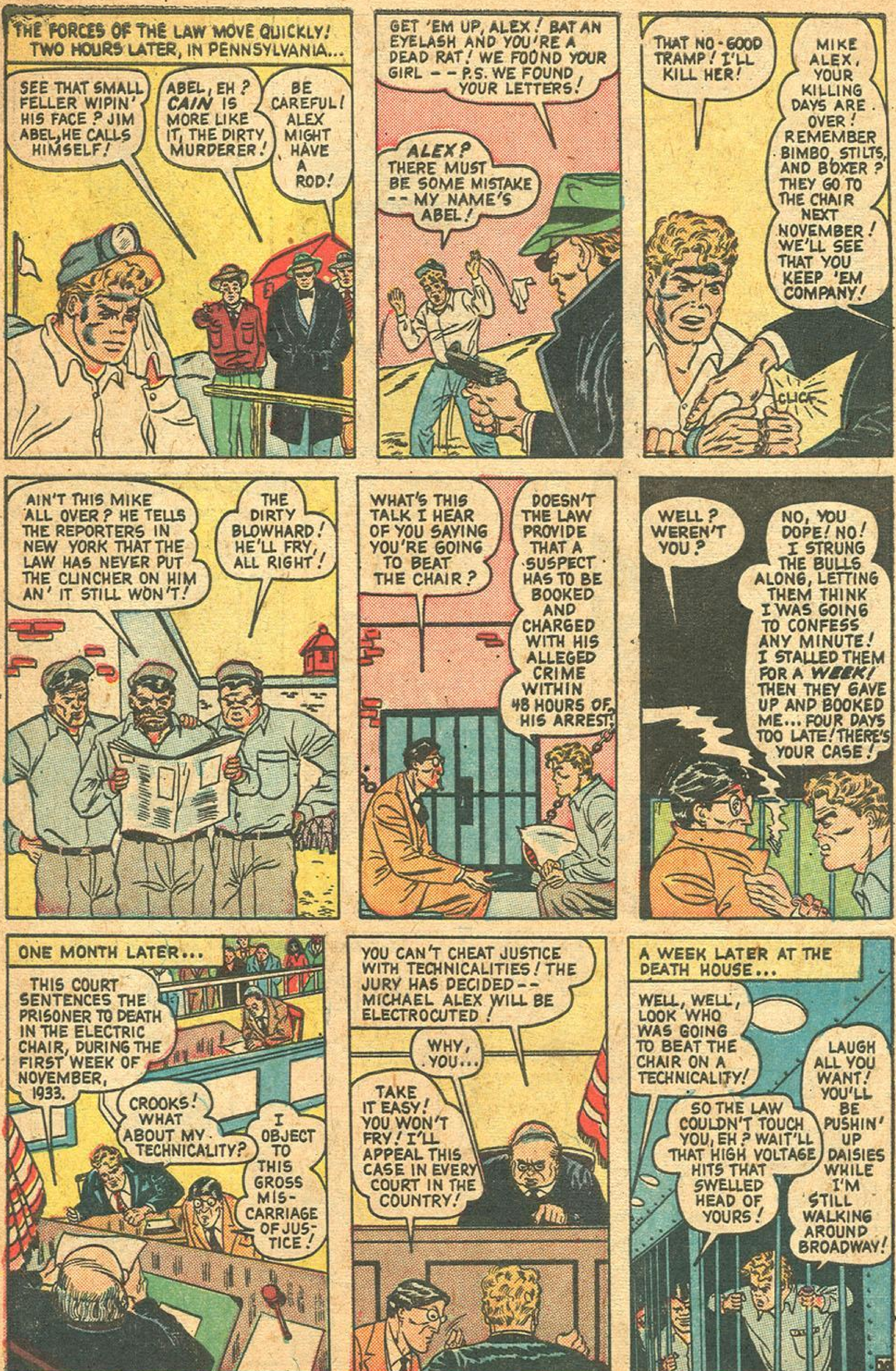

I'VE GOT OLD MAN VAN HORN TWISTED AROUND MY PINKIE! HE EVEN WROTE ME INTO HIS WILL -- AND ALL IN TWO WEEKS!
DIDN'T I TELL YOU YOU WERE TERRIFIC, HONEY? WAIT'LL YOU GET A LOAD OF THAT MINK COAT I'M GOING TO BUY YOU WITH THE VAN HORN JEWELS AND BONDS!
THE NEXT NIGHT...
SOMETHING'S GONE WRONG! THE OLD FOOL MUST BE HAVING ONE OF HIS INSOMNIA ATTACKS-- I HEARD MOVING AROUND UPSTAIRS JUST AFTER I BLINKED "ALL CLEAR!"
DON'T WORRY, BABY! IF HE COMES DOWNSTAIRS, HE'LL NEVER GO UPSTAIRS AGAIN! WHERE'S THE SAFE?
SUDDENLY...
MISS CRAFTON! WHO *IS* THAT MAN?
MIKE! IT'S VAN HORN! DO SOMETHING!
CLICK!
THEY'LL GET AFTER ME! THEY'LL KNOW SOMEBODY MUST'VE SHOWED YOU WHERE THE JEWELS WERE!
NOT AFTER I'M THROUGH WITH YOU, BABY!
IF YOU GET A SLUG THROUGH THE FLESHY PART OF YOUR ARM, THEY'LL THINK YOU WERE SHOT WHEN YOU CAME DOWN TO SEE WHAT THE YELLING WAS ALL ABOUT! THEY'D NEVER TIE YOU IN WITH A HOLDUP!
NO! NO! I'M AFRAID!
THERE'S NO OTHER WAY OUT, BABY! I'LL VISIT YOU AT THE HOSPITAL... WITH THAT **MINK COAT!**
YYEOWWW!
BLAM!
HE WAS OLD... ABOUT 50... TALL... OVER SIX FEET... WITH A MUSTACHE AND GLASSES! HE DIDN'T WEAR A HAT, SO I SAW THAT HE WAS BALD...
AND SO...
DIDN'T I TELL YOU IT WOULD WORK? THE BULLS'RE LOOKING ALL OVER THE COUNTRY FOR A GUY EXACTLY THE OPPOSITE OF ME! MEANWHILE I COLLECTED 50 GEES FOR THE ICE -- PART OF IT IS IN THIS HUNK OF MINK!
OHHH... MIKE! IT'S BREATHTAKING!
SEE THAT CRATE? BRAND-NEW! IT'S OURS! WHAT DO YOU SAY NOW?
OH, MIKE! IF ONLY WE COULD ENJOY ALL THESE THINGS... WITHOUT ALWAYS BEING AFRAID!

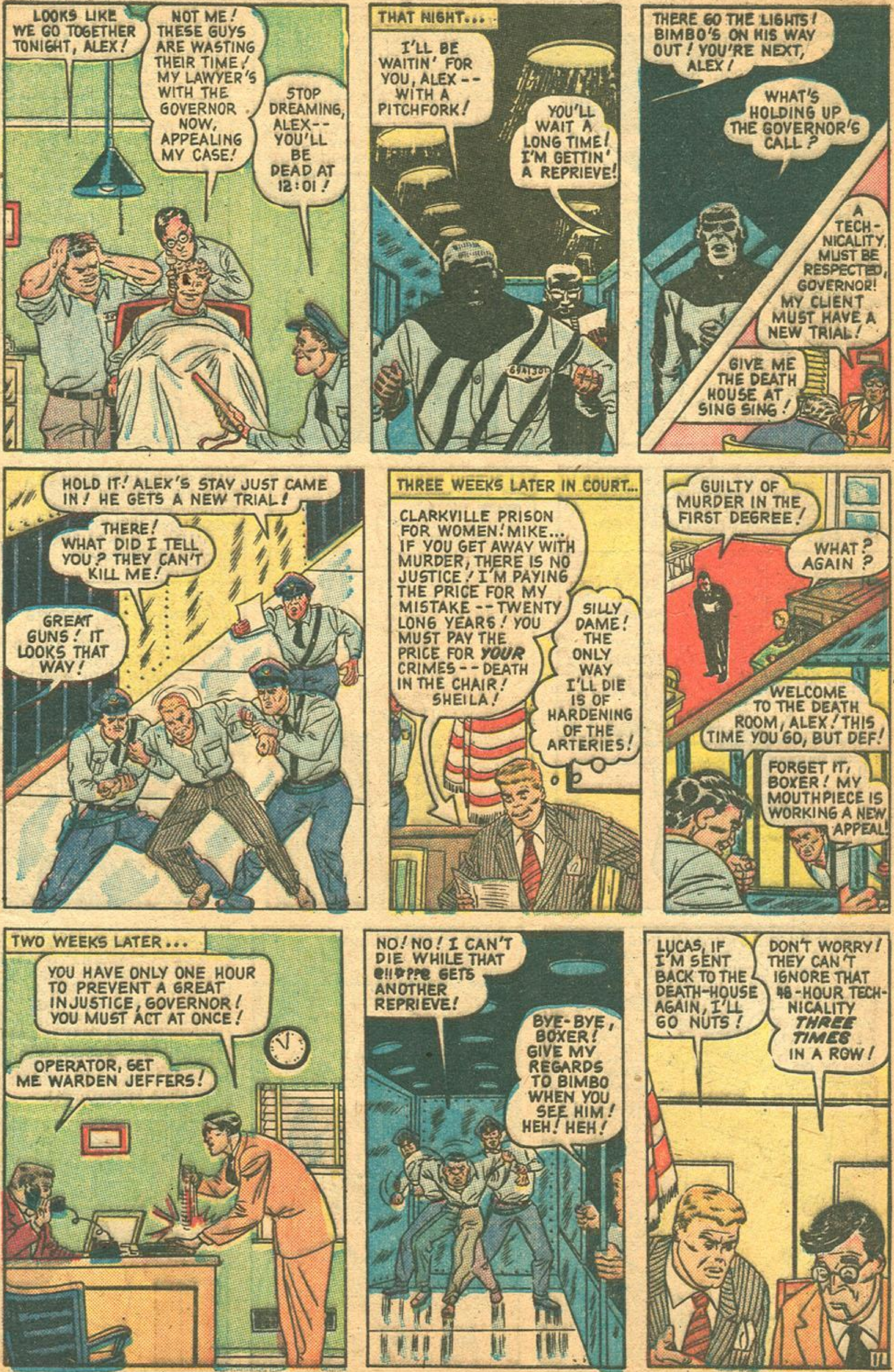

WADDAYA SCARED OF? DO YOU SEE ME WORRYIN'? AIN'T YA PROUD OF YER HUSBAND?
SOMETIMES I WONDER, MIKE!
A MONTH LATER...
I'VE BEEN PLANNING THIS MOMENT FOR MONTHS! WAIT'LL THEM GUTTERSNIPES TAKE A GANDER AT THIS BUS, MY DUDS, AND A TOMATO LIKE YOU--THEIR EYES WILL FALL INTO THE GUTTER!
LOOK WHO'S IN THAT BOILER?
MIKE!
AIN'T IT SAD, BABY? THESE GUYS HAVE NO BRAINS, NO GUTS, NO LUCK... THEY'LL NEVER GROW UP FROM THE GUTTER!
IF THAT'S WHAT YOU CAME TO TELL US-- BEAT IT!
A PLEASURE! THIS BAILIWICK SMELLS LIKE A GLUE FACTORY! WHAT WE NEED IS SOME OF THAT PARK AVENUE BREEZE!
WHAT MIKE NEEDS IS THE HOT SEAT! NOTHIN' ELSE WILL BURN THE CONCEIT OUT OF HIM!
OUR NEXT JOB MUST BE BIGGER THAN ALL THE REST PUT TOGETHER! HOW'D YOU LIKE TO BE CASHIER IN A BANK, BABY, AND PASS OUT ALL THE DOUGH TO ME ONE MORNING?
I'D LIKE IT FINE! BUT ISN'T THAT A BIT OVER OUR HEADS? DON'T WE NEED A GANG FOR THAT?
GANG? I'M THE ONLY GANG I NEED! THE COPS CAN'T TOUCH ME! NOBODY CAN!
OWWW! I WAS ONLY KIDDING, MIKE! SURE YOU CAN DO ANYTHING YOU WANT! LET GO, MIKE... PLEASE...
A WEEK LATER...
YOU'RE AWFULLY KIND TO SHOW ME ALL THE ROPES, MR. KITTLE! BUT ISN'T THERE A BURGLAR-ALARM SYSTEM, IN CASE THERE'S A HOLDUP?
LEAVE IT UP TO BABY-- SHE SURE HAS A WAY!
INDEED THERE IS, MISS SIMMONS! LET ME SHOW YOU HOW IT WORKS...
I KNOW EVERYTHING'S ON ICE, BUT I'M STILL NERVOUS-- I'VE GOT A FEELING SOMETHING WILL GO WRONG! CAN'T WE LET IT ALONE? PLEASE, MIKE!
YOU SHORT-CIRCUIT THAT BANK ALARM SYSTEM FIRST THING IN THE MORNING! THAT'S YOUR JOB -- LET ME DO THE WORRYING!
WHAT YOU NEED IS BRAINS IN THIS RACKET, BABY!

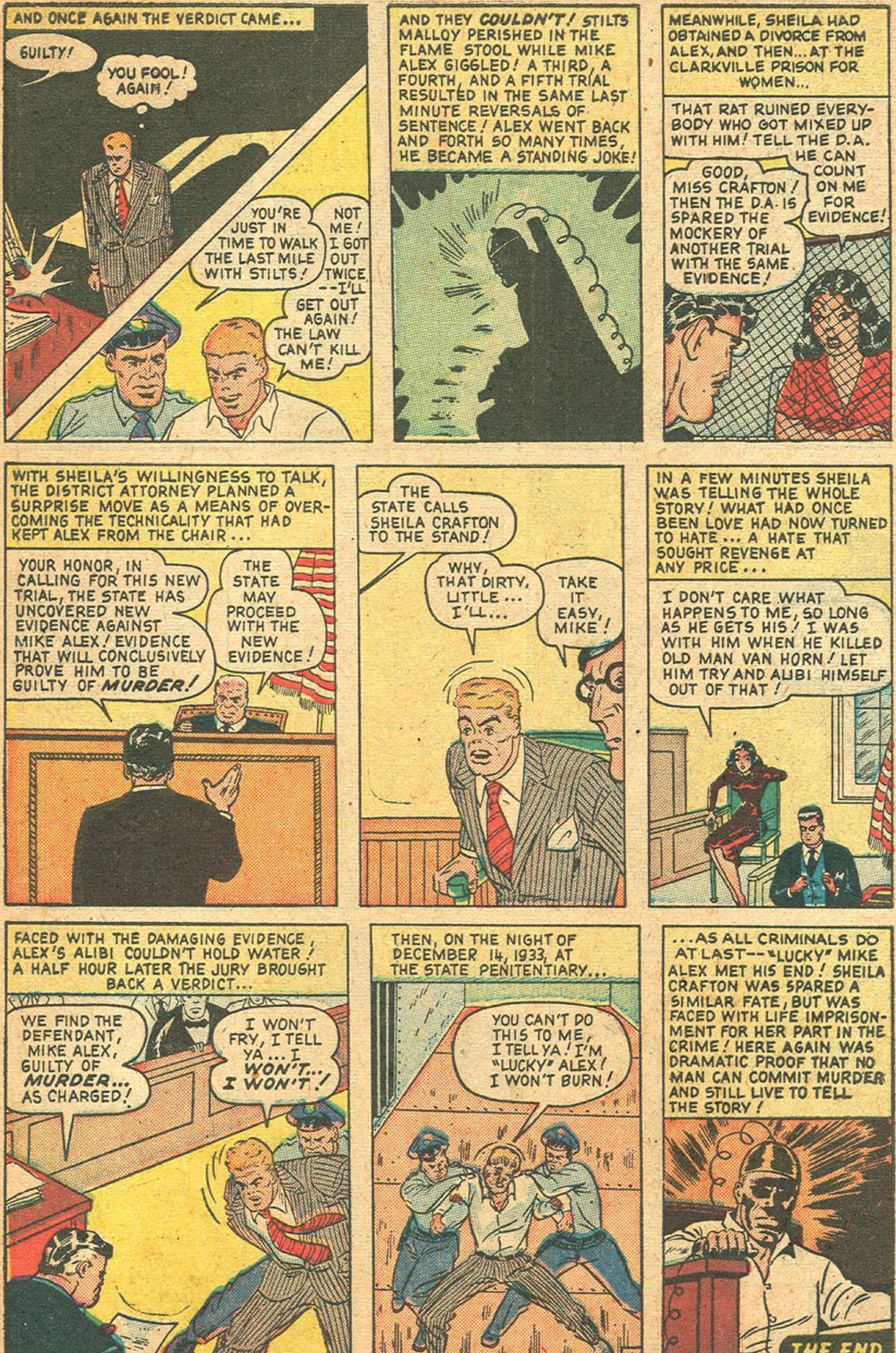

AND SO, THE NEXT DAY, SHEILA CARRIED OUT HER PART OF MIKE'S CAREFULLY ARRANGED PLAN...
ZZZZZZTTTT!
YOU COULDN'T HELP IT, MISS SIMMONS! ACCIDENTS WILL HAPPEN!
WE'LL HAVE IT FIXED IN A FEW HOURS!
AND MIKE WILL WALK IN ANY MINUTE WITH A GUN!
HERE'S MORE CASH FOR THE RESERVE BANK, MISS SIMMONS!
A RESERVE BANK NAMED MICHAEL ALEX! THE PICTURE OF CONFIDENCE!
GET 'EM UP, PAL! PUSH THAT DOUGH THIS WAY, SISTER...
GIVE IT TO HIM! WE DON'T WANT ANY SHOOTING!
BESIDES, I FORGOT TO TELL YOU ABOUT THE SECONDARY ALARM SYSTEM RIGHT UNDER YOUR COUNTER! AND WE DOUBLE OUR GUARDS WHENEVER SOMETHING GOES WRONG WITH OUR MAIN BURGLAR DEFENSE! HE WON'T GET AWAY!
GOOD HEAVENS! IF I WARN MIKE, THEY'LL ARREST ME TOO!
R-R-R-R-R-R!
THE ALARMS! I THOUGHT...
DROP IT, MUGG!
I WAS A FOOL! THIS IS WHAT I GET FOR LEAVING THINGS TO A WOMAN!
CHARGED WITH BANK ROBBERY, JUDGE!
ALL BY HIMSELF? THE MAN IS EITHER A FOOL OR THE WORLD'S WORST EGOTIST!
BOXER AND THE BOYS WERE RIGHT! IF I HAD FOUR GUYS WORKING WITH ME, WE'D HAVE TAKEN CARE OF THOSE GUARDS, NO MATTER WHAT HAPPENED TO THE ALARMS!
SIX YEARS IN THE STATE PENITENTIARY!
ON GOOD BEHAVIOR I CAN MAKE IT IN FOUR YEARS! 1930... BEFORE I SEE THAT DOUBLE-CROSSING DAME!
A GIRL TO SEE YOU IN THE VISITING ROOM, ALEX!


A HALF HOUR LATER...
SO *THAT'S* WHAT WENT WRONG-- TWO ALARM SYSTEMS! FORGIVE ME, BABY, I THOUGHT YOU LET ME DOWN! BUT I LET MYSELF DOWN! I SHOULDN'T HAVE PULLED THE JOB WITHOUT A GANG! NEXT TIME...
YOU MEAN THERE'LL BE A NEXT TIME? AFTER THIS SENTENCE?
WHAT DO *YOU* THINK? THIS STRETCH IS A FLUKE -- IT'LL NEVER HAPPEN AGAIN! WHAT'S A COUPLE OF YEARS IN STIR? JUST MARKING TIME FOR THE BIG TAKE, THAT'S ALL! A ROTTEN HITCH CAN'T STOP MIKE ALEX!
I SUPPOSE NOT!
THE FOUR YEARS PASSE . MICHAEL ALEX WAS RELEASED! FAR FROM BEING DISCOURAGED, HE WAS BURSTING WITH NEW PLANS WHEN HE SOUGHT OUT HIS OLD PALS!
QUITE A CHANGED GUY, AIN'T YOU? SINGIN' A NEW TUNE... FULL OF HEARTS AN' FLOWERS FOR YER OLD PALS...
DON'T MAKE ANY MISTAKES, BOXER! I STILL THINK YOU'RE ALL A BUNCH OF CHICKEN THIEVES! BUT EVEN FOUR MOOCHERS ARE BETTER THAN *NONE* ON CERTAIN JOBS! MAKE UP YOUR MINDS FAST! I AIN'T GOT ALL DAY!
SURE, THE GUY'S SWELL-HEADED AN' A BORN DOUBLE-CROSSER! BUT WE'RE GETTIN' NOWHERE FAST! WE NEED A FAST OPERATOR LIKE MIKE TO PUT THIS GANG ON A PAYIN' BASIS!
LET'S TAKE A CHANCE. MAYBE EVERYTHIN' WILL GO OKAY!
SO YOU DECIDED TO WORK WITH ME, EH? YOU GUYS AIN'T AS DUMB AS I THOUGHT! WE START TONIGHT -- JUST SMALL CHANGE, BUT IT'LL SHOW YOU WHAT I MEAN ABOUT MOBBING A JOINT! SHEILA WILL DRIVE!
THIS SHOULD BE A PIPE CINCH! WHEN THE DRUGGIST SEES FIVE GATS AIMED AT HIM, HE'LL DROP DEAD WITH SHOCK!
YOU *HOPE*! AN' WHAT IF HE'S DUMB ENOUGH TO PUT UP A FIGHT?
WE'LL WORRY ABOUT THAT WHEN IT HAPPENS!
HELP! POLICE!
WHY, YOU... I'LL FIX YA FOR THAT!


SEE WHAT'S IN THE SAFE IN THE BACK ROOM! EVERY DRUG STORE HAS A SAFE... THEY KEEP THEIR DOPE AND CASH THERE! I'LL GET SHEILA TO BRING THE CAR AROUND!
HURRY! THE COPS COULD'VE HEARD THEM SHOTS!
CRACK!
COPS! I TOLD YOU TO QUIT! I KNEW SOMETHING WOULD GO WRONG!
WE CAN'T WAIT FOR THE BOYS! START BACKING UP! HEAD DOWN THE BLOCK!
LET THE CRUMBS LOOK OUT FOR THEMSELVES!
DROP THOSE GUNS OR YOU'LL GET THE SAME!
FOR PETE'S SAKE, BOXER... DROP IT! THEY'VE GOT US! OH-H-H-H!
CONGRATULATIONS! YOU'LL FRY -- EVERY ONE OF YOU!
WELL, WE WON'T FRY ALONE! THERE WAS A FIFTH GUY... THE ONE WHO DID THE SHOOTING!
HIS NAME IS ALEX-- MIKE ALEX! HE'S GOT A GAL BY THE NAME OF SHEILA CRAFTON!
BUT WHY CAN'T I GO ALONG WITH YOU?
BECAUSE IT'LL BE HARDER FOR THE COPS TO FIND US IF WE SPLIT UP! I'LL WRITE YOU AS SOON AS I HIT THE COAL FIELDS! DON'T FORGET TO DITCH THE CAR BEFORE YOU GET HOME!
ENTRAL STATION
BOXER FENTON, STILTS MALLOY, AND BIMBO KROWNE WERE SENTENCED TO DEATH FOR MURDER, BUT STILL THE POLICE FAILED TO UNEARTH MIKE ALEX OR HIS GIRL!
THAT'S THE ONLY ADDRESS I KNOW, COPPER!
... LUCKILY, I CHANGED MY ADDRESS -- BUT I CAN'T HIDE OUT MUCH LONGER! I'LL GO CRAZY WITH THIS SOLITUDE!
GO CRAZY, BUT DON'T LEAVE THE HIDE-OUT! IF THEY DON'T FIND YOU, THEY DON'T FIND ME!
BUT SHEILA COULDN'T STAND THE INACTIVITY, AND SO, ONE DAY...
SAY, JIM... ISN'T THAT SHEILA CRAFTON?
IN THE FLESH!
AN HOUR LATER...
BUT YOU FACE AT LEAST 20 YEARS IF YOU DON'T TALK!
I CAN'T! MIKE WOULD KILL ME!
SHE DOESN'T HAVE TO TALK! I WENT THROUGH HER APARTMENT AND FOUND THESE LETTERS FROM ALEX! HE'S DIGGING COAL OUTSIDE OF SCRANTON!


THE FORCES OF THE LAW MOVE QUICKLY! TWO HOURS LATER, IN PENNSYLVANIA...
SEE THAT SMALL FELLER WIPIN' HIS FACE? JIM ABEL, HE CALLS HIMSELF!
ABEL, EH? CAIN IS MORE LIKE IT, THE DIRTY MURDERER!
BE CAREFUL! ALEX MIGHT HAVE A ROD!
GET 'EM UP, ALEX! BAT AN EYELASH AND YOU'RE A DEAD RAT! WE FOUND YOUR GIRL -- P.S. WE FOUND YOUR LETTERS!
ALEX? THERE MUST BE SOME MISTAKE -- MY NAME'S ABEL!
THAT NO-GOOD TRAMP! I'LL KILL HER!
MIKE ALEX, YOUR KILLING DAYS ARE OVER! REMEMBER BIMBO, STILTS, AND BOXER? THEY GO TO THE CHAIR NEXT NOVEMBER! WE'LL SEE THAT YOU KEEP 'EM COMPANY!
CLICK
AIN'T THIS MIKE ALL OVER? HE TELLS THE REPORTERS IN NEW YORK THAT THE LAW HAS NEVER PUT THE CLINCHER ON HIM AN' IT STILL WON'T!
THE DIRTY BLOWHARD! HE'LL FRY, ALL RIGHT!
WHAT'S THIS TALK I HEAR OF YOU SAYING YOU'RE GOING TO BEAT THE CHAIR?
DOESN'T THE LAW PROVIDE THAT A SUSPECT HAS TO BE BOOKED AND CHARGED WITH HIS ALLEGED CRIME WITHIN 48 HOURS OF HIS ARREST?
WELL? WEREN'T YOU?
NO, YOU DOPE! NO! I STRUNG THE BULLS ALONG, LETTING THEM THINK I WAS GOING TO CONFESS ANY MINUTE! I STALLED THEM FOR A WEEK! THEN THEY GAVE UP AND BOOKED ME... FOUR DAYS TOO LATE! THERE'S YOUR CASE!
ONE MONTH LATER...
THIS COURT SENTENCES THE PRISONER TO DEATH IN THE ELECTRIC CHAIR, DURING THE FIRST WEEK OF NOVEMBER, 1933.
CROOKS! WHAT ABOUT MY TECHNICALITY?
I OBJECT TO THIS GROSS MISCARRIAGE OF JUSTICE!
YOU CAN'T CHEAT JUSTICE WITH TECHNICALITIES! THE JURY HAS DECIDED -- MICHAEL ALEX WILL BE ELECTROCUTED!
WHY, YOU...
TAKE IT EASY! YOU WON'T FRY! I'LL APPEAL THIS CASE IN EVERY COURT IN THE COUNTRY!
A WEEK LATER AT THE DEATH HOUSE...
WELL, WELL, LOOK WHO WAS GOING TO BEAT THE CHAIR ON A TECHNICALITY!
SO THE LAW COULDN'T TOUCH YOU, EH? WAIT'LL THAT HIGH VOLTAGE HITS THAT SWELLED HEAD OF YOURS!
LAUGH ALL YOU WANT! YOU'LL BE PUSHIN' UP DAISIES WHILE I'M STILL WALKING AROUND BROADWAY!


LOOKS LIKE WE GO TOGETHER TONIGHT, ALEX!
NOT ME! THESE GUYS ARE WASTING THEIR TIME! MY LAWYER'S WITH THE GOVERNOR NOW, APPEALING MY CASE!
STOP DREAMING, ALEX-- YOU'LL BE DEAD AT 12:01!
THAT NIGHT...
I'LL BE WAITIN' FOR YOU, ALEX -- WITH A PITCHFORK!
YOU'LL WAIT A LONG TIME! I'M GETTIN' A REPRIEVE!
69A1301
THERE GO THE LIGHTS! BIMBO'S ON HIS WAY OUT! YOU'RE NEXT, ALEX!
WHAT'S HOLDING UP THE GOVERNOR'S CALL?
A TECHNICALITY MUST BE RESPECTED, GOVERNOR! MY CLIENT MUST HAVE A NEW TRIAL!
GIVE ME THE DEATH HOUSE AT SING SING!
HOLD IT! ALEX'S STAY JUST CAME IN! HE GETS A NEW TRIAL!
THERE! WHAT DID I TELL YOU? THEY CAN'T KILL ME!
GREAT GUNS! IT LOOKS THAT WAY!
THREE WEEKS LATER IN COURT...
CLARKVILLE PRISON FOR WOMEN! MIKE... IF YOU GET AWAY WITH MURDER, THERE IS NO JUSTICE! I'M PAYING THE PRICE FOR MY MISTAKE -- TWENTY LONG YEARS! YOU MUST PAY THE PRICE FOR *YOUR* CRIMES -- DEATH IN THE CHAIR! SHEILA!
SILLY DAME! THE ONLY WAY I'LL DIE IS OF HARDENING OF THE ARTERIES!
GUILTY OF MURDER IN THE FIRST DEGREE!
WHAT? AGAIN?
WELCOME TO THE DEATH ROOM, ALEX! THIS TIME YOU GO, BUT DEF!
FORGET IT, BOXER! MY MOUTHPIECE IS WORKING A NEW APPEAL!
TWO WEEKS LATER...
YOU HAVE ONLY ONE HOUR TO PREVENT A GREAT INJUSTICE, GOVERNOR! YOU MUST ACT AT ONCE!
OPERATOR, GET ME WARDEN JEFFERS!
NO! NO! I CAN'T DIE WHILE THAT @!!$??@ GETS ANOTHER REPRIEVE!
BYE-BYE, BOXER! GIVE MY REGARDS TO BIMBO WHEN YOU SEE HIM! HEH! HEH!
LUCAS, IF I'M SENT BACK TO THE DEATH-HOUSE AGAIN, I'LL GO NUTS!
DON'T WORRY! THEY CAN'T IGNORE THAT 48-HOUR TECHNICALITY *THREE TIMES* IN A ROW!


AND ONCE AGAIN THE VERDICT CAME...
GUILTY!
YOU FOOL! AGAIN!
YOU'RE JUST IN TIME TO WALK THE LAST MILE WITH STILTS!
NOT ME! I GOT OUT TWICE --I'LL GET OUT AGAIN! THE LAW CAN'T KILL ME!
AND THEY COULDN'T! STILTS MALLOY PERISHED IN THE FLAME STOOL WHILE MIKE ALEX GIGGLED! A THIRD, A FOURTH, AND A FIFTH TRIAL RESULTED IN THE SAME LAST MINUTE REVERSALS OF SENTENCE! ALEX WENT BACK AND FORTH SO MANY TIMES, HE BECAME A STANDING JOKE!
MEANWHILE, SHEILA HAD OBTAINED A DIVORCE FROM ALEX, AND THEN... AT THE CLARKVILLE PRISON FOR WOMEN...
THAT RAT RUINED EVERYBODY WHO GOT MIXED UP WITH HIM! TELL THE D.A. HE CAN COUNT ON ME FOR EVIDENCE!
GOOD, MISS CRAFTON! THEN THE D.A. IS SPARED THE MOCKERY OF ANOTHER TRIAL WITH THE SAME EVIDENCE!
WITH SHEILA'S WILLINGNESS TO TALK, THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY PLANNED A SURPRISE MOVE AS A MEANS OF OVERCOMING THE TECHNICALITY THAT HAD KEPT ALEX FROM THE CHAIR...
YOUR HONOR, IN CALLING FOR THIS NEW TRIAL, THE STATE HAS UNCOVERED NEW EVIDENCE AGAINST MIKE ALEX! EVIDENCE THAT WILL CONCLUSIVELY PROVE HIM TO BE GUILTY OF MURDER!
THE STATE MAY PROCEED WITH THE NEW EVIDENCE!
THE STATE CALLS SHEILA CRAFTON TO THE STAND!
WHY, THAT DIRTY, LITTLE... I'LL...
TAKE IT EASY, MIKE!
IN A FEW MINUTES SHEILA WAS TELLING THE WHOLE STORY! WHAT HAD ONCE BEEN LOVE HAD NOW TURNED TO HATE... A HATE THAT SOUGHT REVENGE AT ANY PRICE...
I DON'T CARE WHAT HAPPENS TO ME, SO LONG AS HE GETS HIS! I WAS WITH HIM WHEN HE KILLED OLD MAN VAN HORN! LET HIM TRY AND ALIBI HIMSELF OUT OF THAT!
FACED WITH THE DAMAGING EVIDENCE, ALEX'S ALIBI COULDN'T HOLD WATER! A HALF HOUR LATER THE JURY BROUGHT BACK A VERDICT...
WE FIND THE DEFENDANT, MIKE ALEX, GUILTY OF MURDER... AS CHARGED!
I WON'T FRY, I TELL YA... I WON'T... I WON'T!
THEN, ON THE NIGHT OF DECEMBER 14, 1933, AT THE STATE PENITENTIARY...
YOU CAN'T DO THIS TO ME, I TELL YA! I'M "LUCKY" ALEX! I WON'T BURN!
...AS ALL CRIMINALS DO AT LAST--"LUCKY" MIKE ALEX MET HIS END! SHEILA CRAFTON WAS SPARED A SIMILAR FATE, BUT WAS FACED WITH LIFE IMPRISONMENT FOR HER PART IN THE CRIME! HERE AGAIN WAS DRAMATIC PROOF THAT NO MAN CAN COMMIT MURDER AND STILL LIVE TO TELL THE STORY!
THE END

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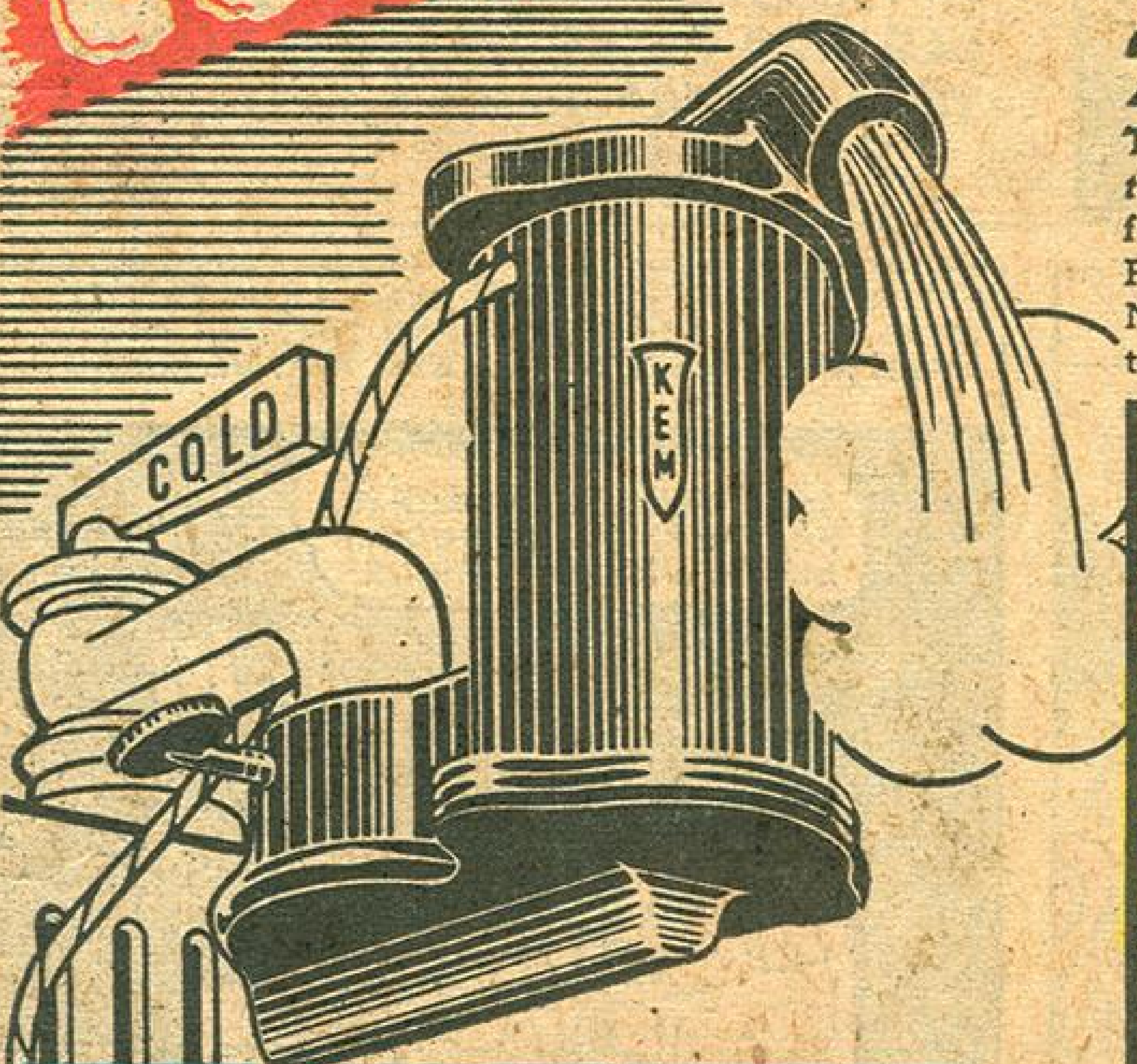

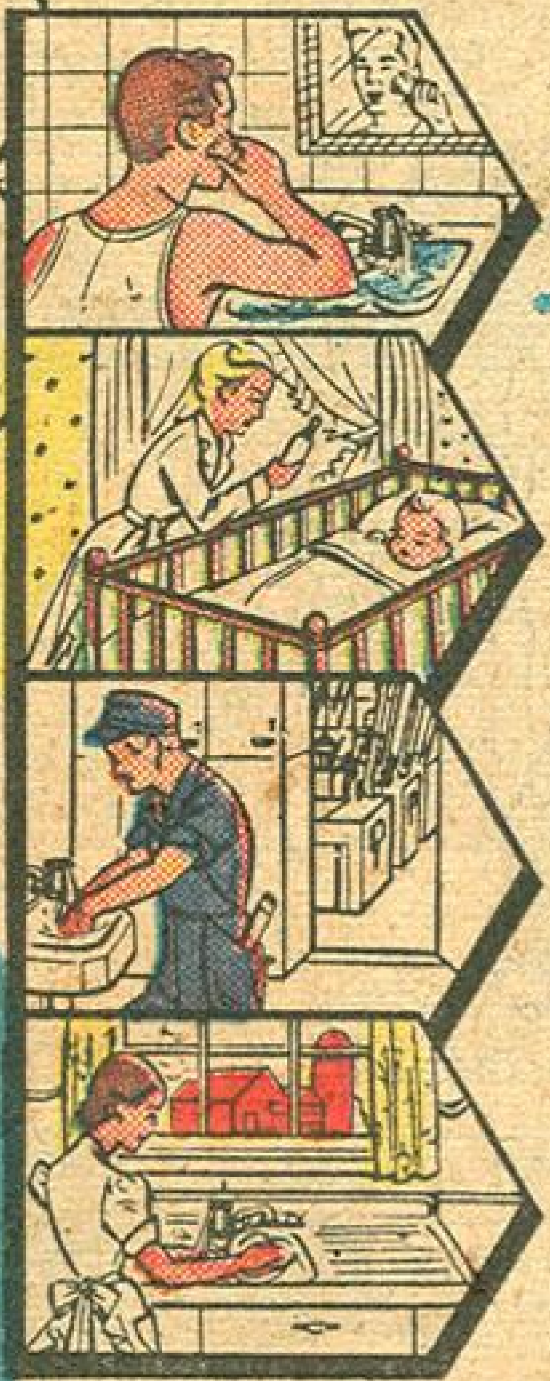

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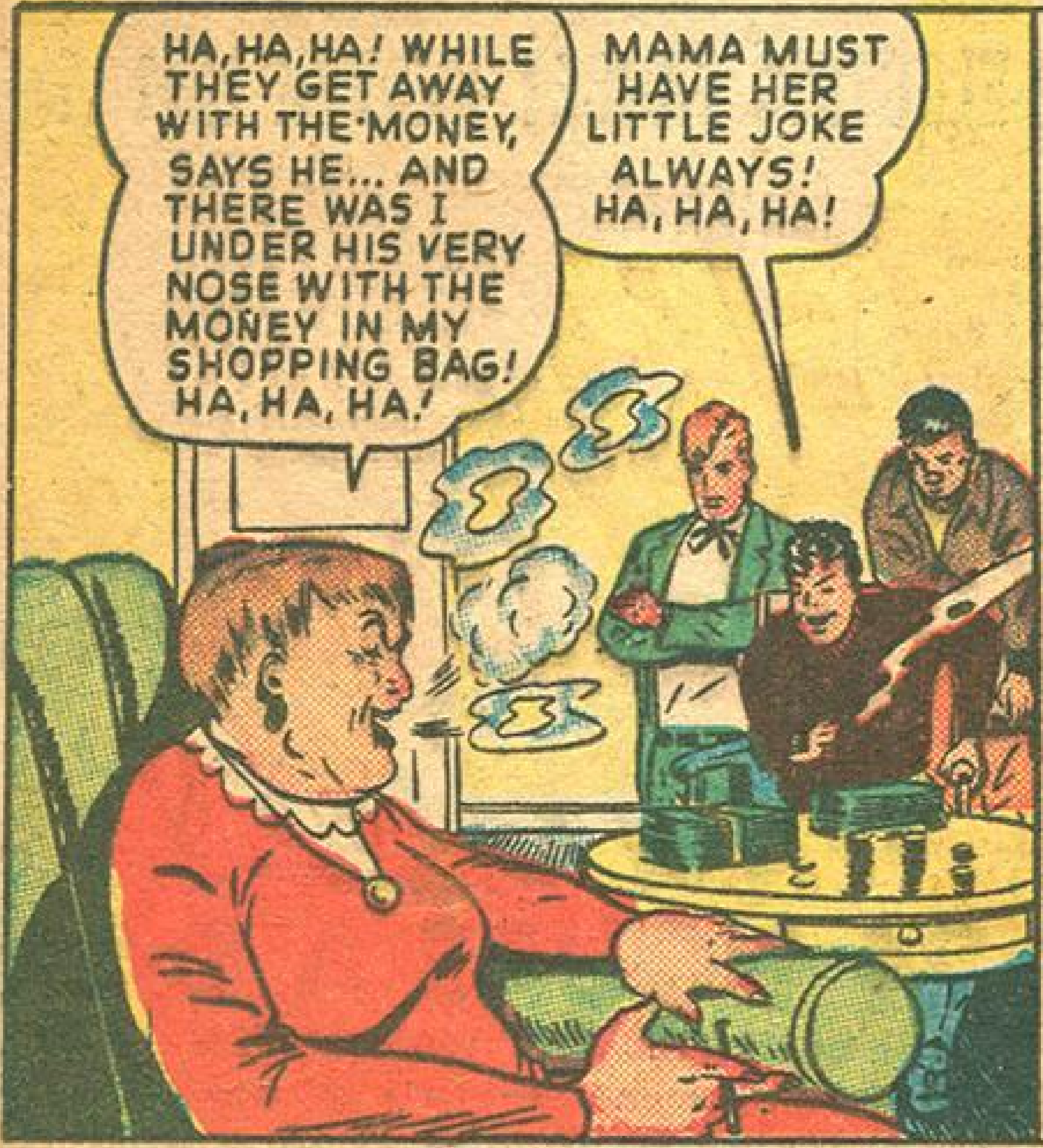
HA, HA, HA! WHILE THEY GET AWAY WITH THE MONEY, SAYS HE... AND THERE WAS I UNDER HIS VERY NOSE WITH THE MONEY IN MY SHOPPING BAG! HA, HA, HA!
MAMA MUST HAVE HER LITTLE JOKE ALWAYS! HA, HA, HA!

# "MAMA DE PARD AND HER FAMILY OF FIENDS!"

1846 AN ALL-TRUE CRIME STORY 1904

THE AMAZING CHRONICLE OF THE MOST VICIOUS FAMILY IN THE HISTORY OF PARISIAN CRIME... AND OF THE LAD WHO FOUND "BLOOD IS THICKER THAN WATER" TO BE A FATAL PROVERB!

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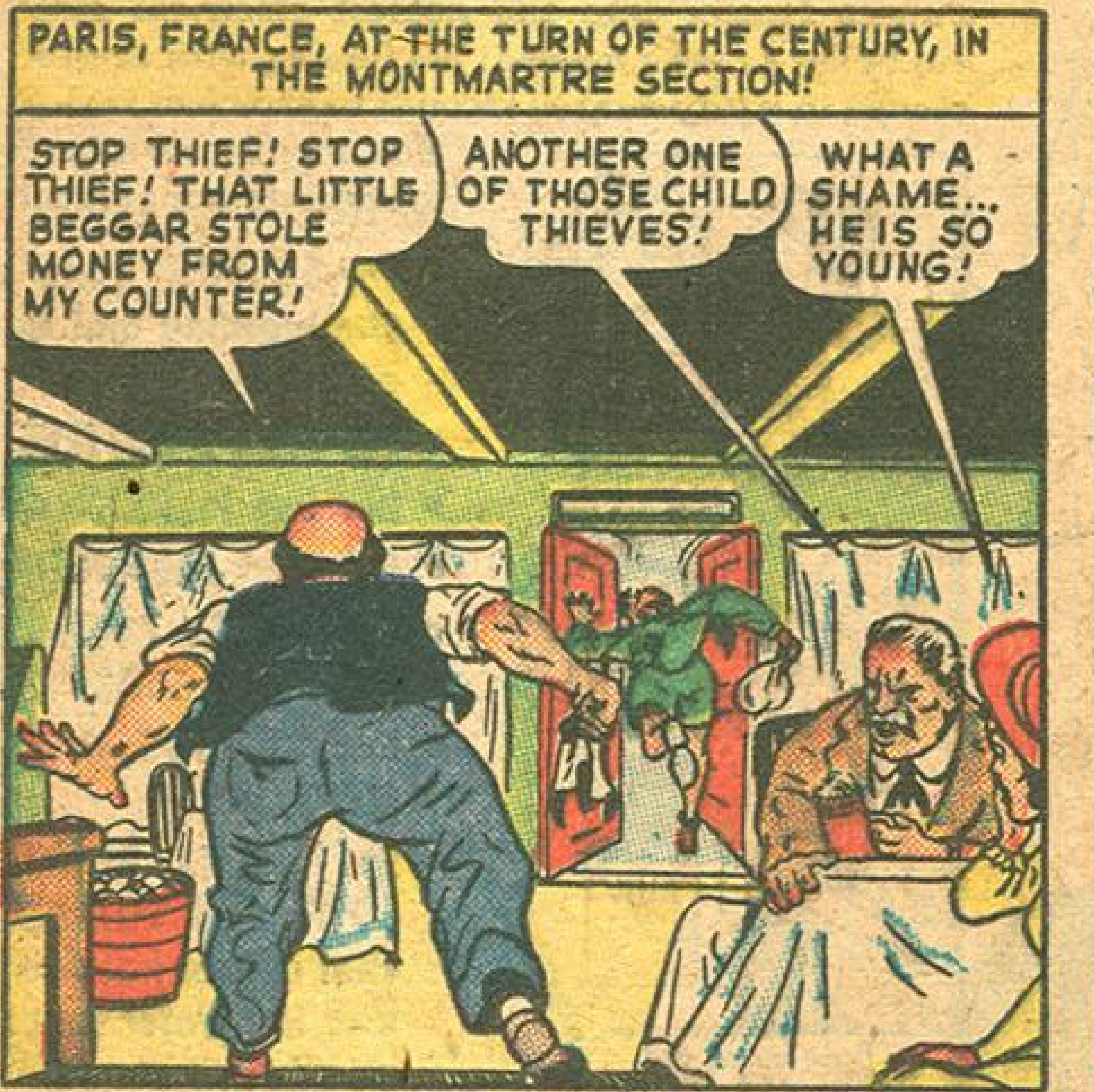
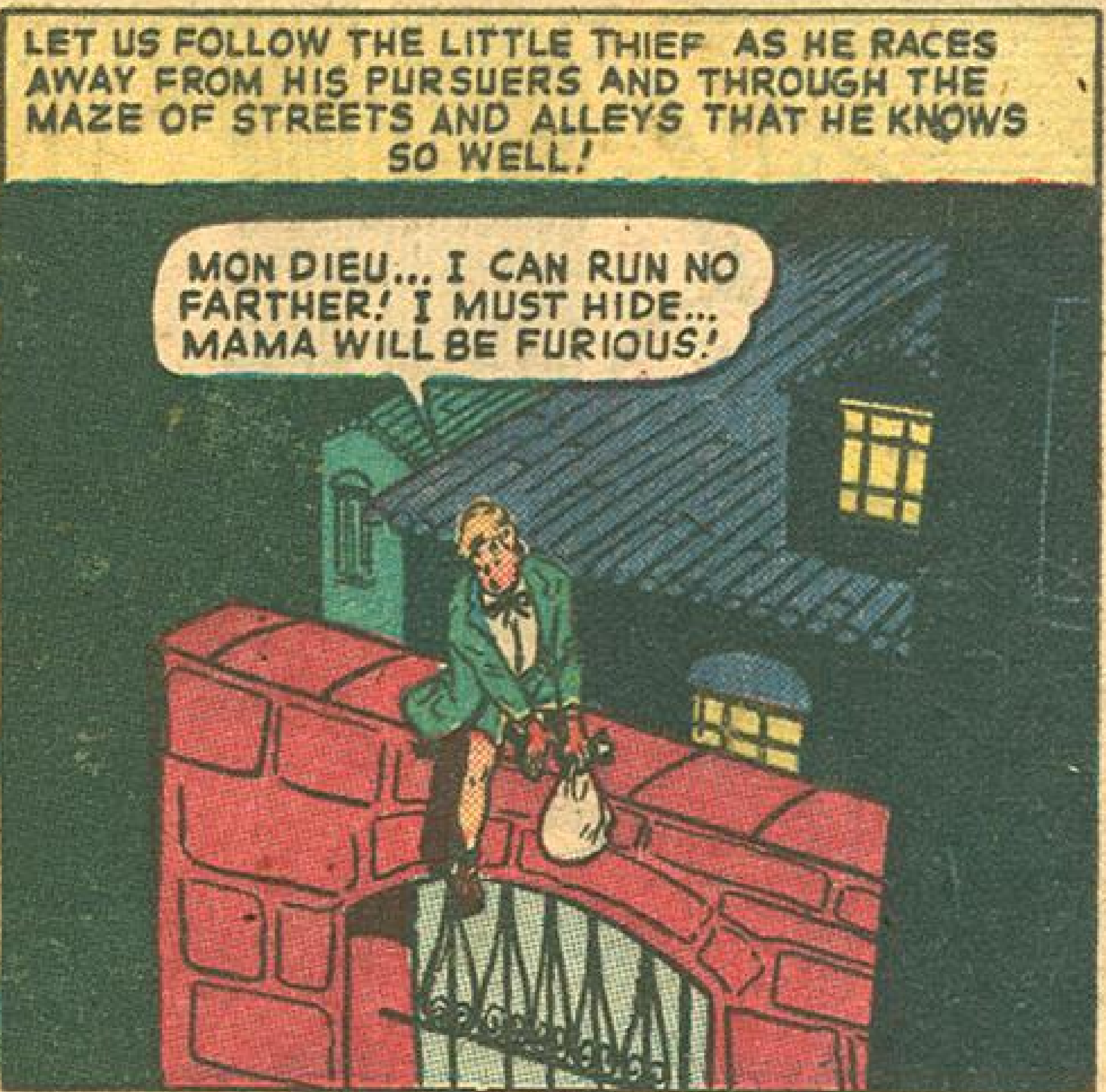
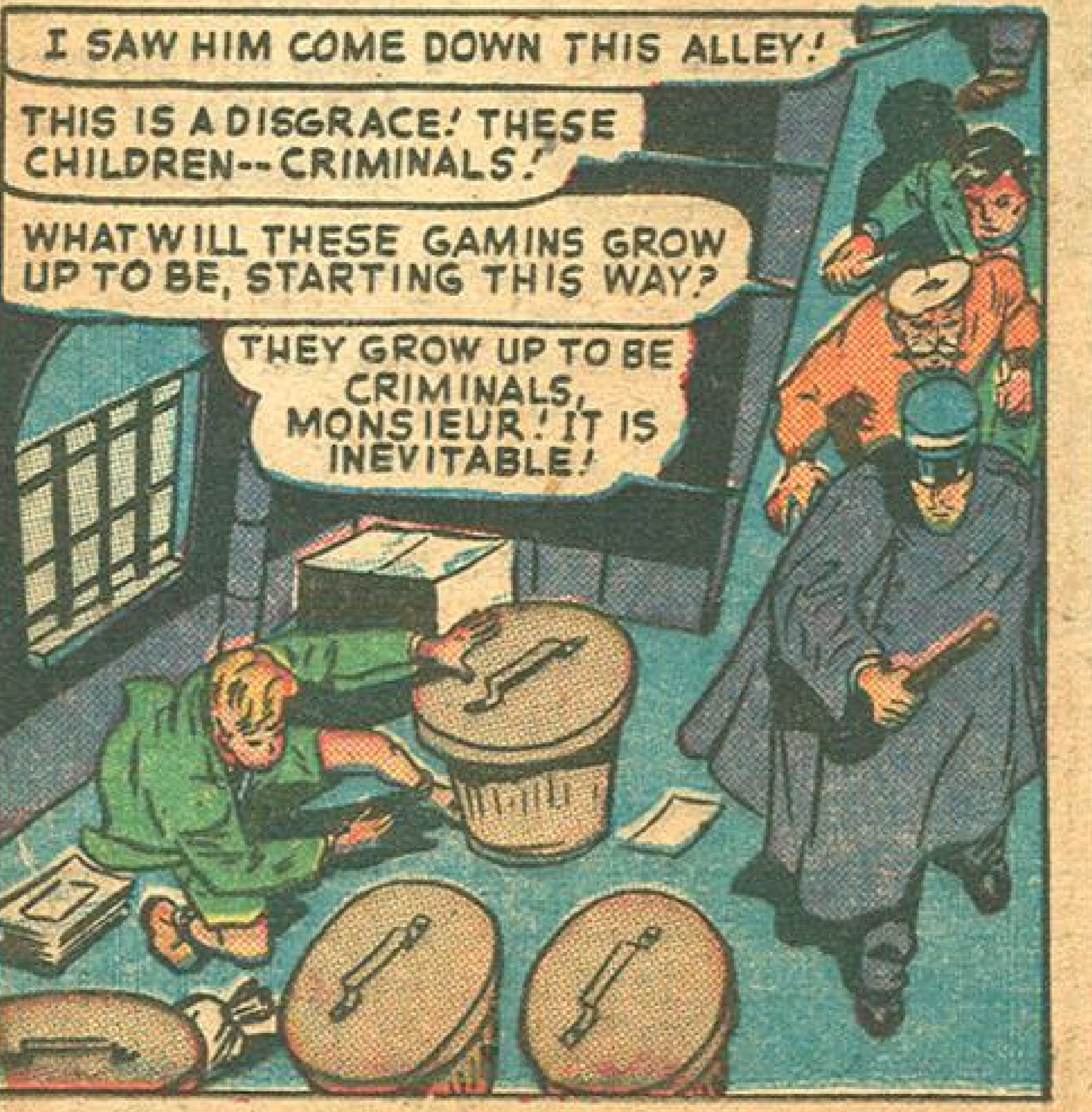
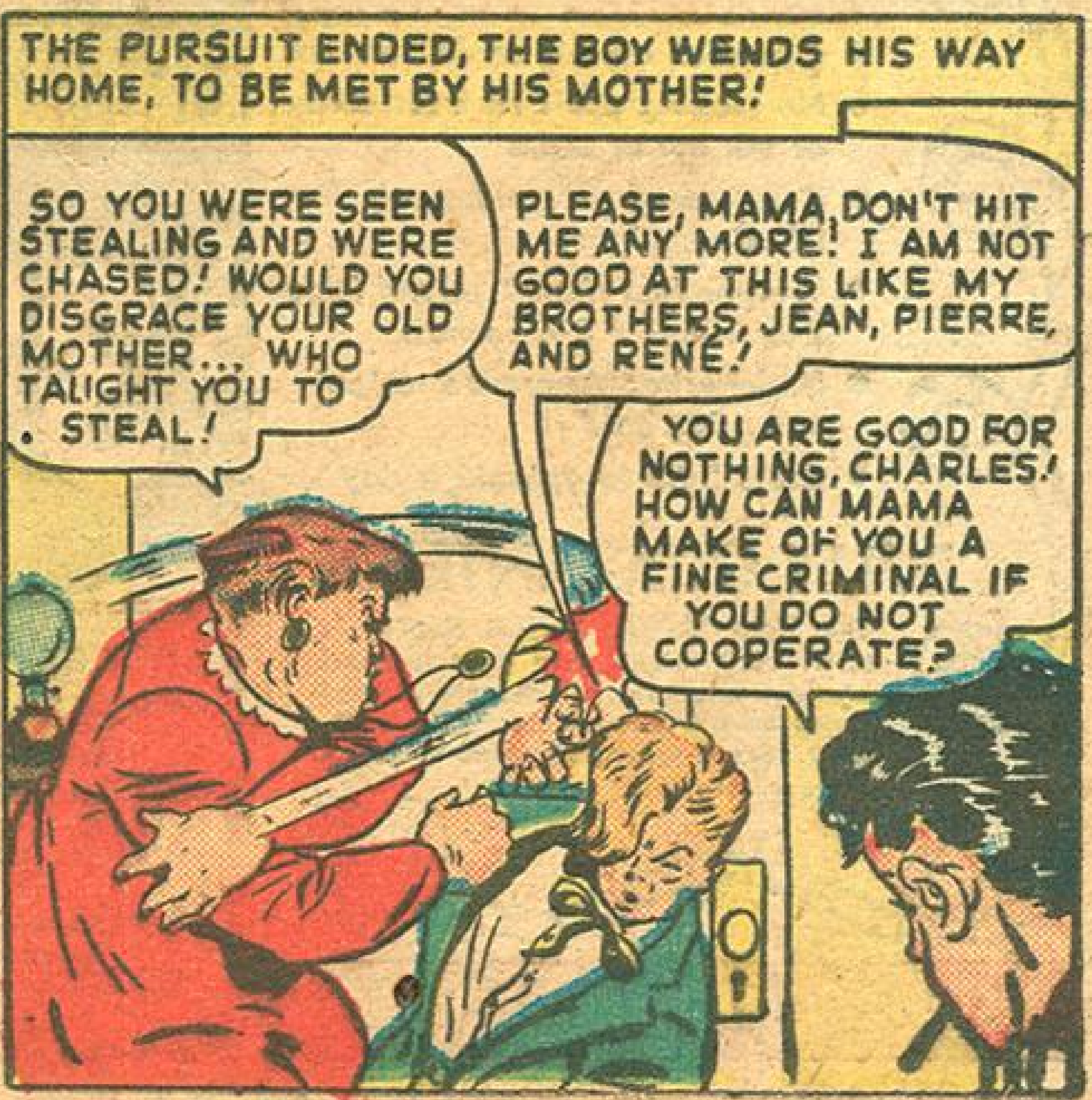
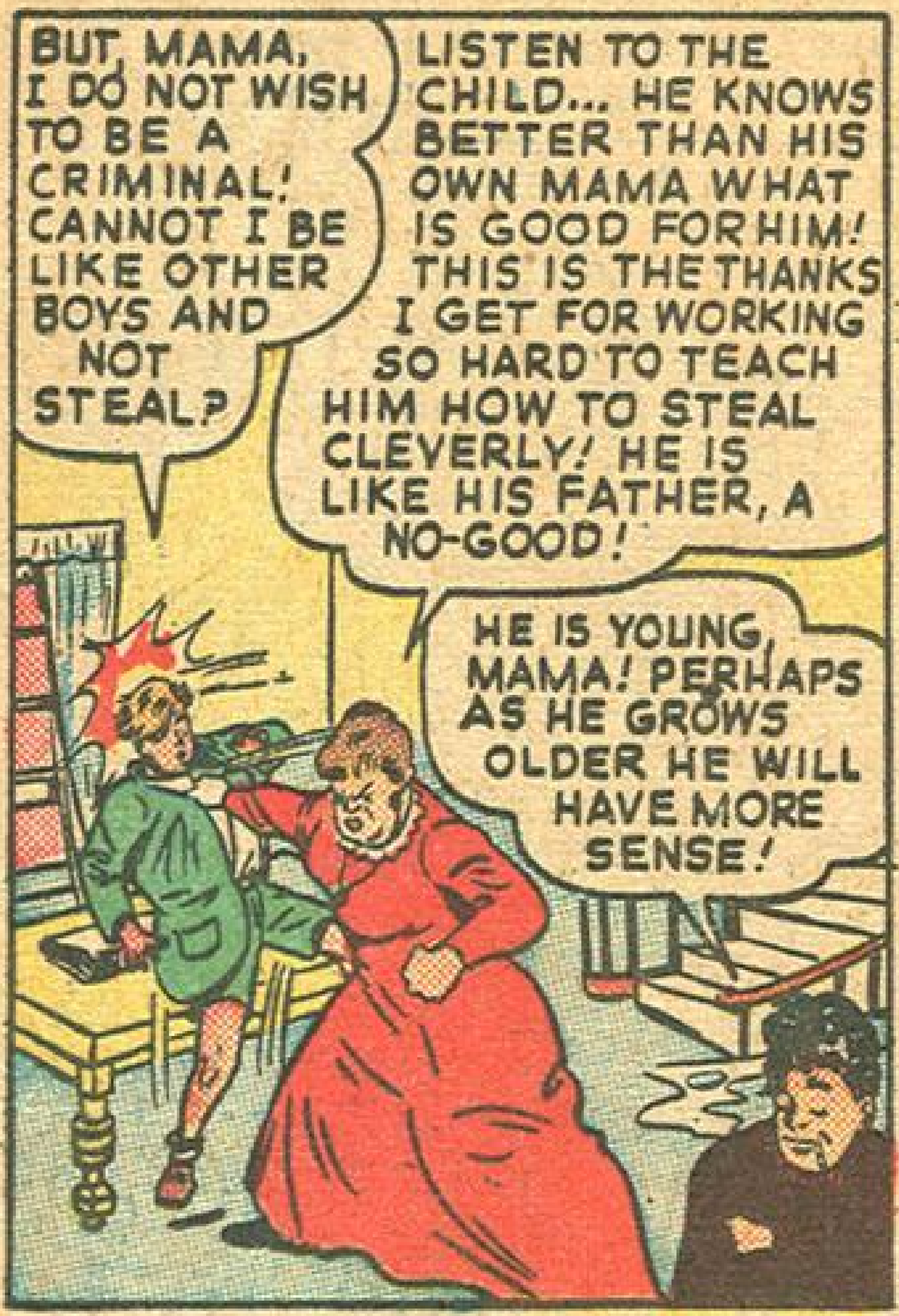

PARIS, FRANCE, AT THE TURN OF THE CENTURY, IN THE MONTMARTRE SECTION!
STOP THIEF! STOP THIEF! THAT LITTLE BEGGAR STOLE MONEY FROM MY COUNTER!
ANOTHER ONE OF THOSE CHILD THIEVES!
WHAT A SHAME... HE IS SO YOUNG!

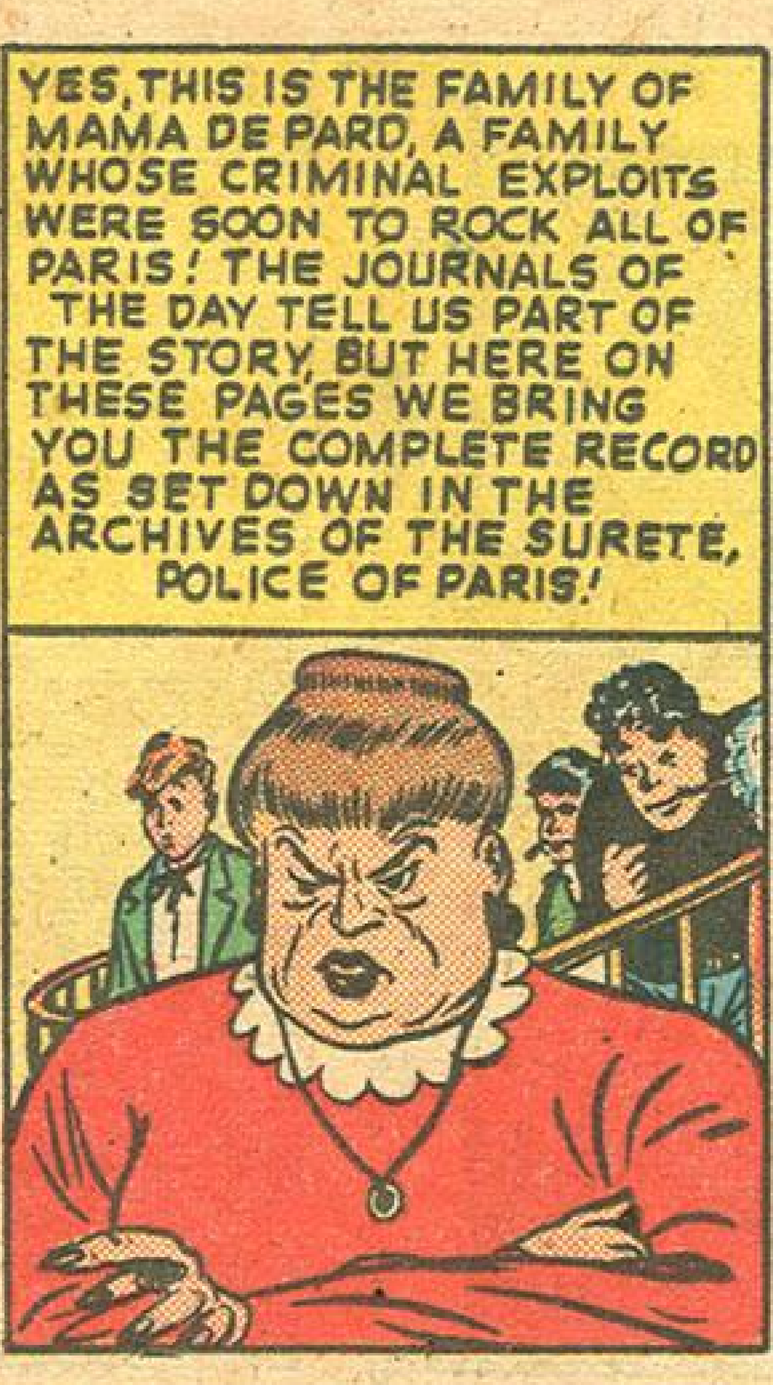

LET US FOLLOW THE LITTLE THIEF AS HE RACES AWAY FROM HIS PURSUERS AND THROUGH THE MAZE OF STREETS AND ALLEYS THAT HE KNOWS SO WELL!
MON DIEU... I CAN RUN NO FARTHER! I MUST HIDE... MAMA WILL BE FURIOUS!

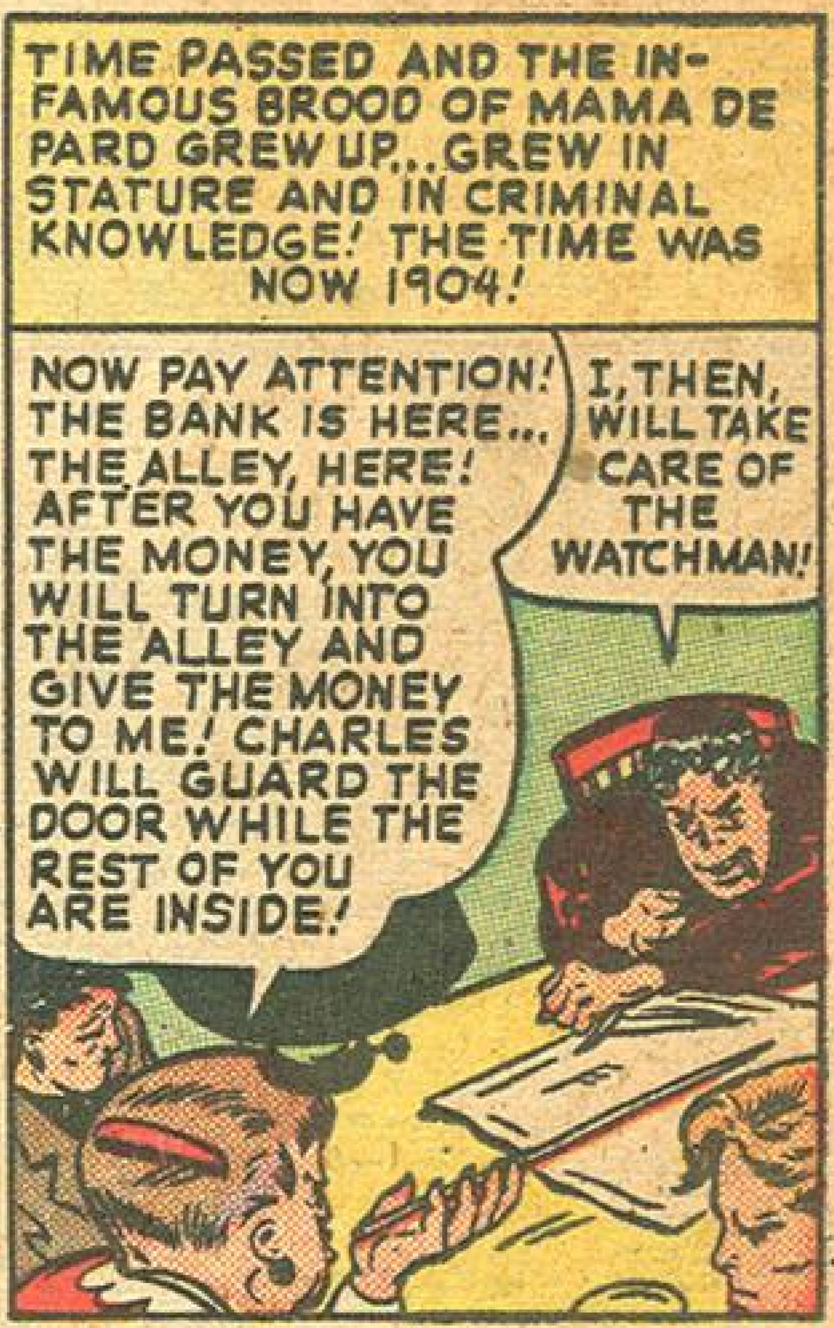

I SAW HIM COME DOWN THIS ALLEY!
THIS IS A DISGRACE! THESE CHILDREN--CRIMINALS!
WHAT WILL THESE GAMINS GROW UP TO BE, STARTING THIS WAY?
THEY GROW UP TO BE CRIMINALS, MONSIEUR! IT IS INEVITABLE!

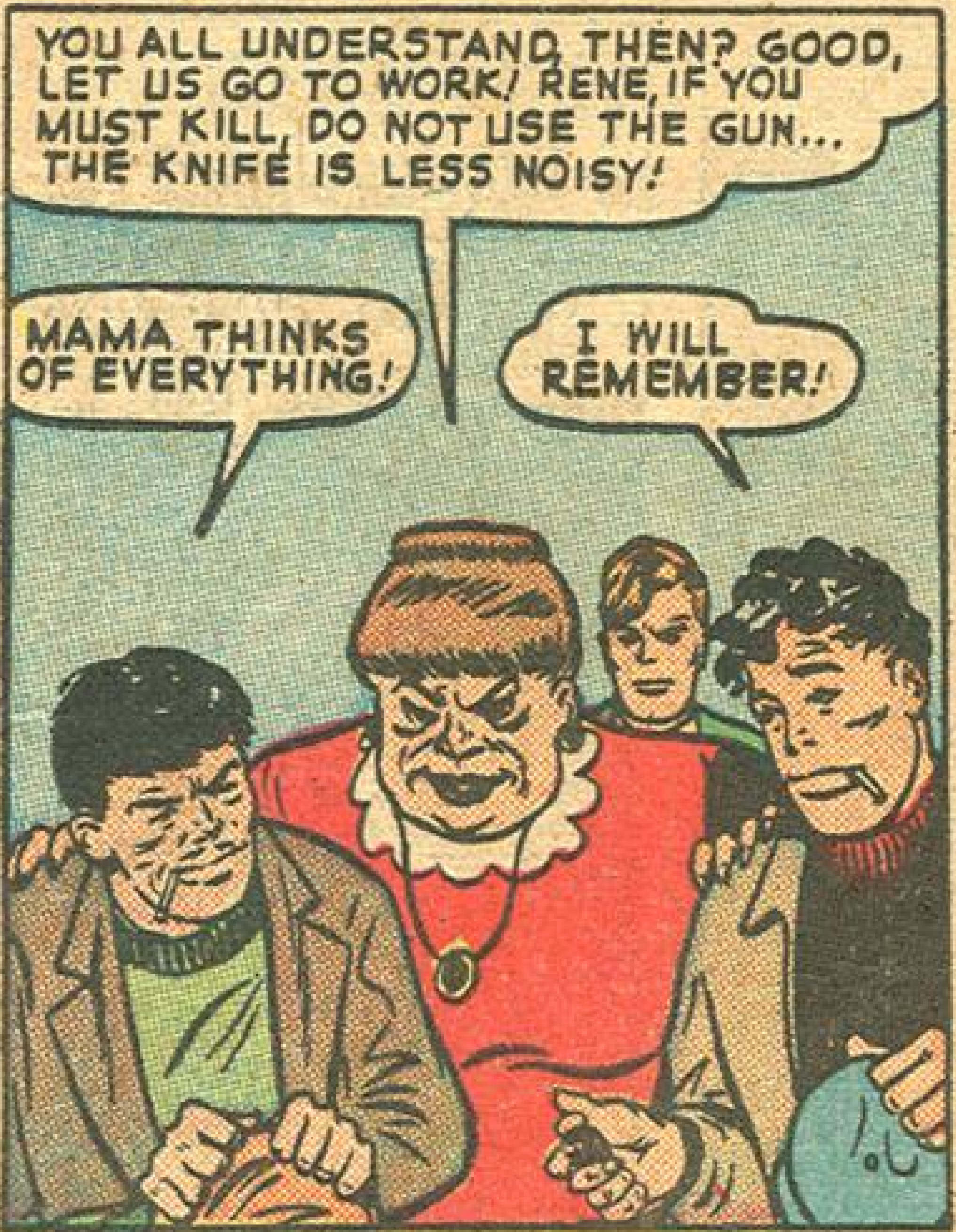

THE PURSUIT ENDED, THE BOY WENDS HIS WAY HOME, TO BE MET BY HIS MOTHER!
SO YOU WERE SEEN STEALING AND WERE CHASED! WOULD YOU DISGRACE YOUR OLD MOTHER... WHO TAUGHT YOU TO STEAL!
PLEASE, MAMA, DON'T HIT ME ANY MORE! I AM NOT GOOD AT THIS LIKE MY BROTHERS, JEAN, PIERRE, AND RENÉ!
YOU ARE GOOD FOR NOTHING, CHARLES! HOW CAN MAMA MAKE OF YOU A FINE CRIMINAL IF YOU DO NOT COOPERATE?

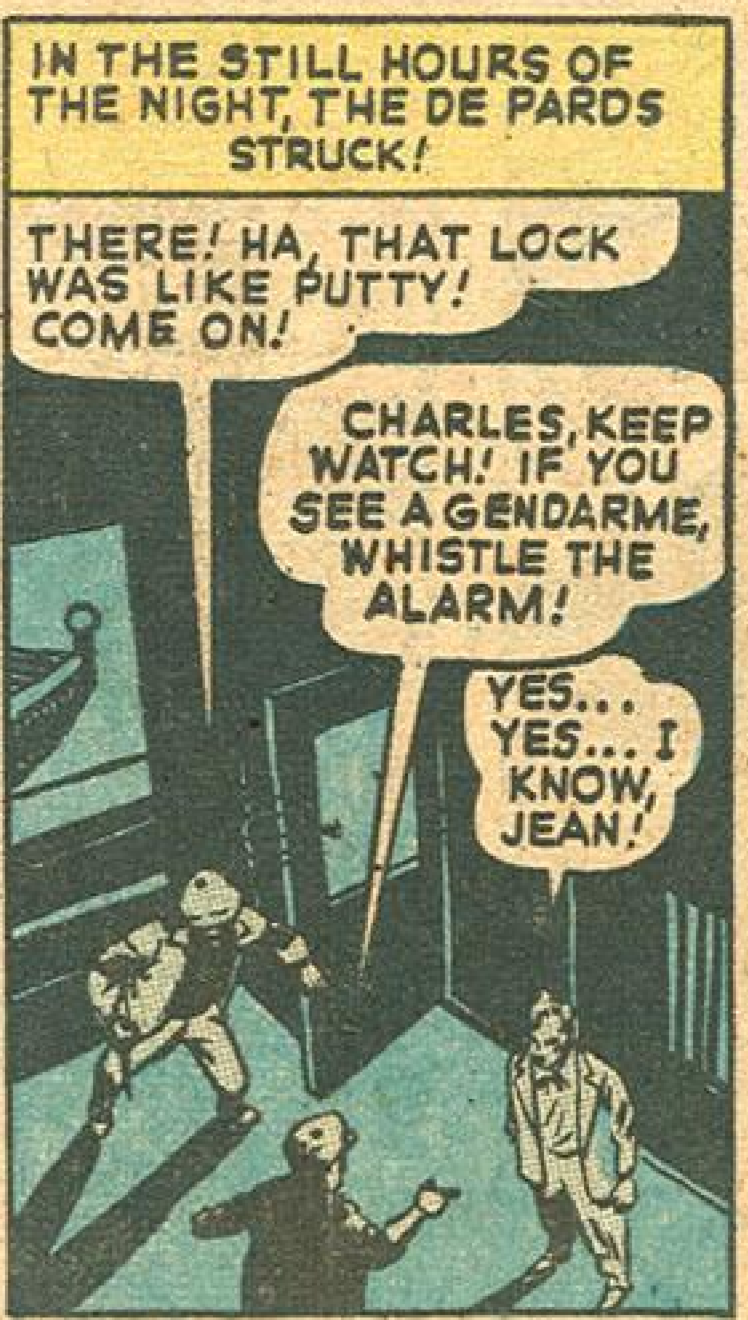
ALL NAMES AND PLACES IN THIS TRUE-TO-LIFE STORY ARE FICTITIOUS
ANY SIMILARITY BETWEEN ACTUAL PERSONS OR PLACES AND THOSE USED IN THIS STORY IS PURELY COINCIDENTAL

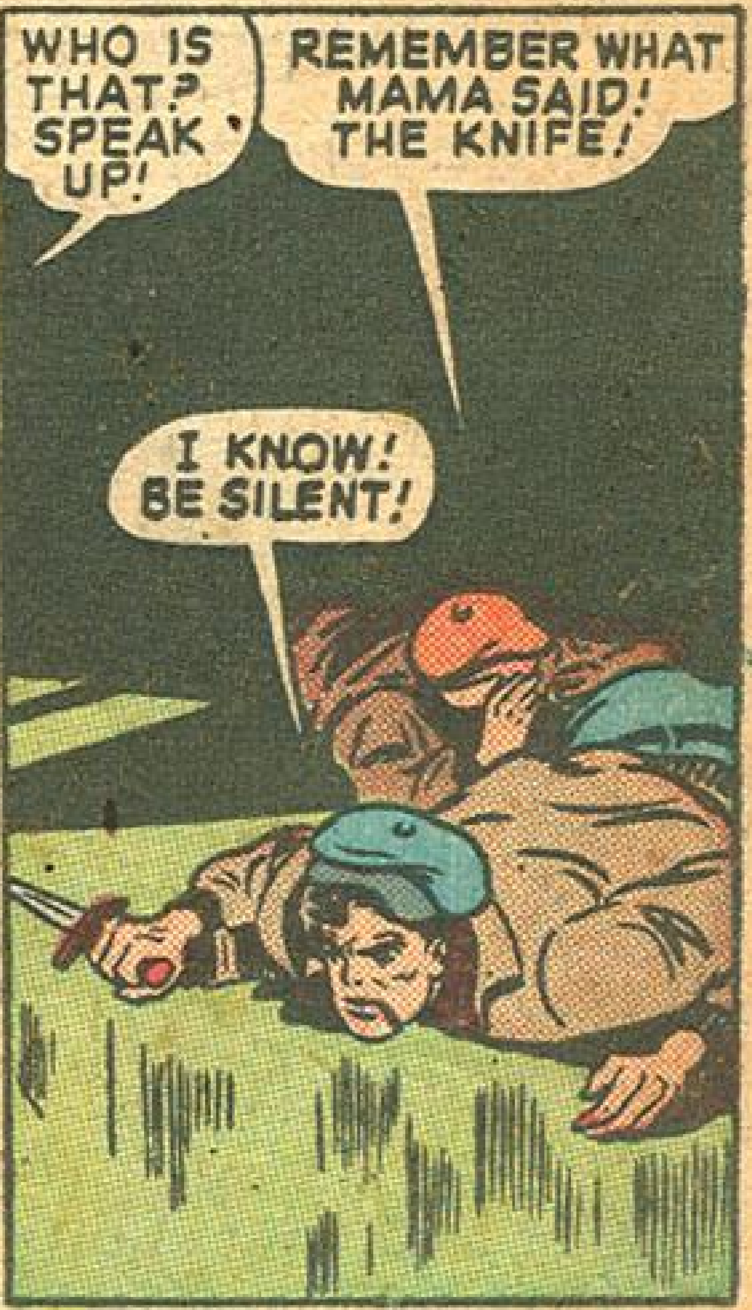

BUT, MAMA, I DO NOT WISH TO BE A CRIMINAL! CANNOT I BE LIKE OTHER BOYS AND NOT STEAL?
LISTEN TO THE CHILD... HE KNOWS BETTER THAN HIS OWN MAMA WHAT IS GOOD FOR HIM! THIS IS THE THANKS I GET FOR WORKING SO HARD TO TEACH HIM HOW TO STEAL CLEVERLY! HE IS LIKE HIS FATHER, A NO-GOOD!
HE IS YOUNG, MAMA! PERHAPS AS HE GROWS OLDER HE WILL HAVE MORE SENSE!

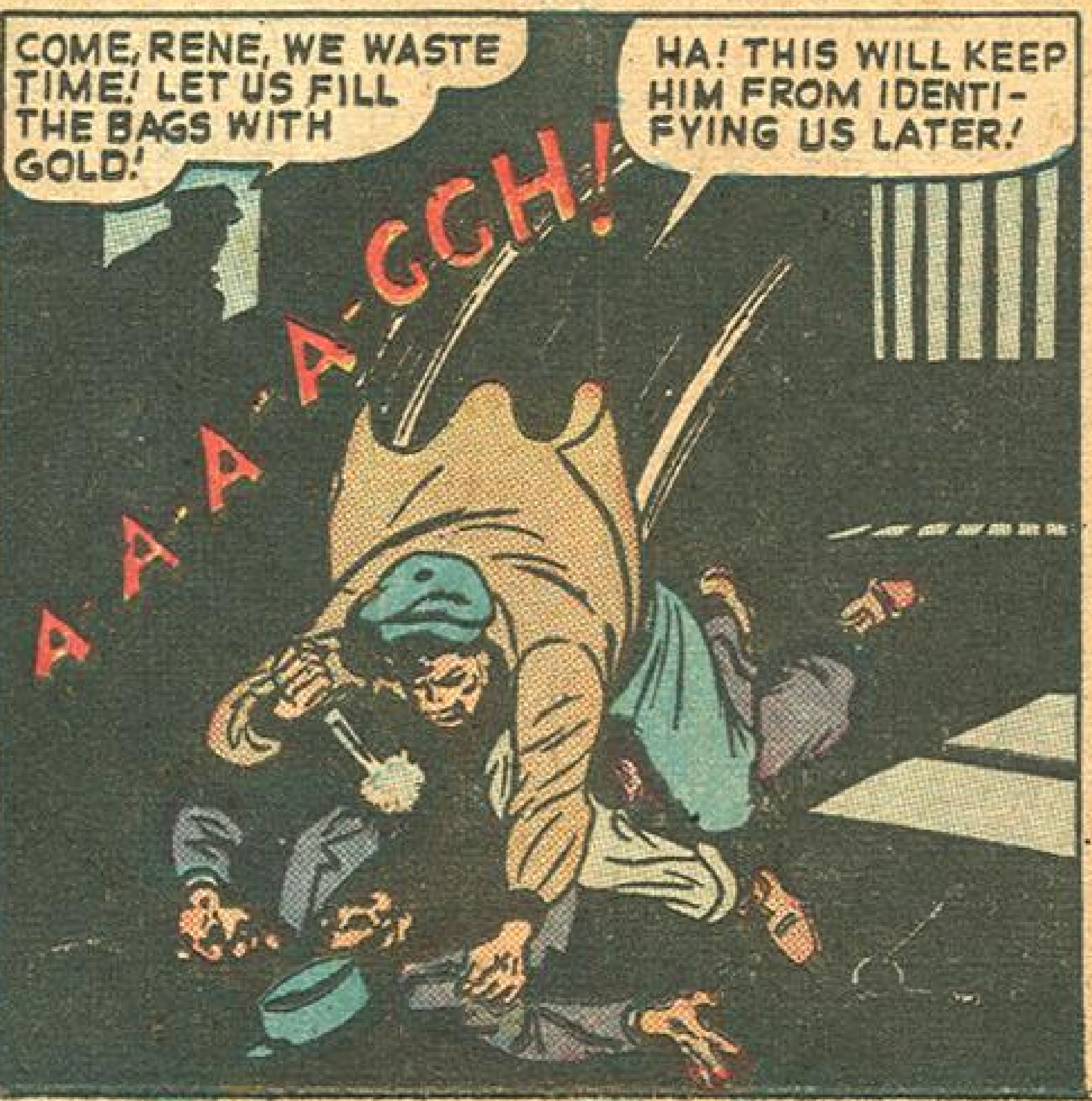

YES, THIS IS THE FAMILY OF MAMA DE PARD, A FAMILY WHOSE CRIMINAL EXPLOITS WERE SOON TO ROCK ALL OF PARIS! THE JOURNALS OF THE DAY TELL US PART OF THE STORY, BUT HERE ON THESE PAGES WE BRING YOU THE COMPLETE RECORD AS SET DOWN IN THE ARCHIVES OF THE SURETE, POLICE OF PARIS!

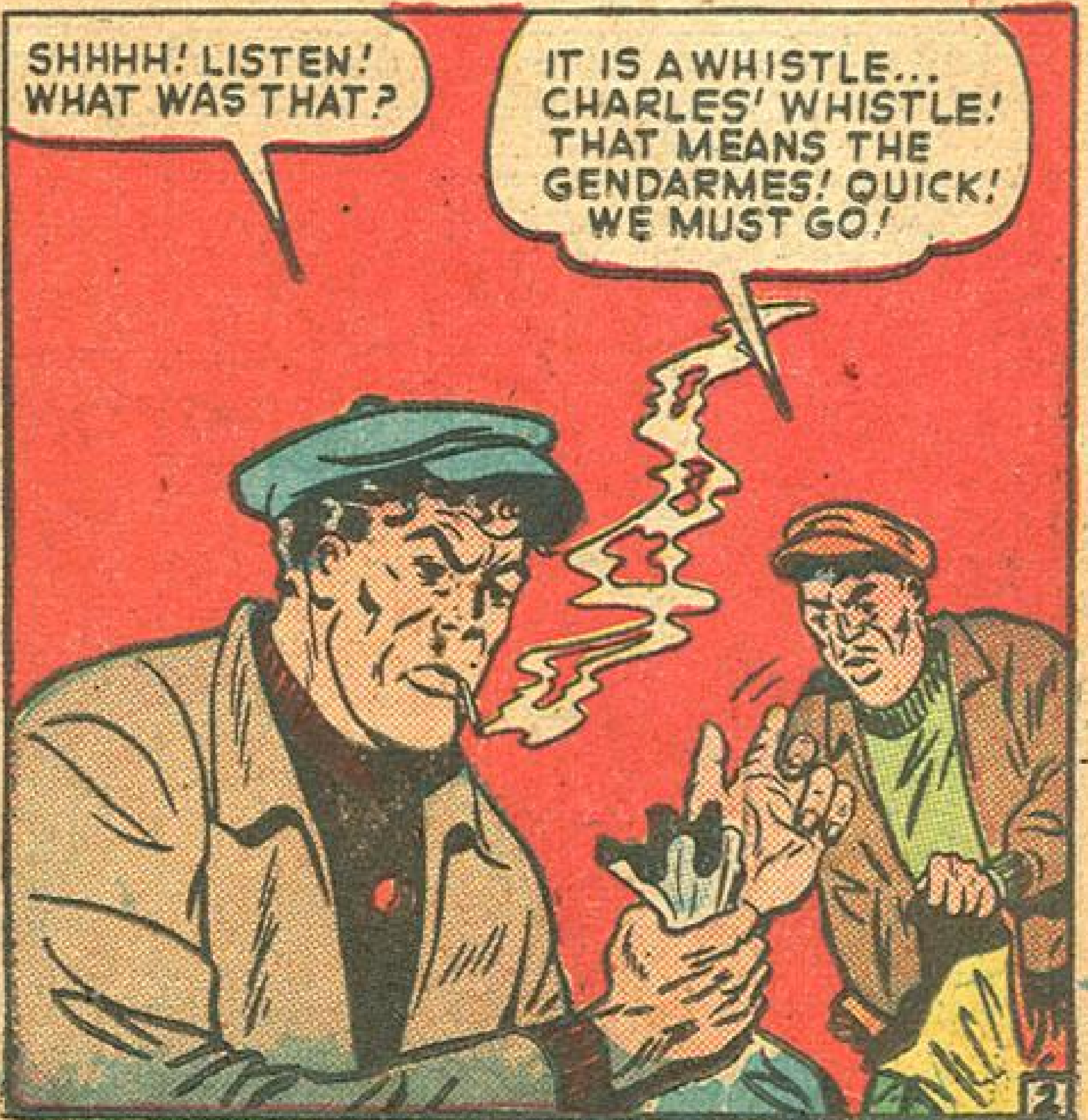

TIME PASSED AND THE INFAMOUS BROOD OF MAMA DE PARD GREW UP.. GREW IN STATURE AND IN CRIMINAL KNOWLEDGE! THE TIME WAS NOW 1904!
NOW PAY ATTENTION! THE BANK IS HERE... THE ALLEY, HERE! AFTER YOU HAVE THE MONEY, YOU WILL TURN INTO THE ALLEY AND GIVE THE MONEY TO ME! CHARLES WILL GUARD THE DOOR WHILE THE REST OF YOU ARE INSIDE!
I, THEN, WILL TAKE CARE OF THE WATCHMAN!

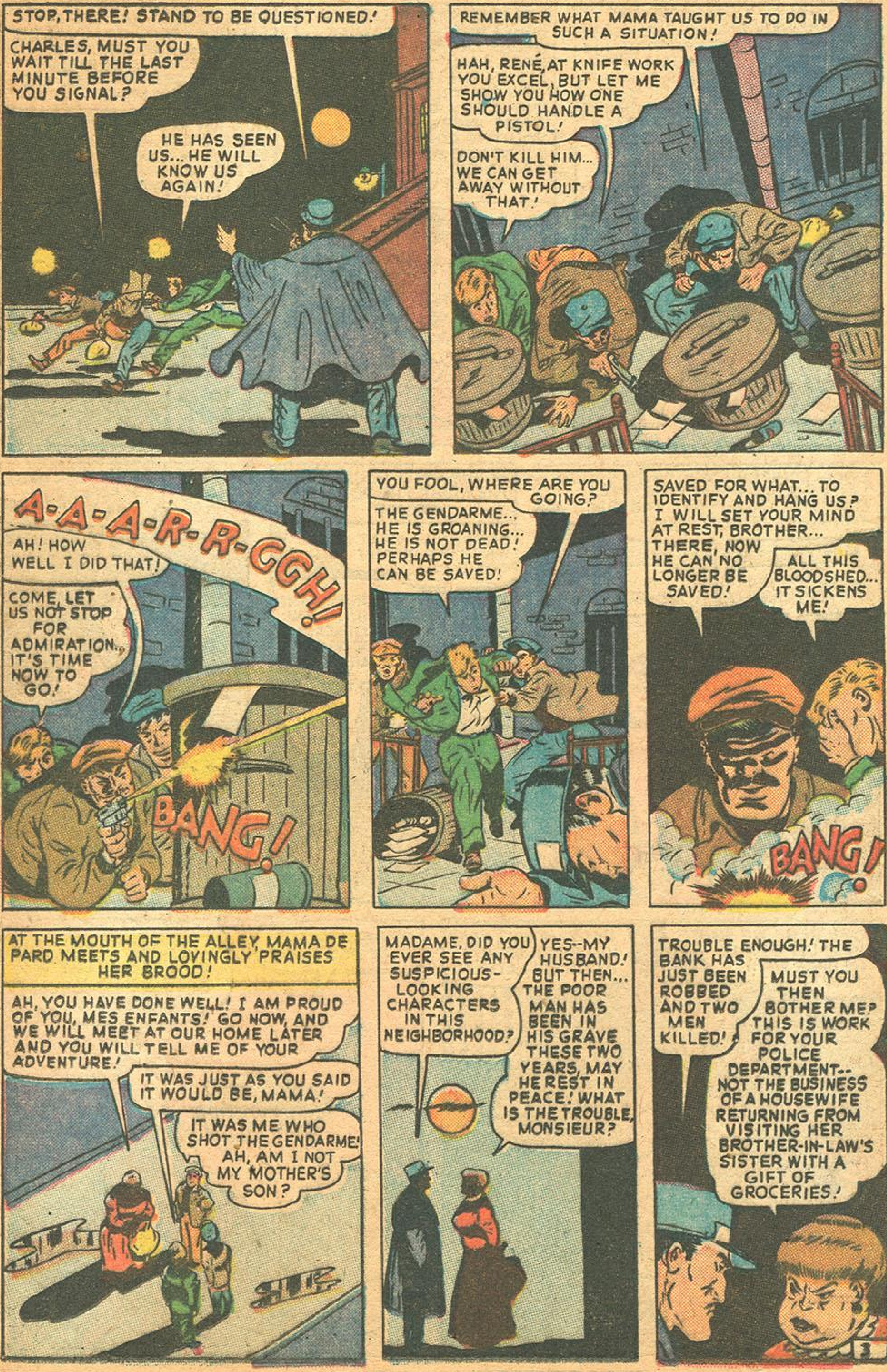

YOU ALL UNDERSTAND, THEN? GOOD, LET US GO TO WORK! RENE, IF YOU MUST KILL, DO NOT USE THE GUN... THE KNIFE IS LESS NOISY!
MAMA THINKS OF EVERYTHING!
I WILL REMEMBER!

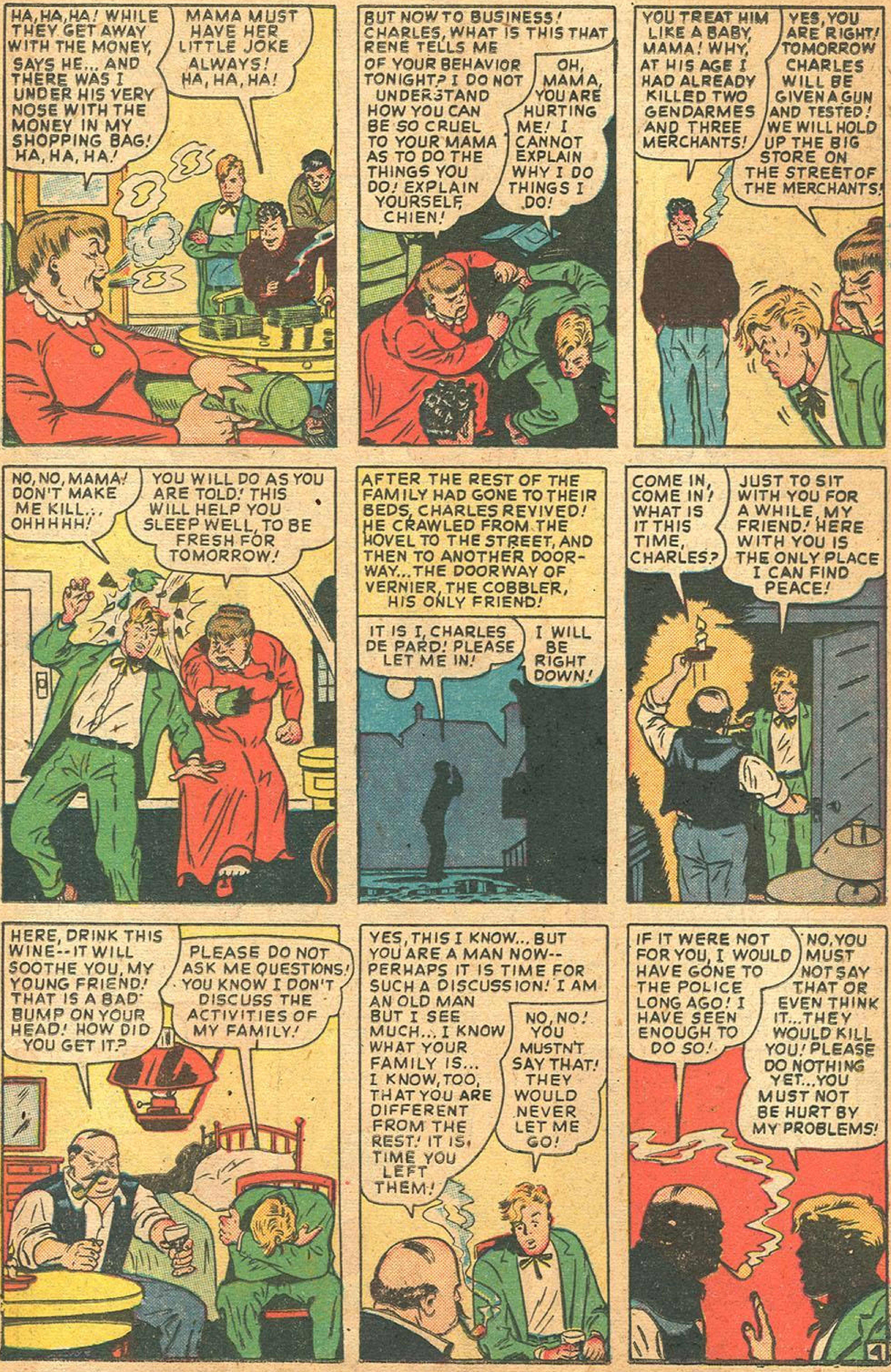

IN THE STILL HOURS OF THE NIGHT, THE DE PARDS STRUCK!
THERE! HA, THAT LOCK WAS LIKE PUTTY! COME ON!
CHARLES, KEEP WATCH! IF YOU SEE A GENDARME, WHISTLE THE ALARM!
YES... YES... I KNOW, JEAN!


WHO IS THAT? SPEAK UP!
REMEMBER WHAT MAMA SAID! THE KNIFE!
I KNOW! BE SILENT!


COME, RENE, WE WASTE TIME! LET US FILL THE BAGS WITH GOLD!
HA! THIS WILL KEEP HIM FROM IDENTIFYING US LATER!
A-A-A-A-GGH!


SHHHH! LISTEN! WHAT WAS THAT?
IT IS A WHISTLE... CHARLES' WHISTLE! THAT MEANS THE GENDARMES! QUICK! WE MUST GO!


STOP, THERE! STAND TO BE QUESTIONED!
CHARLES, MUST YOU WAIT TILL THE LAST MINUTE BEFORE YOU SIGNAL?
HE HAS SEEN US... HE WILL KNOW US AGAIN!
REMEMBER WHAT MAMA TAUGHT US TO DO IN SUCH A SITUATION!
HAH, RENÉ, AT KNIFE WORK YOU EXCEL, BUT LET ME SHOW YOU HOW ONE SHOULD HANDLE A PISTOL!
DON'T KILL HIM... WE CAN GET AWAY WITHOUT THAT!
A-A-A-R-R-GGH!
AH! HOW WELL I DID THAT!
COME, LET US NOT STOP FOR ADMIRATION... IT'S TIME NOW TO GO!
BANG!
YOU FOOL, WHERE ARE YOU GOING?
THE GENDARME... HE IS GROANING... HE IS NOT DEAD! PERHAPS HE CAN BE SAVED!
SAVED FOR WHAT... TO IDENTIFY AND HANG US? I WILL SET YOUR MIND AT REST, BROTHER... THERE, NOW HE CAN NO LONGER BE SAVED!
ALL THIS BLOODSHED... IT SICKENS ME!
BANG!
AT THE MOUTH OF THE ALLEY, MAMA DE PARD MEETS AND LOVINGLY PRAISES HER BROOD!
AH, YOU HAVE DONE WELL! I AM PROUD OF YOU, MES ENFANTS! GO NOW, AND WE WILL MEET AT OUR HOME LATER AND YOU WILL TELL ME OF YOUR ADVENTURE!
IT WAS JUST AS YOU SAID IT WOULD BE, MAMA!
IT WAS ME WHO SHOT THE GENDARME! AH, AM I NOT MY MOTHER'S SON?
MADAME, DID YOU EVER SEE ANY SUSPICIOUS-LOOKING CHARACTERS IN THIS NEIGHBORHOOD?
YES--MY HUSBAND! BUT THEN... THE POOR MAN HAS BEEN IN HIS GRAVE THESE TWO YEARS, MAY HE REST IN PEACE! WHAT IS THE TROUBLE, MONSIEUR?
TROUBLE ENOUGH! THE BANK HAS JUST BEEN ROBBED AND TWO MEN KILLED!
MUST YOU THEN BOTHER ME? THIS IS WORK FOR YOUR POLICE DEPARTMENT-- NOT THE BUSINESS OF A HOUSEWIFE RETURNING FROM VISITING HER BROTHER-IN-LAW'S SISTER WITH A GIFT OF GROCERIES!


HA, HA, HA! WHILE THEY GET AWAY WITH THE MONEY, SAYS HE... AND THERE WAS I UNDER HIS VERY NOSE WITH THE MONEY IN MY SHOPPING BAG! HA, HA, HA!
MAMA MUST HAVE HER LITTLE JOKE ALWAYS! HA, HA, HA!
BUT NOW TO BUSINESS! CHARLES, WHAT IS THIS THAT RENÉ TELLS ME OF YOUR BEHAVIOR TONIGHT? I DO NOT UNDERSTAND HOW YOU CAN BE SO CRUEL TO YOUR MAMA AS TO DO THE THINGS YOU DO! EXPLAIN YOURSELF, CHIEN!
OH, MAMA, YOU ARE HURTING ME! I CANNOT EXPLAIN WHY I DO THINGS I DO!
YOU TREAT HIM LIKE A BABY, MAMA! WHY, AT HIS AGE I HAD ALREADY KILLED TWO GENDARMES AND THREE MERCHANTS!
YES, YOU ARE RIGHT! TOMORROW CHARLES WILL BE GIVEN A GUN AND TESTED! WE WILL HOLD UP THE BIG STORE ON THE STREET OF THE MERCHANTS!
NO, NO, MAMA! DON'T MAKE ME KILL... OHHHHH!
YOU WILL DO AS YOU ARE TOLD! THIS WILL HELP YOU SLEEP WELL, TO BE FRESH FOR TOMORROW!
AFTER THE REST OF THE FAMILY HAD GONE TO THEIR BEDS, CHARLES REVIVED! HE CRAWLED FROM THE HOVEL TO THE STREET, AND THEN TO ANOTHER DOORWAY... THE DOORWAY OF VERNIER, THE COBBLER, HIS ONLY FRIEND!
IT IS I, CHARLES DE PARD! PLEASE LET ME IN!
I WILL BE RIGHT DOWN!
COME IN, COME IN! WHAT IS IT THIS TIME, CHARLES?
JUST TO SIT WITH YOU FOR A WHILE, MY FRIEND! HERE WITH YOU IS THE ONLY PLACE I CAN FIND PEACE!
HERE, DRINK THIS WINE--IT WILL SOOTHE YOU, MY YOUNG FRIEND! THAT IS A BAD BUMP ON YOUR HEAD! HOW DID YOU GET IT?
PLEASE DO NOT ASK ME QUESTIONS! YOU KNOW I DON'T DISCUSS THE ACTIVITIES OF MY FAMILY!
YES, THIS I KNOW... BUT YOU ARE A MAN NOW-- PERHAPS IT IS TIME FOR SUCH A DISCUSSION! I AM AN OLD MAN BUT I SEE MUCH... I KNOW WHAT YOUR FAMILY IS... I KNOW, TOO, THAT YOU ARE DIFFERENT FROM THE REST! IT IS TIME YOU LEFT THEM!
NO, NO! YOU MUSTN'T SAY THAT! THEY WOULD NEVER LET ME GO!
IF IT WERE NOT FOR YOU, I WOULD HAVE GONE TO THE POLICE LONG AGO! I HAVE SEEN ENOUGH TO DO SO!
NO, YOU MUST NOT SAY THAT OR EVEN THINK IT... THEY WOULD KILL YOU! PLEASE DO NOTHING YET... YOU MUST NOT BE HURT BY MY PROBLEMS!
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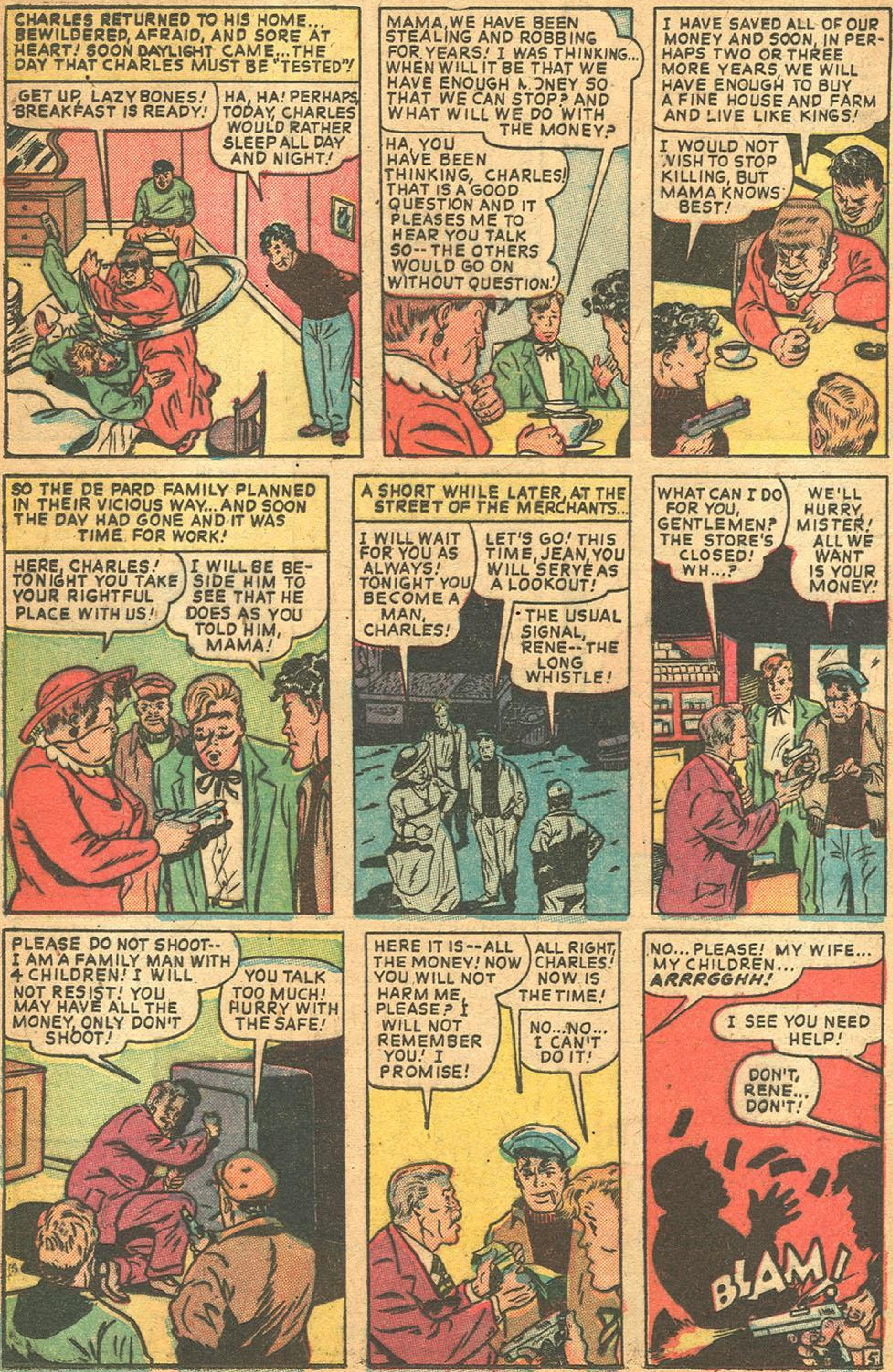
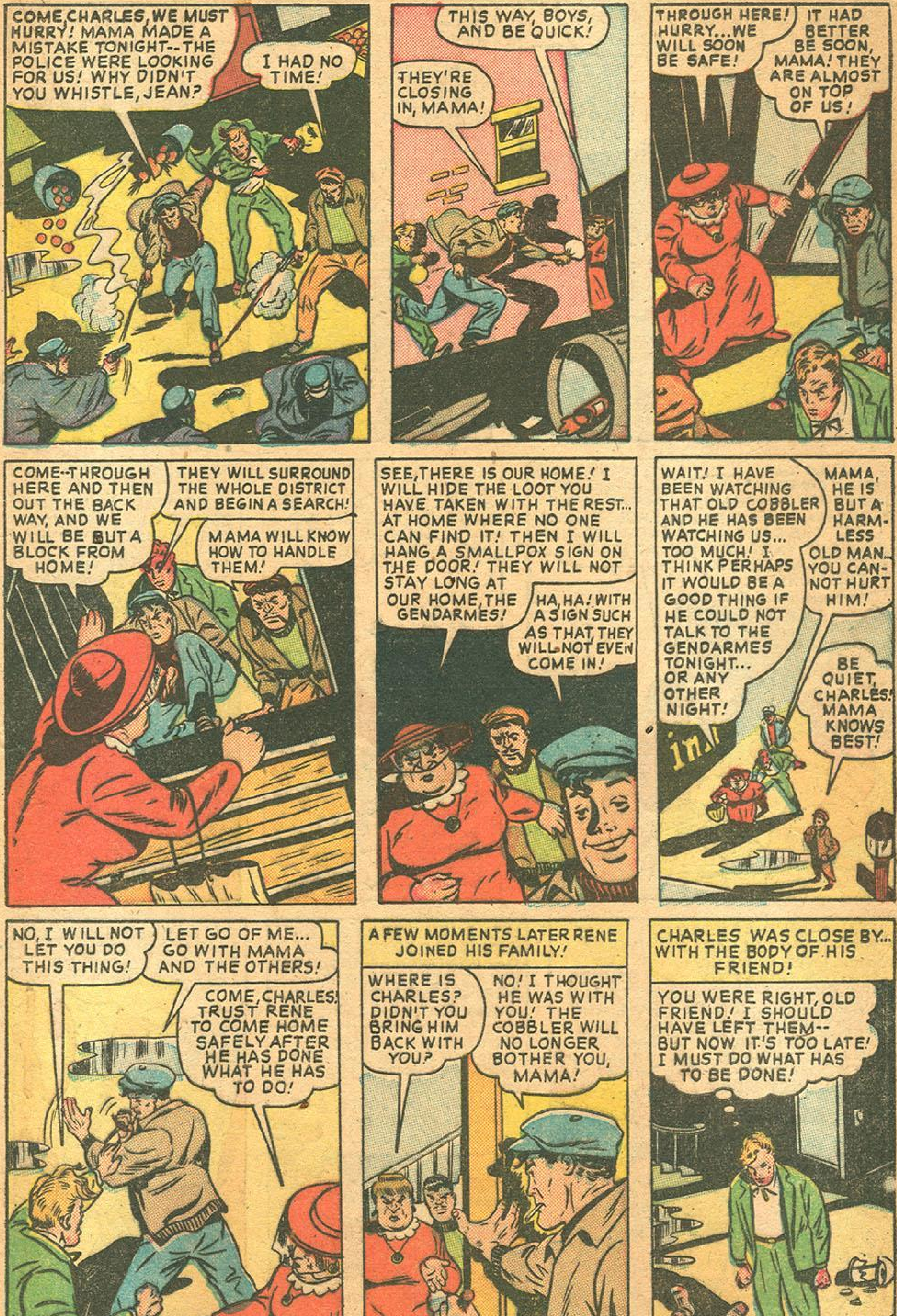
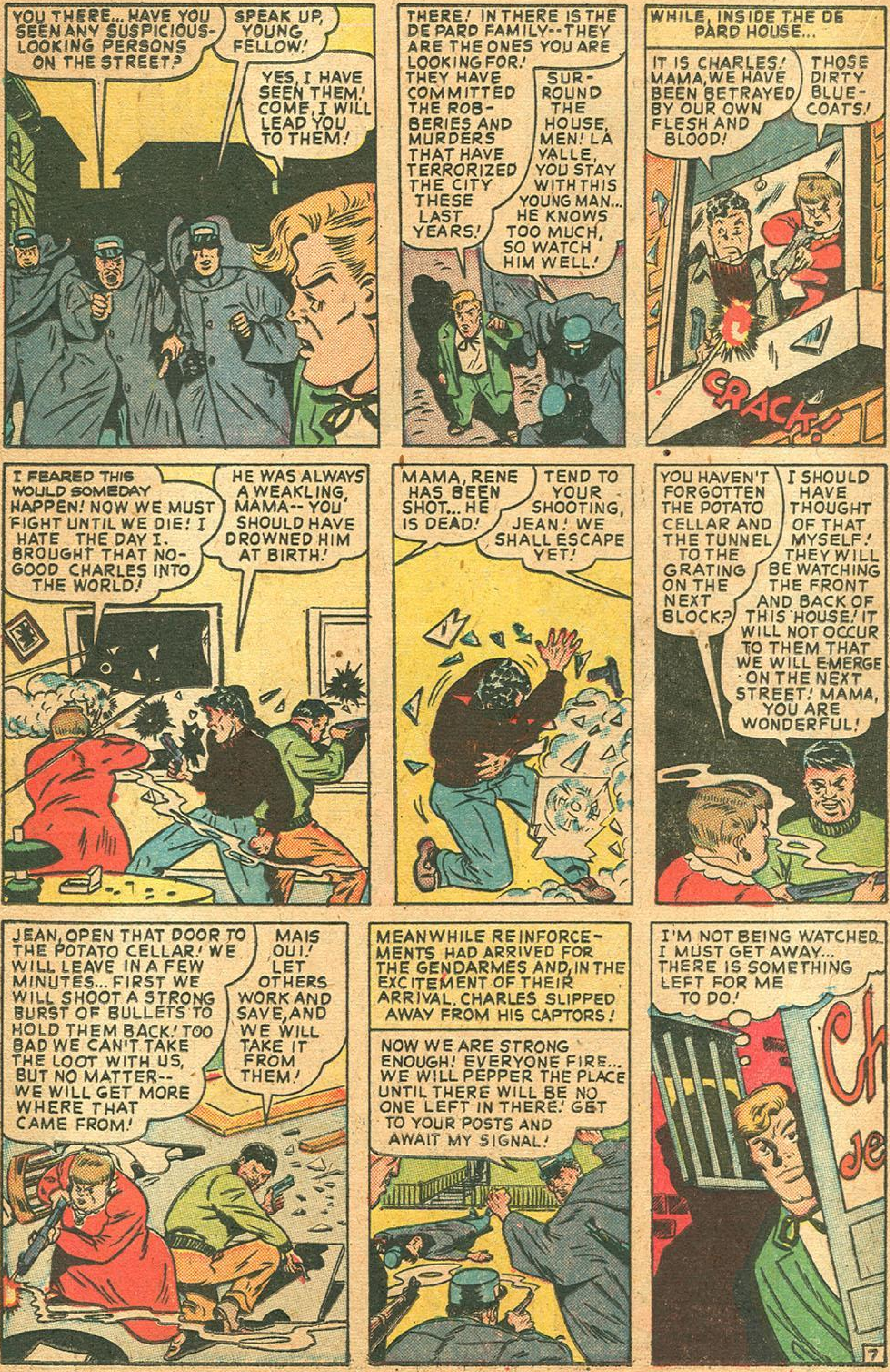
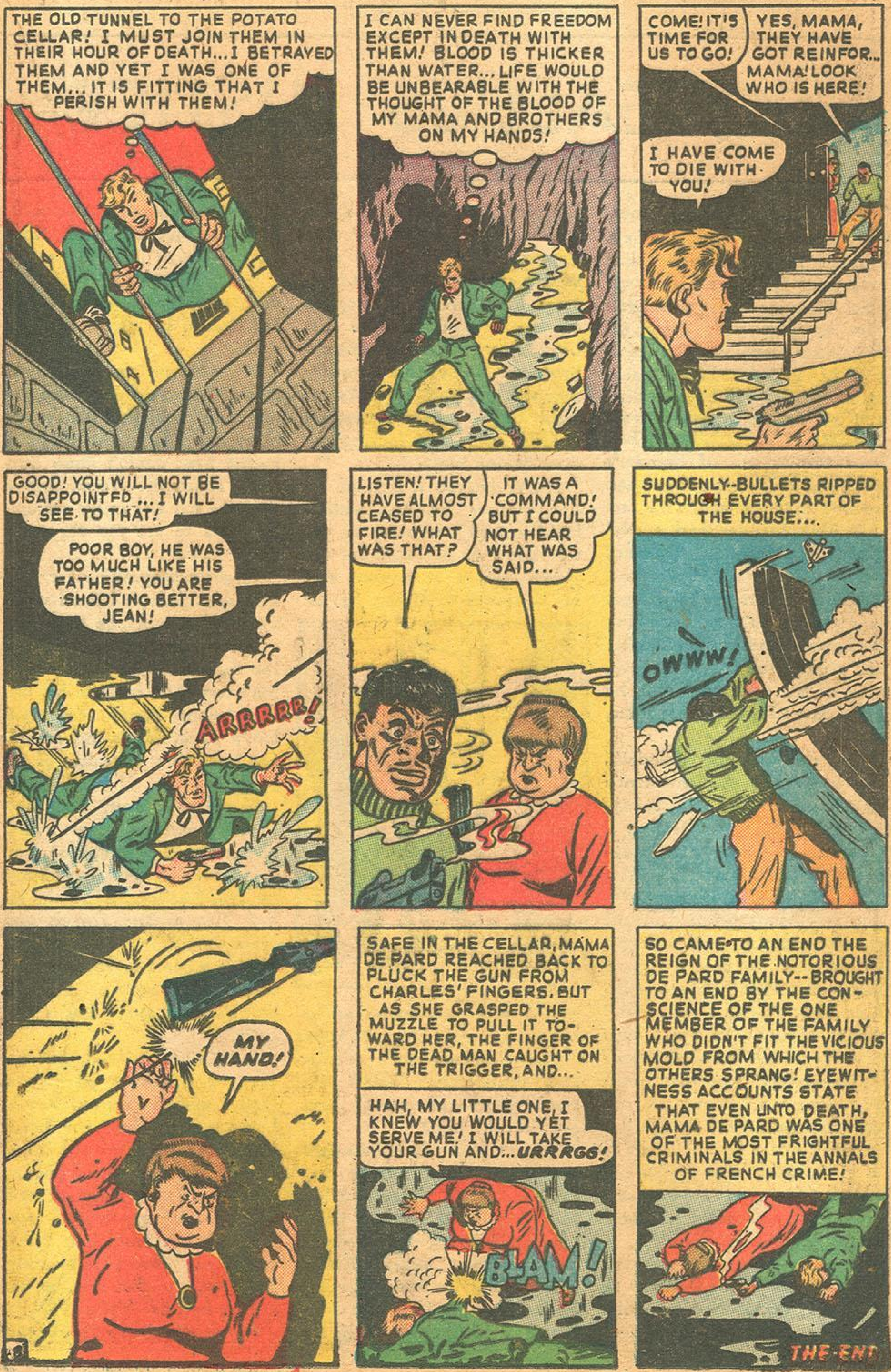

CHARLES RETURNED TO HIS HOME... BEWILDERED, AFRAID, AND SORE AT HEART! SOON DAYLIGHT CAME,... THE DAY THAT CHARLES MUST BE "TESTED"!
GET UP, LAZYBONES! BREAKFAST IS READY!
HA, HA! PERHAPS, TODAY, CHARLES WOULD RATHER SLEEP ALL DAY AND NIGHT!
MAMA, WE HAVE BEEN STEALING AND ROBBING FOR YEARS! I WAS THINKING... WHEN WILL IT BE THAT WE HAVE ENOUGH MONEY SO THAT WE CAN STOP? AND WHAT WILL WE DO WITH THE MONEY?
HA, YOU HAVE BEEN THINKING, CHARLES! THAT IS A GOOD QUESTION AND IT PLEASES ME TO HEAR YOU TALK SO-- THE OTHERS WOULD GO ON WITHOUT QUESTION!
I HAVE SAVED ALL OF OUR MONEY AND SOON, IN PERHAPS TWO OR THREE MORE YEARS, WE WILL HAVE ENOUGH TO BUY A FINE HOUSE AND FARM AND LIVE LIKE KINGS!
I WOULD NOT WISH TO STOP KILLING, BUT MAMA KNOWS BEST!
SO THE DE PARD FAMILY PLANNED IN THEIR VICIOUS WAY... AND SOON THE DAY HAD GONE AND IT WAS TIME FOR WORK!
HERE, CHARLES! TONIGHT YOU TAKE YOUR RIGHTFUL PLACE WITH US!
I WILL BE BESIDE HIM TO SEE THAT HE DOES AS YOU TOLD HIM, MAMA!
A SHORT WHILE LATER, AT THE STREET OF THE MERCHANTS...
I WILL WAIT FOR YOU AS ALWAYS! TONIGHT YOU BECOME A MAN, CHARLES!
LET'S GO! THIS TIME, JEAN, YOU WILL SERVE AS A LOOKOUT!
THE USUAL SIGNAL, RENE-- THE LONG WHISTLE!
WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU, GENTLEMEN? THE STORE'S CLOSED! WH...?
WE'LL HURRY, MISTER! ALL WE WANT IS YOUR MONEY!
PLEASE DO NOT SHOOT-- I AM A FAMILY MAN WITH 4 CHILDREN! I WILL NOT RESIST! YOU MAY HAVE ALL THE MONEY, ONLY DON'T SHOOT!
YOU TALK TOO MUCH! HURRY WITH THE SAFE!
HERE IT IS--ALL THE MONEY! NOW YOU WILL NOT HARM ME, PLEASE? I WILL NOT REMEMBER YOU! I PROMISE!
ALL RIGHT, CHARLES! NOW IS THE TIME!
NO...NO... I CAN'T DO IT!
NO... PLEASE! MY WIFE... MY CHILDREN... ARRRGGHH!
I SEE YOU NEED HELP!
DON'T, RENE... DON'T!
BLAM!
5


COME, CHARLES, WE MUST HURRY! MAMA MADE A MISTAKE TONIGHT--THE POLICE WERE LOOKING FOR US! WHY DIDN'T YOU WHISTLE, JEAN?
I HAD NO TIME!
THIS WAY, BOYS, AND BE QUICK!
THEY'RE CLOSING IN, MAMA!
THROUGH HERE! HURRY... WE WILL SOON BE SAFE!
IT HAD BETTER BE SOON, MAMA! THEY ARE ALMOST ON TOP OF US!
COME--THROUGH HERE AND THEN OUT THE BACK WAY, AND WE WILL BE BUT A BLOCK FROM HOME!
THEY WILL SURROUND THE WHOLE DISTRICT AND BEGIN A SEARCH!
MAMA WILL KNOW HOW TO HANDLE THEM!
SEE, THERE IS OUR HOME! I WILL HIDE THE LOOT YOU HAVE TAKEN WITH THE REST... AT HOME WHERE NO ONE CAN FIND IT! THEN I WILL HANG A SMALLPOX SIGN ON THE DOOR! THEY WILL NOT STAY LONG AT OUR HOME, THE GENDARMES!
HA, HA! WITH A SIGN SUCH AS THAT, THEY WILL NOT EVEN COME IN!
WAIT! I HAVE BEEN WATCHING THAT OLD COBBLER AND HE HAS BEEN WATCHING US... TOO MUCH! I THINK PERHAPS IT WOULD BE A GOOD THING IF HE COULD NOT TALK TO THE GENDARMES TONIGHT... OR ANY OTHER NIGHT!
MAMA, HE IS BUT A HARMLESS OLD MAN... YOU CANNOT HURT HIM!
BE QUIET, CHARLES! MAMA KNOWS BEST!
NO, I WILL NOT LET YOU DO THIS THING!
LET GO OF ME... GO WITH MAMA AND THE OTHERS!
COME, CHARLES! TRUST RENE TO COME HOME SAFELY AFTER HE HAS DONE WHAT HE HAS TO DO!
A FEW MOMENTS LATER RENE JOINED HIS FAMILY!
WHERE IS CHARLES? DIDN'T YOU BRING HIM BACK WITH YOU?
NO! I THOUGHT HE WAS WITH YOU! THE COBBLER WILL NO LONGER BOTHER YOU, MAMA!
CHARLES WAS CLOSE BY... WITH THE BODY OF HIS FRIEND!
YOU WERE RIGHT, OLD FRIEND! I SHOULD HAVE LEFT THEM-- BUT NOW IT'S TOO LATE! I MUST DO WHAT HAS TO BE DONE!


YOU THERE... HAVE YOU SEEN ANY SUSPICIOUS-LOOKING PERSONS ON THE STREET?
SPEAK UP, YOUNG FELLOW!
YES, I HAVE SEEN THEM! COME, I WILL LEAD YOU TO THEM!
THERE! IN THERE IS THE DE PARD FAMILY--THEY ARE THE ONES YOU ARE LOOKING FOR! THEY HAVE COMMITTED THE ROBBERIES AND MURDERS THAT HAVE TERRORIZED THE CITY THESE LAST YEARS!
SURROUND THE HOUSE, MEN! LA VALLE, YOU STAY WITH THIS YOUNG MAN... HE KNOWS TOO MUCH, SO WATCH HIM WELL!
WHILE, INSIDE THE DE PARD HOUSE...
IT IS CHARLES! MAMA, WE HAVE BEEN BETRAYED BY OUR OWN FLESH AND BLOOD!
THOSE DIRTY BLUE-COATS!
CRACK!
I FEARED THIS WOULD SOMEDAY HAPPEN! NOW WE MUST FIGHT UNTIL WE DIE! I HATE THE DAY I BROUGHT THAT NO-GOOD CHARLES INTO THE WORLD!
HE WAS ALWAYS A WEAKLING, MAMA-- YOU SHOULD HAVE DROWNED HIM AT BIRTH!
MAMA, RENE HAS BEEN SHOT... HE IS DEAD!
TEND TO YOUR SHOOTING, JEAN! WE SHALL ESCAPE YET!
YOU HAVEN'T FORGOTTEN THE POTATO CELLAR AND THE TUNNEL TO THE GRATING ON THE NEXT BLOCK?
I SHOULD HAVE THOUGHT OF THAT MYSELF! THEY WILL BE WATCHING THE FRONT AND BACK OF THIS HOUSE! IT WILL NOT OCCUR TO THEM THAT WE WILL EMERGE ON THE NEXT STREET! MAMA, YOU ARE WONDERFUL!
JEAN, OPEN THAT DOOR TO THE POTATO CELLAR! WE WILL LEAVE IN A FEW MINUTES... FIRST WE WILL SHOOT A STRONG BURST OF BULLETS TO HOLD THEM BACK! TOO BAD WE CAN'T TAKE THE LOOT WITH US, BUT NO MATTER-- WE WILL GET MORE WHERE THAT CAME FROM!
MAIS OUI! LET OTHERS WORK AND SAVE, AND WE WILL TAKE IT FROM THEM!
MEANWHILE REINFORCEMENTS HAD ARRIVED FOR THE GENDARMES AND, IN THE EXCITEMENT OF THEIR ARRIVAL, CHARLES SLIPPED AWAY FROM HIS CAPTORS!
NOW WE ARE STRONG ENOUGH! EVERYONE FIRE... WE WILL PEPPER THE PLACE UNTIL THERE WILL BE NO ONE LEFT IN THERE! GET TO YOUR POSTS AND AWAIT MY SIGNAL!
I'M NOT BEING WATCHED... I MUST GET AWAY... THERE IS SOMETHING LEFT FOR ME TO DO!
Ch
Je


THE OLD TUNNEL TO THE POTATO CELLAR! I MUST JOIN THEM IN THEIR HOUR OF DEATH... I BETRAYED THEM AND YET I WAS ONE OF THEM... IT IS FITTING THAT I PERISH WITH THEM!
I CAN NEVER FIND FREEDOM EXCEPT IN DEATH WITH THEM! BLOOD IS THICKER THAN WATER... LIFE WOULD BE UNBEARABLE WITH THE THOUGHT OF THE BLOOD OF MY MAMA AND BROTHERS ON MY HANDS!
COME! IT'S TIME FOR US TO GO!
YES, MAMA, THEY HAVE GOT REINFOR... MAMA! LOOK WHO IS HERE!
I HAVE COME TO DIE WITH YOU!
GOOD! YOU WILL NOT BE DISAPPOINTED... I WILL SEE TO THAT!
POOR BOY, HE WAS TOO MUCH LIKE HIS FATHER! YOU ARE SHOOTING BETTER, JEAN!
ARRRRR!
LISTEN! THEY HAVE ALMOST CEASED TO FIRE! WHAT WAS THAT?
IT WAS A COMMAND! BUT I COULD NOT HEAR WHAT WAS SAID...
SUDDENLY--BULLETS RIPPED THROUGH EVERY PART OF THE HOUSE...
OWWW!
MY HAND!
SAFE IN THE CELLAR, MAMA DE PARD REACHED BACK TO PLUCK THE GUN FROM CHARLES' FINGERS. BUT AS SHE GRASPED THE MUZZLE TO PULL IT TOWARD HER, THE FINGER OF THE DEAD MAN CAUGHT ON THE TRIGGER, AND...
HAH, MY LITTLE ONE, I KNEW YOU WOULD YET SERVE ME! I WILL TAKE YOUR GUN AND... URRRGG!
BLAM!
SO CAME TO AN END THE REIGN OF THE NOTORIOUS DE PARD FAMILY--BROUGHT TO AN END BY THE CONSCIENCE OF THE ONE MEMBER OF THE FAMILY WHO DIDN'T FIT THE VICIOUS MOLD FROM WHICH THE OTHERS SPRANG! EYEWITNESS ACCOUNTS STATE THAT EVEN UNTO DEATH, MAMA DE PARD WAS ONE OF THE MOST FRIGHTFUL CRIMINALS IN THE ANNALS OF FRENCH CRIME!
THE END

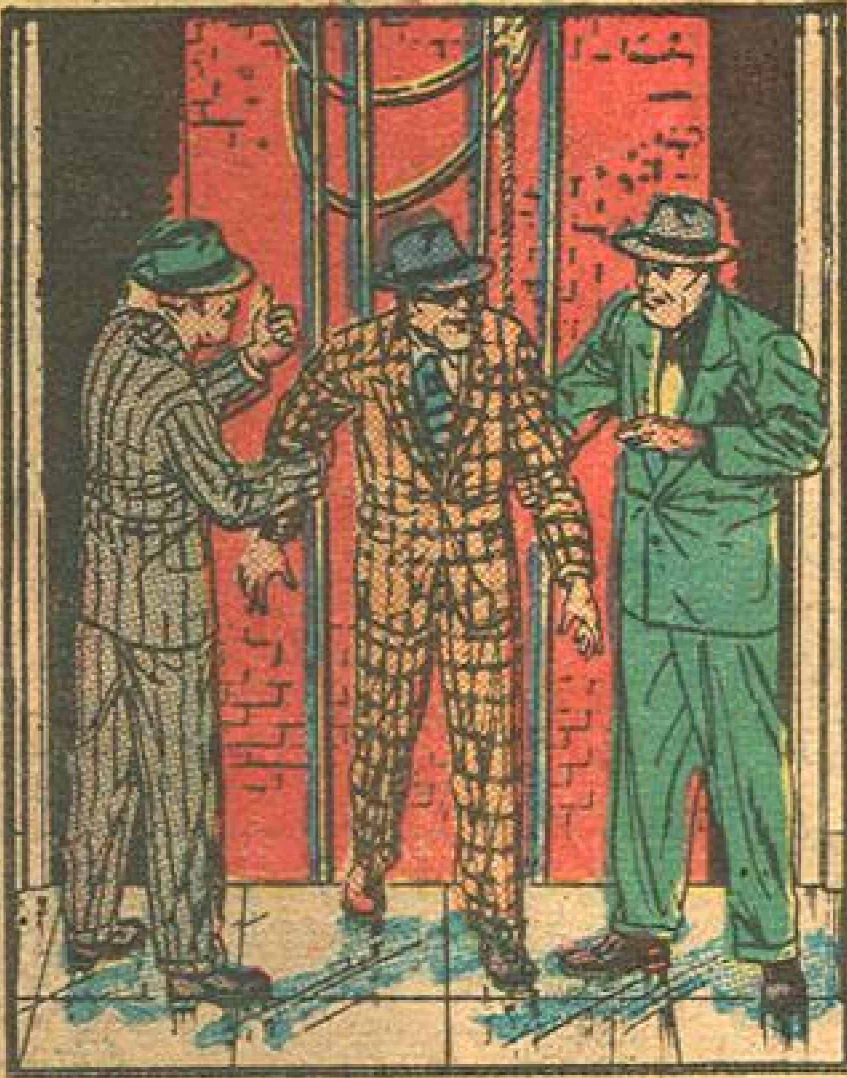
# SQUEALER'S JUSTICE

BENNY WILKINS was nervous. It was getting to be a chronic condition with him; ever since Detective Lieutenant Dan Duggins had persuaded him to part with some information concerning the activities of Max Stander's gang, Benny had been finding himself wiping the moisture from the back of his neck. Benny had been thrown out of Stander's gang and in his resentment had blurted to the detective the fact that Max Stander had a deal planned with the Argonaut Jewelry Co. safe. Duggins had welcomed the news. "We'll get that piker," he'd said, rubbing his hands together. "So Stander has a date with a safe the evening of the twentieth—well, he has a date with the police force, too!"

Tonight was the twentieth, and in spite of the lieutenant's assurances as to his safety, Benny Wilkins was feeling a sense of foreboding as he entered his hotel. It was two hours since the scheduled safe cracking, and Benny planned to call the lieutenant as soon as he got to his room, to hear the good news—that Max Stander was behind bars. "When I hear that," Benny thought, "I won't have a thing in the world to worry about—except for that pick-pocketing rap." Benny was out on bail on a larceny charge, but it didn't worry him as much as Max Stander, who had been known to remark, "I'd kill anyone who squealed on me." Benny knew it was true.

The hotel lobby was deserted as usual; Benny had moved to a quiet out-of-the-way hotel after his talk with Lieutenant Duggins, for safety's sake. He strolled to the elevator and stepped in, pressing the self-service control button that indicated his floor. As he stepped off the elevator he noted that the halls were deserted. He approached his own door stealthily, and glanced carefully to right and left before stepping quickly inside and locking the door behind him.

Benny heaved a sigh of relief, mopped his face with a handkerchief and went to the telephone. As he asked for the police station, he noticed that his voice was trembling, but he smiled with satisfaction as he heard Lieutenant Duggins' voice.



"Say, Lieutenant," Benny said confidently, "how'd dat pinch go dis afternoon? You got 'im cold, huh?"

The sound of Lieutenant Duggins' excited answer was suddenly cut off as, from behind Benny, a hand reached from nowhere, clicking the telephone cradle down firmly. Benny whirled and his eyes widened; he was face to face with Max Stander! Max was smiling benignly and no gun was in sight; Benny let out his breath, slowly.

"Gee, Max—" he said. His voice came out a hoarse croak. He cleared his throat to begin again.

"Nice to see ya, Benny, old chum," Max said. His voice was oily with cordiality. Benny was reassured. Maybe, he thought, maybe Max doesn't know anything about the frame, maybe the safe job was called off and he came to see me for some other reason . . .

"I got a proposition for ya!" Max said. Benny's heart leaped. I'm in the clear! he thought.

For the first time he noticed two figures in the shadows, as Max turned to indicate his two companions. Benny recognized Dolly King, Max's girl friend, and Luke Faro, a member of the gang.

"Luke and Dolly and I—" Max was saying, "we got a deal planned and we figured you could help us. Now you know me, pal, I believe in live and let live, forgive and forget, and even though we had a little disagreement I'm ready to let you back in with us. For old time's sake, ain't that right, Luke?"

Luke Faro nodded, but his eyes were narrow on Benny. Dolly smiled enthusiastically, however, extending her hand. "Welcome back to the mob, Benny," she said warmly. Benny shook her hand, flattered; he'd never gotten any attention from Dolly in the past. And Max's smile was broad. Obviously, Benny was to feel that he was among friends.

"Gee, dis is swell of ya,"

ADVERTISEMENT

# "I WAS ASHAMED OF MY FACE

## until Viderm made my dreams of a clearer skin come true in one short week"

(FROM A LETTER TO BETTY MEMPHIS SENT HER BY ETHEL JORDAN, DETROIT, MICH.)

***If your face is broken out, if bad skin is making you miserable, here is how to stop worrying about pimples, blackheads and other externally caused skin troubles.***

**JUST FOLLOW SKIN DOCTOR'S SIMPLE DIRECTIONS**

"I just want to be alone!" Is there anything more awful than the blues that come when your face is broken out and you feel like hiding away because of pimples, blackheads and similar externally caused skin troubles? I know how it feels from personal experience. And I can appreciate the wonderful, wonderful joy that Ethel S. Jordan felt when she found something that not only *promised* her relief—but *gave* it to her in just one short week!

When I was having my own skin troubles, I tried a good many cosmetics, ointments and whatnot that were recommended to me. I remember vividly how disappointed I felt each time, until I discovered the skin doctor's formula now known as the Double Viderm Treatment. I felt pretty wonderful when friends began to rave about my "movie-star skin." No more self-consciousness. No more having my friends feel sorry for me. The secret joy, again, of running my fingertips over a smoother, clearer skin.

Many women shut themselves out of the thrills of life—dates, romance, popularity, social and business success—only because sheer neglect has robbed them of the good looks, poise and feminine self-assurance which could so easily be theirs. Yes, everybody looks at your face. The beautiful complexion, which is yours for the asking, is like a permanent card of admission to all the good things of life that every woman craves. And it really can be yours—*take my word for it!*—no matter how discouraged you may be this very minute about those externally caused skin miseries.

*A screen star's face is her fortune. That's why she makes it her business to protect her complexion against pimples, blackheads and blemishes. Your face is no different. Give it the Double Treatment it needs and watch those skin blemishes go away.*

**What Makes "Bad Skin" Get That Way?**

Medical science gives us the truth about how skin blemishes usually develop. There are small specks of dust and dirt in the air all the time. When these get into the open pores in your skin, they can in time "stretch" the pores and make them large enough to pocket dirt particles, dust and infection. These open pores become infected and bring you the humiliation of pimples, blackheads or other blemishes. Often, the natural oils that lubricate your skin will harden in the pores and result in unsightly blemishes.

When you neglect your skin by not giving it the necessary care, you leave yourself wide open to externally caused skin miseries. Yet proper attention with the Double Viderm Treatment may mean the difference between enjoying the confidence a fine skin gives you or the embarrassment of an ugly, *un*beautiful skin that makes you want to hide your face.

The Double Viderm Treatment is a formula prescribed with amazing success by a dermatologist and costs you only a few cents daily. This treatment consists of two jars. One contains Viderm Skin Cleanser, a jelly-like formula which penetrates your pores and acts as an antiseptic. After you use this special Viderm Skin Cleanser, you simply apply the Viderm Fortified Medicated Skin Cream. You rub this in, leaving an almost invisible protective covering for the surface of your skin.

This double treatment has worked wonders for so many cases of external skin troubles that it may help you, too—*in fact, your money will be refunded if it doesn't.* Use it for only ten days. You have everything to gain and nothing to lose. It is a guaranteed treatment. Enjoy it. Your dream of a clearer, smoother complexion may come true in ten days or less.

Use your Double Viderm Treatment every day until your skin is smoother and clearer. Then use it only once a week to remove stale make-up and dirt specks that infect your pores, as well as to aid in healing external irritations. Remember that when you help prevent blackheads, you also help to prevent externally caused skin miseries and pimples.

Just mail your name and address to Betty Memphis, care of the New York Skin Laboratory, 206 Division Street, Dept. 29, New York 2, N. Y. By return mail you will receive the doctor's directions, and both jars, packed in a safety-sealed carton. On delivery, pay two dollars plus postage. If you wish, you can save the postage fee by mailing the two dollars with your letter. Then, if you are in any way dissatisfied, your money will be cheerfully refunded. To give you an idea of how fully tested and proven the Viderm Double Treatment is, it may interest you to know that, up to this month, over two hundred and thirty-one thousand women have ordered it on my recommendation. If you could only see the thousands of happy, grateful letters that have come to me as a result, you would know the joy this simple treatment can bring. And, think of it!—the treatment *must* work for you, or it doesn't cost you a cent.

Benny exclaimed, beaming. "What's the job?"

Gently Max guided Benny toward the door. "Let's all go to my place and we'll give you the details," he said.

With Eddie and Dolly following, they left the room and started down the hall toward the elevator. Max stepped forward and pressed the buzzer—at least he appeared to press it. Benny didn't notice; Dolly, who had pulled out her compact, was smiling at him over the mirror as she powdered her nose. Benny had never had so much attention. He smiled back, and Dolly winked. Overwhelmed, Benny beamed at her. It entirely escaped his attention that behind his back Luke had stooped and removed a small block of wood from between the elevator doors, and had put his foot in the space, keeping the doors open an inch or two.

In a moment Benny, still with his back to the elevator, heard the doors slide open. Max, on his left, grasped his arm and Luke moved toward him and took his other arm.

"Well, here's the elevator," Max said smoothly. "Let's go!"

"Yeah, don't strain yourself on the stairs, pal," Luke said. "Let's take the elevator right back here."

Benny now felt really accepted; even Luke was being cordial.

"Gee, it's awful nice o' you guys to be so good to me after [illegible] little trouble we had!" Benny exclaimed.

Gently propelling Eddie backward toward the elevator doorway, Max said, "Don't give it a thought, pal! So what if ya *did* rat on us? Forgive and forget, I always say! Now just step back into the elevator, huh, *pal?*"

Benny took another step back. Suddenly his eyes widened in horror as Max's words echoed in his ears: "So what if you did rat on us?"

In a panic, Benny tried to regain his balance, but it was too late—he stepped into space . . .

A few minutes before, Detective Lieutenant Dan Duggins had put down his telephone on the hook, with a worried frown creasing his forehead. Everything had gone wrong that day, starting with the raid on the Argonaut Jewelry Co. Duggins and four officers had made their surprise entrance on schedule and had nabbed the three men who were grouped around the safe itself. But Max Stander and Luke Faro, who had been near the back door, had managed to make a getaway, wounding a police sergeant as they shot their way out.

And now this! Duggins groaned. That cheap pickpocket, Benny Wilkins. Suddenly Duggins jumped out of his chair. Benny Wilkins—Max Stander! For a moment he'd forgotten the connection between the two: Benny had supplied the tip that led to today's raid—and now Stander would be out to get him!

Duggins grabbed his hat and rushed out of his office. Soon a squad car was racing toward Benny's hotel, sirens silent. It squealed to a stop before the dingy building, and Duggins raced into the lobby, followed by two officers. At the desk Duggins paused only long enough to flash his badge and ask which room was Benny Wilkins'.

"Twelve sixteen," the wide-eyed desk clerk answered hastily.

Duggins raced to the elevator and pressed the buzzer impatiently. The hand on the dial over the elevator door was pointing to "1"; Duggins frowned, puzzled. He tried the elevator door but it wouldn't open. The desk clerk was puzzled too. "It should open," he said, scratching his head. "Something must be wrong . . ."

Duggins' eyes widened. "Quick, Sergeant!" He motioned to one of the officers. "Up the stairs! And you—!" He swung to the desk clerk, "get me a crowbar or something!"

A few seconds later Duggins and the other sergeant had pried the doors open. They stepped into the elevator and Duggins pushed the button marked "12." As the car ascended, Duggins' fingers were crossed. Just as they passed the level of the eleventh floor, there was a heavy thud overhead.

"What th—?" The sergeant turned to Duggins, puzzled. The lieutenant was pushing the emergency stop; then he pushed the button marked "11." The elevator descended a few feet and stopped. Duggins turned to grin at the surprised sergeant. "That noise overhead," he said, "would be our friend Benny! Come on!"

They hurried out and up the flight of stairs to the twelfth floor. At the sight that met their eyes, Duggins heaved a sigh of relief. The sergeant was standing near the gaping doorway to the elevator shaft, his gun trained on Max Stander, Luke Faro and Dolly King, who were standing in a sullen group.

"Hi, Lieutenant," the sergeant said. "Glad you got here. There's something funy goin' on back there!" He gestured with his thumb back to the elevator shaft, from which a faint sound of whimpering could be heard.

Duggins grinned. "Benny!" he called. "Stand up!"

As they watched, Benny Wilkins' head appeared above the sill of the elevator doorway. As Benny took in the scene, relief flooded his face.

"Boy, Lieutenant!" he exclaimed weakly. "Am I glad to see you!"

"Were you worried, Benny?" The lieutenant grinned down at him. "You needn't have been. I wouldn't let anything happen to you. You're out on bail, don't forget! Your trial on that pickpocketing charge comes up next week . . . Benny! *Benny!*

Benny Wilkins had fainted.

THE END

# "A Letter to Our Readers and Their Parents!"

IT IS OUR EARNEST HOPE THAT YOU ENJOY reading our magazines. You know, there are many different kinds of stories, and we get a different kind of satisfaction from each one. We like the stories of Robin Hood and the Iliad of Homer, because we can imagine ourselves heroes, overcoming the enemy. We like stories of great men in history, because they make us ambitious to do good, kind deeds. We like stories of mischievous boys like Tom Sawyer, because Tom does many of the things we would enjoy doing, but some of them we cannot do.

Some of you probably choose books with a lot of pictures, because the pictures seem to make the story live. That, to some extent, explains your interest in comics.

In our magazines, we try to give you good pictures and interesting stories. We would like to feel, also, that we are helping you to take a stand in favor of right and justice, develop respect for law and order, and learn to protect weaker people, just like the heroes in our adventure stories.

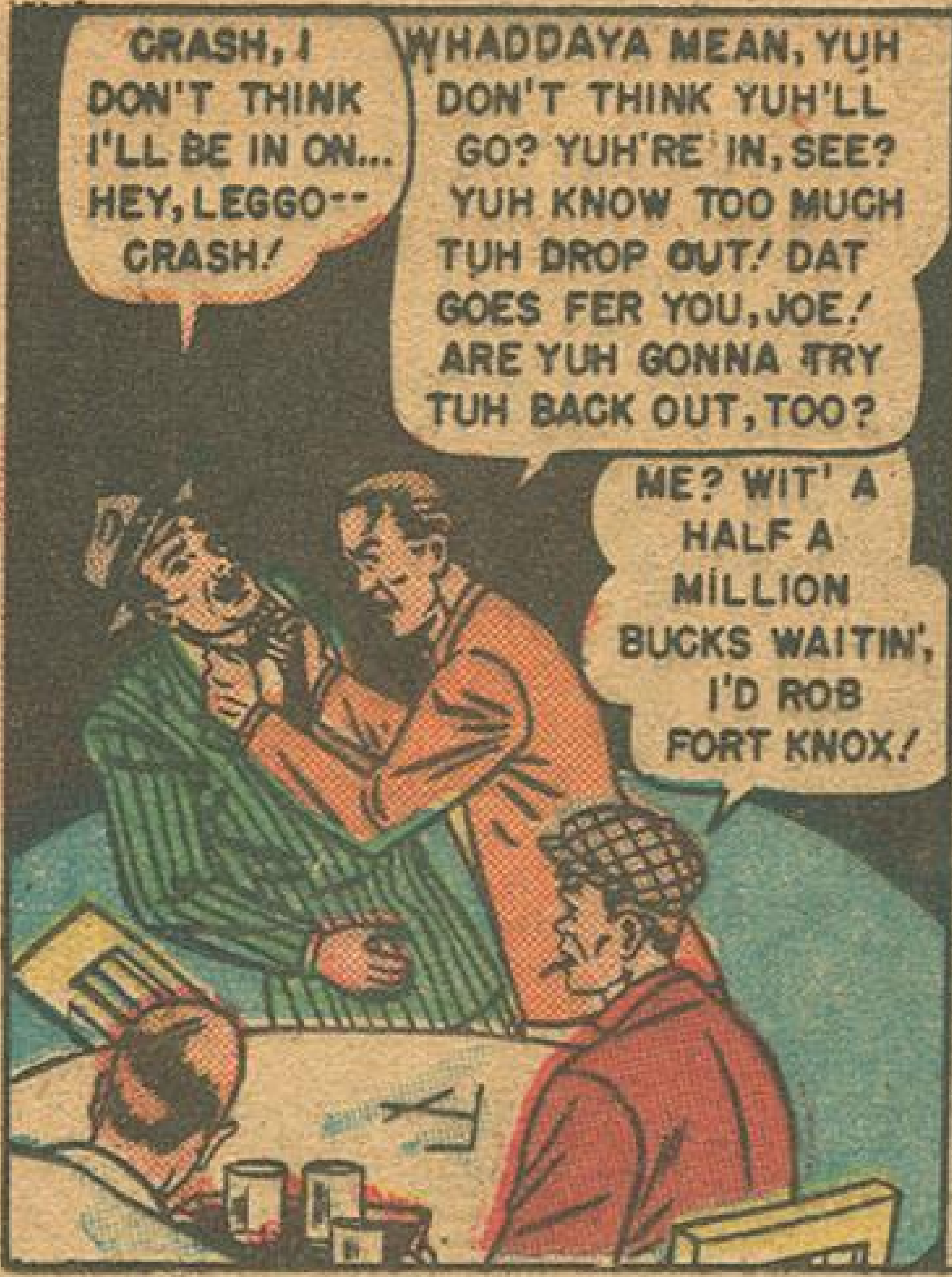
The grown-ups of this world owe you young people an apology, because we haven't made the world a very secure and peaceful place in which to live. Our comics portray, it is true, some of the unhappy things that happen in the world. But they are things you know about anyway—and in the stories, at least, the good people always win. All of us wish it were that way in real life as well.

Just as there are good and bad people, good and bad radio programs, good and bad movies, so there is good and bad literature. In order to help you always choose the good, we will continue to do our best to maintain a high standard in our own magazines.

Please remember that comics, with their many pictures, are just one type of literature. We also want you to grow familiar with the great books in our vast literary heritage, and we have no doubt that, with guidance from your parents, teachers, and town librarians, you *will* become interested in those classics, and learn to love them.

Meanwhile, don't forget, though you can get the thrill of humor and adventure in comic magazines—they should, nonetheless, be considered in two ways: Not only for the pleasure they give you, but also as a stepping-stone to your appreciation of books that have stood the test of time as reading fare for all people, young and old.

Incidentally, one of our recent editorials used the word "endorsement" in connection with Dr. Thompson's services to us as Editorial Consultant. In the interest of further clarification of Dr. Thompson's functions, we wish to state that Marvel Comic Group submits all its published magazines to Dr. Thompson for review, criticism, and report to our staff, which is under constant instruction to accept Dr. Thompson's criticisms, and to abide by the same. In this way, we constantly strive to bring better comic magazines to our vast group of readers.


CRASH, I DON'T THINK I'LL BE IN ON... HEY, LEGGO-- CRASH!
WHADDAYA MEAN, YUH DON'T THINK YUH'LL GO? YUH'RE IN, SEE? YUH KNOW TOO MUCH TUH DROP OUT! DAT GOES FER YOU, JOE! ARE YUH GONNA TRY TUH BACK OUT, TOO?
ME? WIT' A HALF A MILLION BUCKS WAITIN', I'D ROB FORT KNOX!

# "DUKE" WHALEN

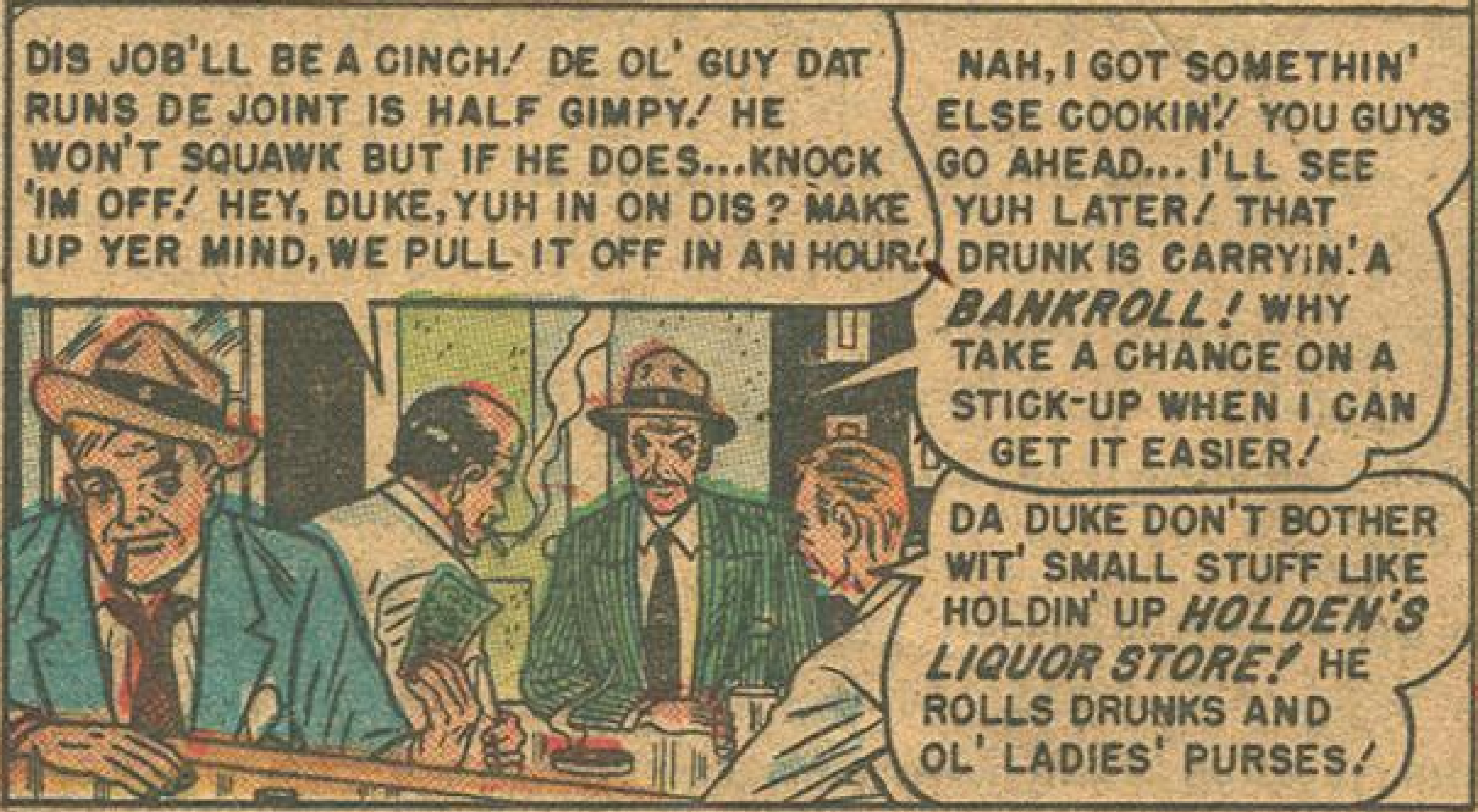
ALL-TRUE CRIME STORY

1893 1939

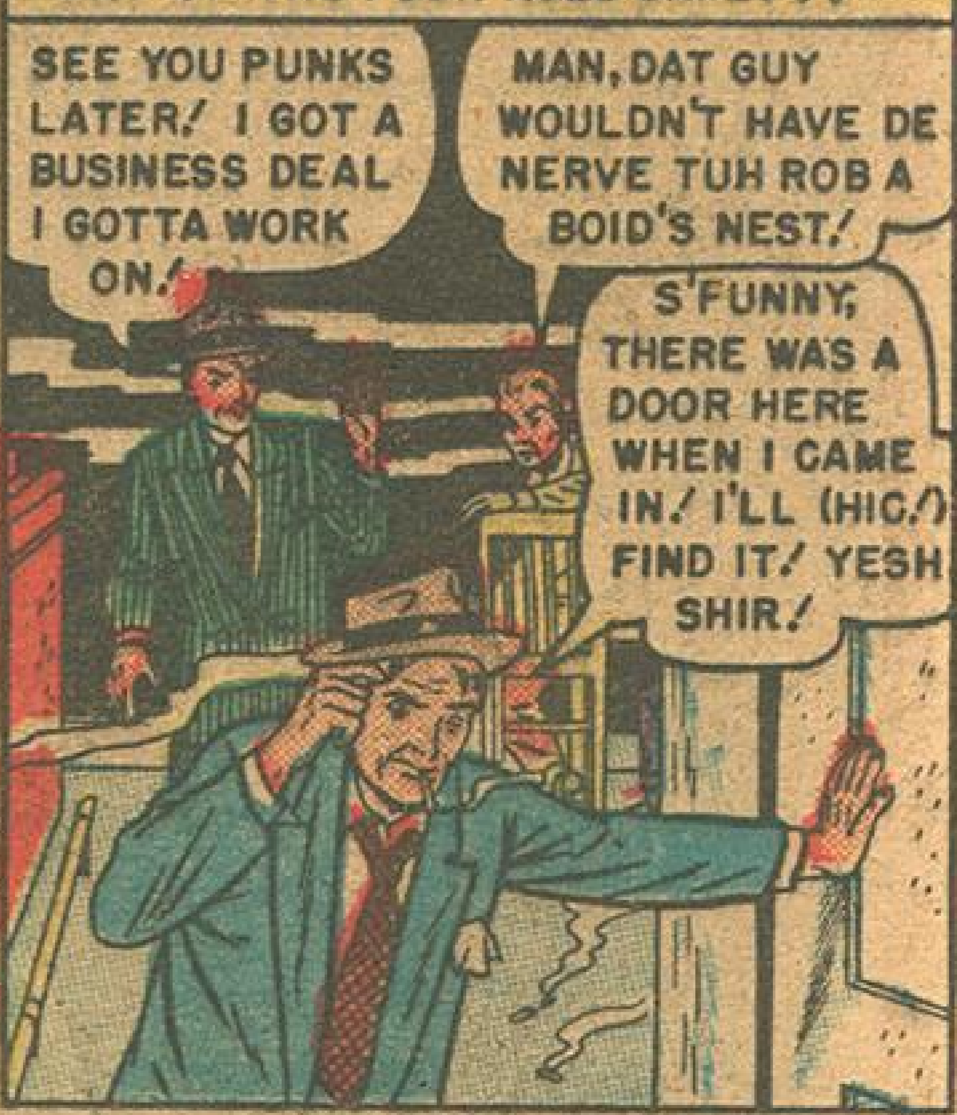
# "THE CASE OF THE KILLER'S REVENGE!"

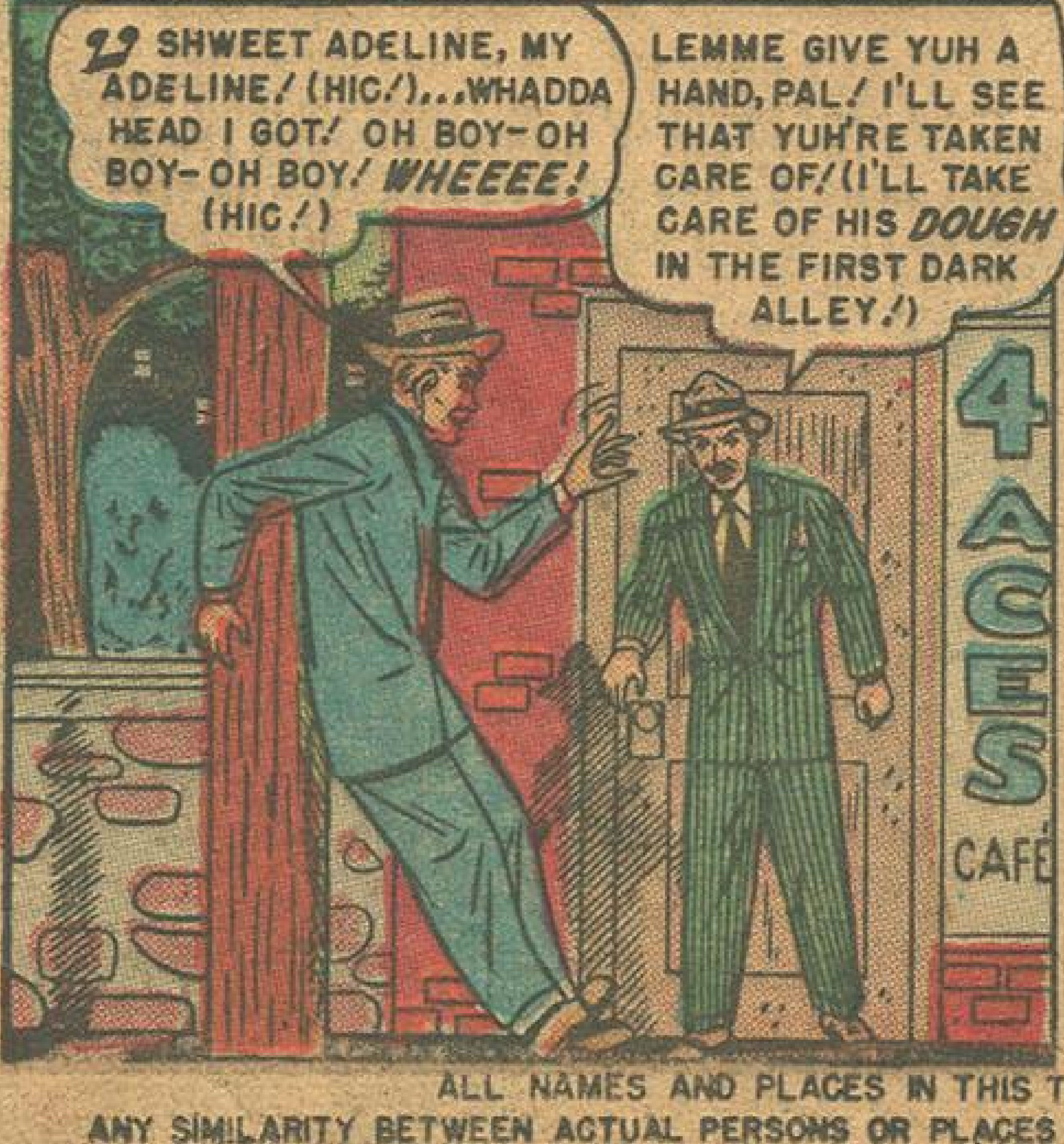
5188

AMONG CRIME'S VARIED ASSORTMENT, THE STOOL PIGEON STANDS OUT AS THE MOST REPULSIVE RAT TO BE FOUND IN THE SLIMY DEPTHS OF THE UNDERWORLD! A PEDDLER OF DEADLY INFORMATION ON HIS FRIENDS, THIS BRAZEN INFORMER SELLS LIVES AND FREEDOM FOR CASH! DUKE WHALEN WAS TOUGH. . . A SWASHBUCKLING DANDY WHO SPECIALIZED IN ROLLING DRUNKS OR SNATCHING PURSES... UNTIL ONE SUMMER NIGHT IN 1939. . .

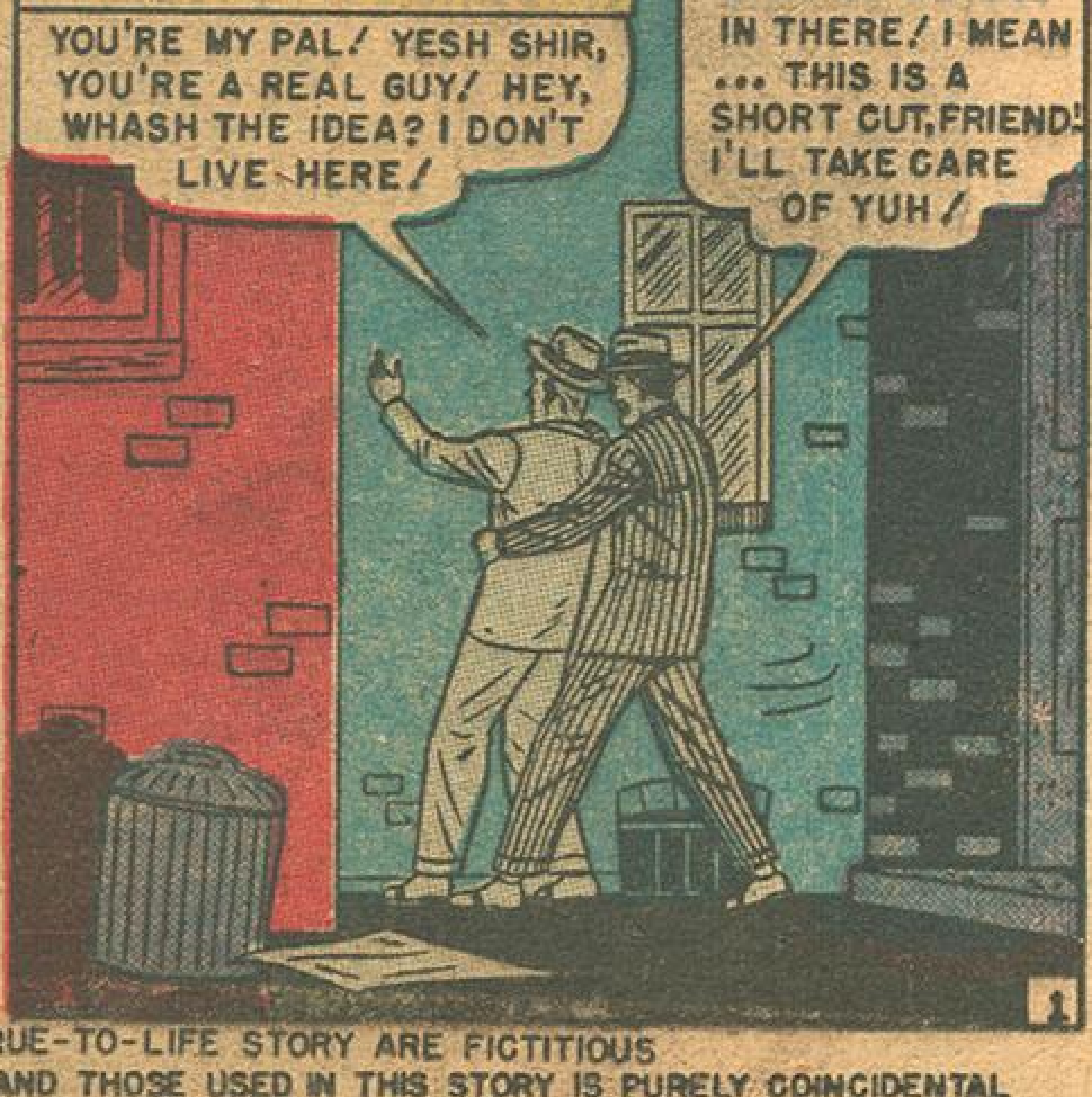

DIS JOB'LL BE A CINCH! DE OL' GUY DAT RUNS DE JOINT IS HALF GIMPY! HE WON'T SQUAWK BUT IF HE DOES... KNOCK 'IM OFF! HEY, DUKE, YUH IN ON DIS? MAKE UP YER MIND, WE PULL IT OFF IN AN HOUR!
NAH, I GOT SOMETHIN' ELSE COOKIN'! YOU GUYS GO AHEAD... I'LL SEE YUH LATER! THAT DRUNK IS CARRYIN' A *BANKROLL!* WHY TAKE A CHANCE ON A STICK-UP WHEN I CAN GET IT EASIER!
DA DUKE DON'T BOTHER WIT' SMALL STUFF LIKE HOLDIN' UP *HOLDEN'S LIQUOR STORE!* HE ROLLS DRUNKS AND OL' LADIES' PURSES!

DUKE IGNORED THE OTHERS AND FOLLOWED THE DRUNK AS HE WEAVED OUT OF THE FOUR ACES CAFÉ. . .

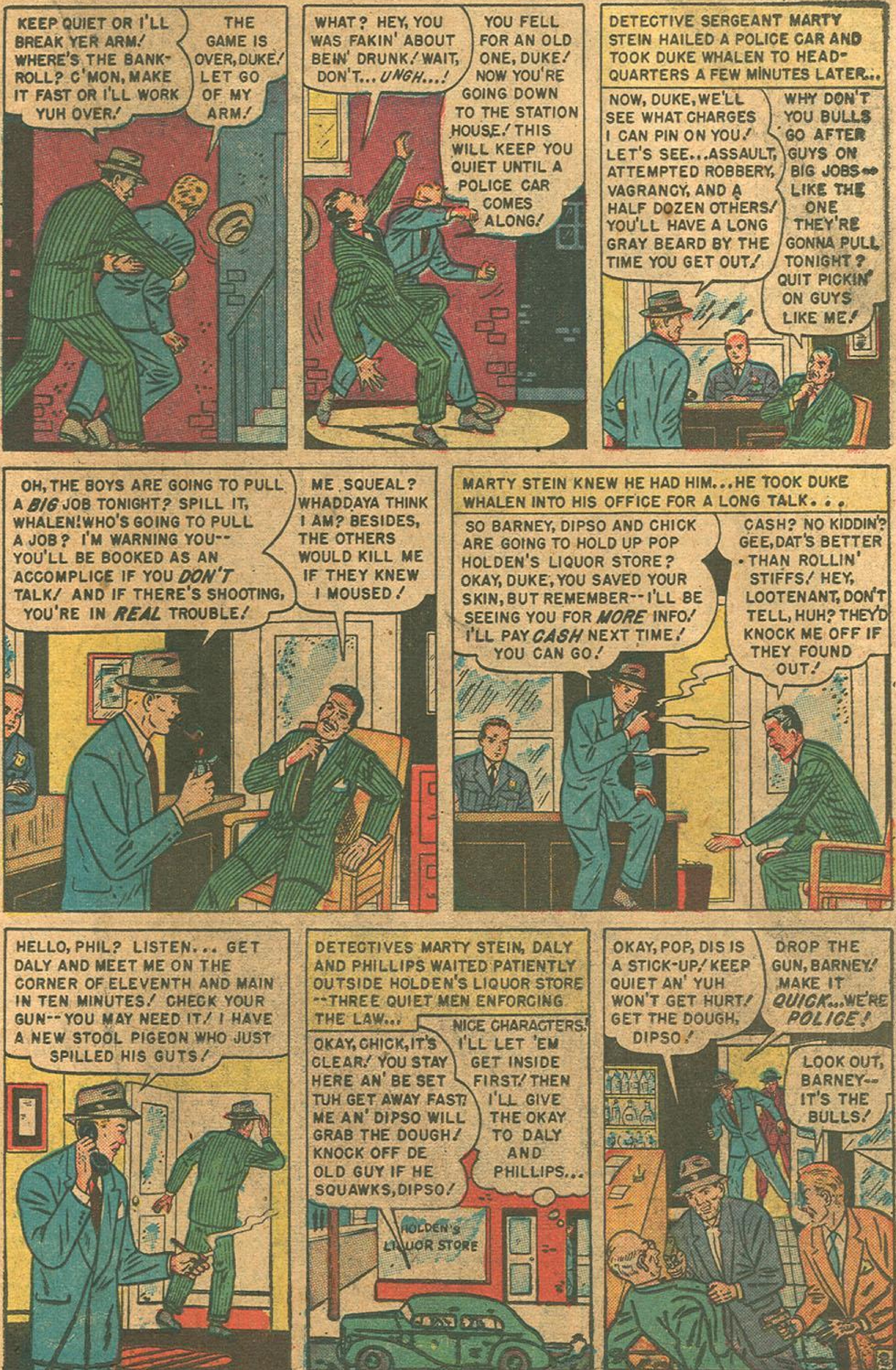

SEE YOU PUNKS LATER! I GOT A BUSINESS DEAL I GOTTA WORK ON!
MAN, DAT GUY WOULDN'T HAVE DE NERVE TUH ROB A BOID'S NEST!
S'FUNNY, THERE WAS A DOOR HERE WHEN I CAME IN! I'LL (HIC!) FIND IT! YESH SHIR!

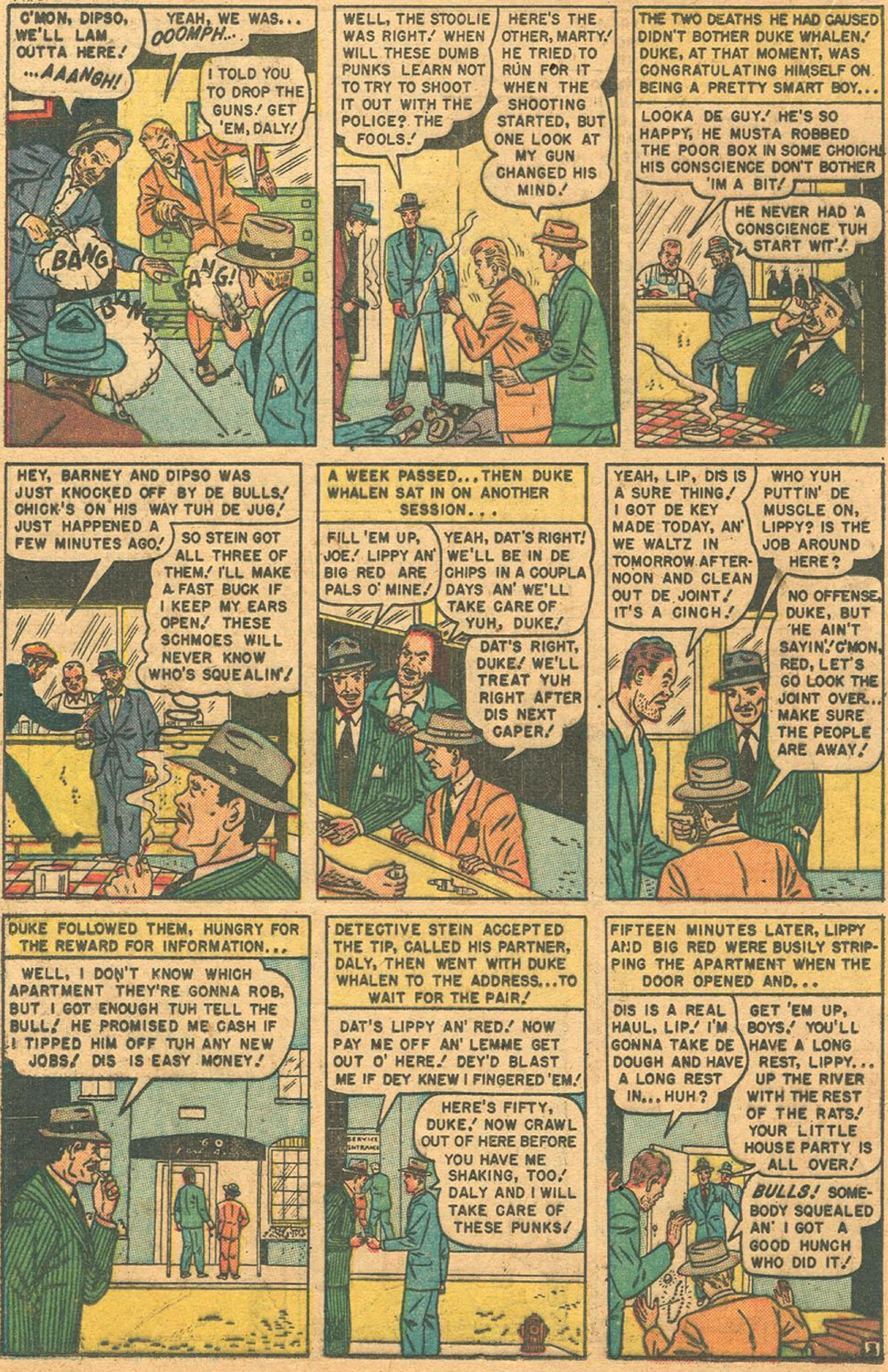

♪ SHWEET ADELINE, MY ADELINE! (HIC!)... WHADDA HEAD I GOT! OH BOY-OH BOY-OH BOY! *WHEEEE!* (HIC!)
LEMME GIVE YUH A HAND, PAL! I'LL SEE THAT YUH'RE TAKEN CARE OF! (I'LL TAKE CARE OF HIS *DOUGH* IN THE FIRST DARK ALLEY!)
4 ACES CAFE

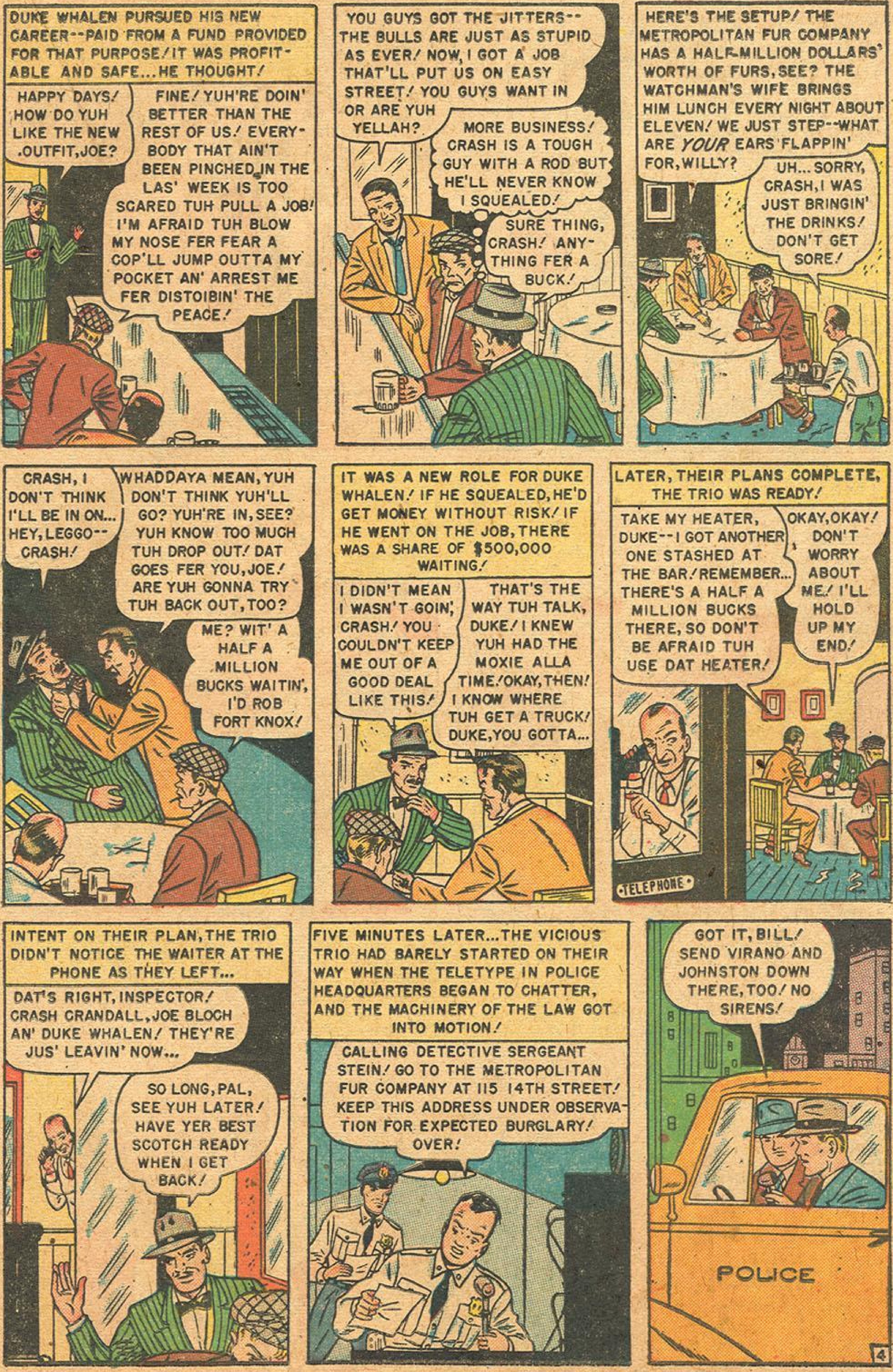
AN ALLEY UP THE STREET. . .

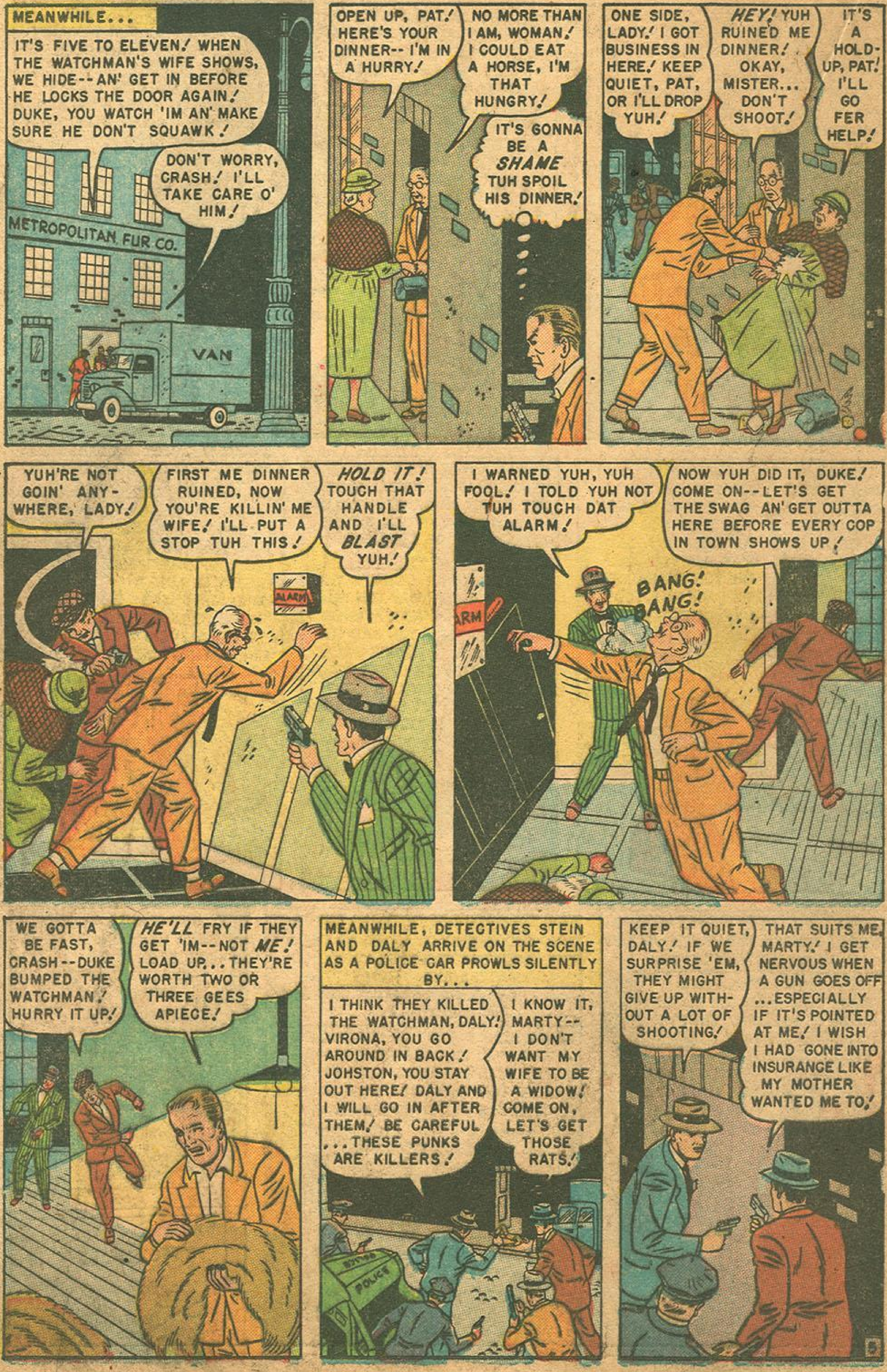

YOU'RE MY PAL! YESH SHIR, YOU'RE A REAL GUY! HEY, WHASH THE IDEA? I DON'T LIVE HERE!
SHUT UP AN' GET IN THERE! I MEAN ... THIS IS A SHORT CUT, FRIEND! I'LL TAKE CARE OF YUH!

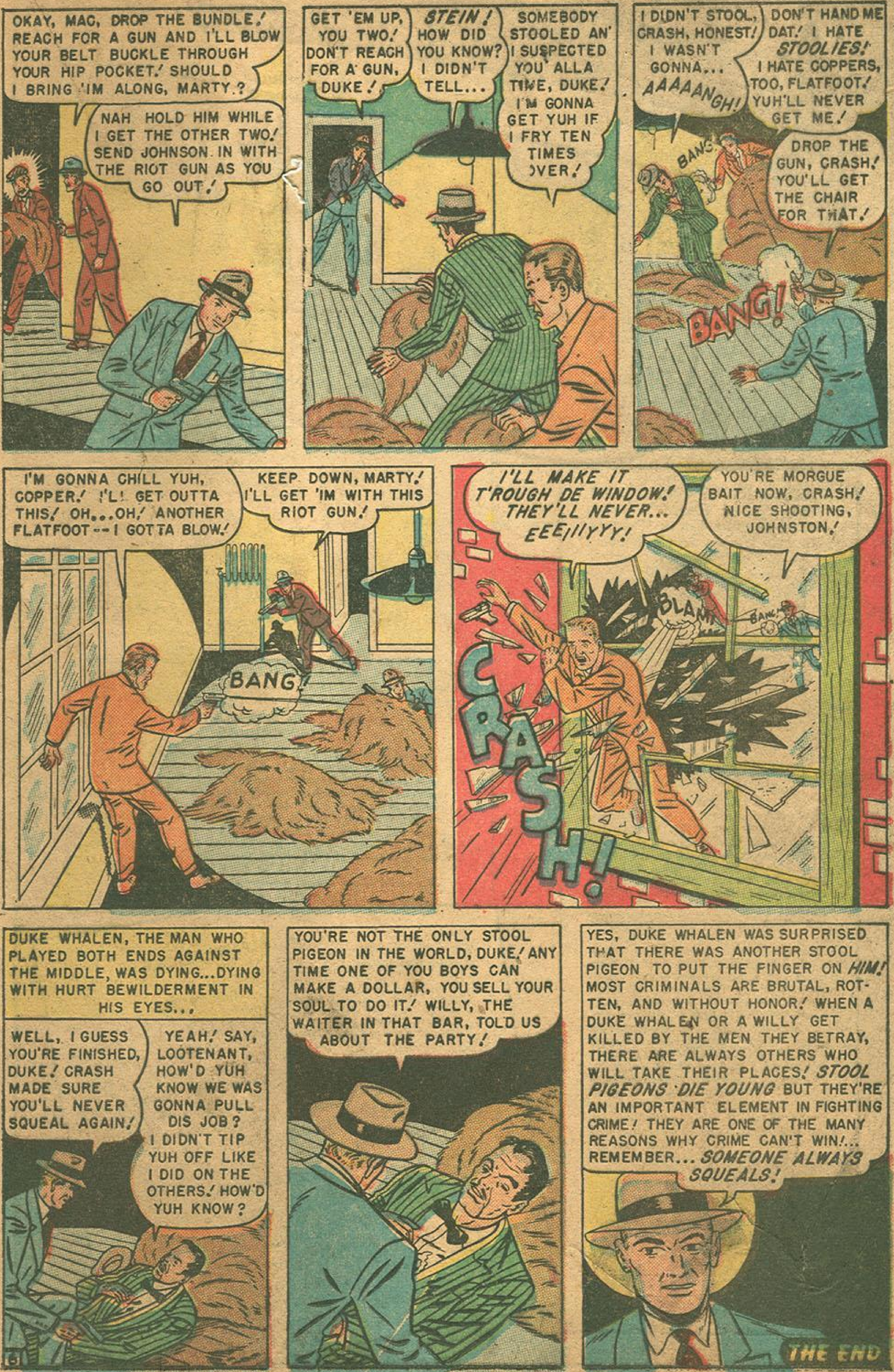
ALL NAMES AND PLACES IN THIS TRUE-TO-LIFE STORY ARE FICTITIOUS
ANY SIMILARITY BETWEEN ACTUAL PERSONS OR PLACES AND THOSE USED IN THIS STORY IS PURELY COINCIDENTAL

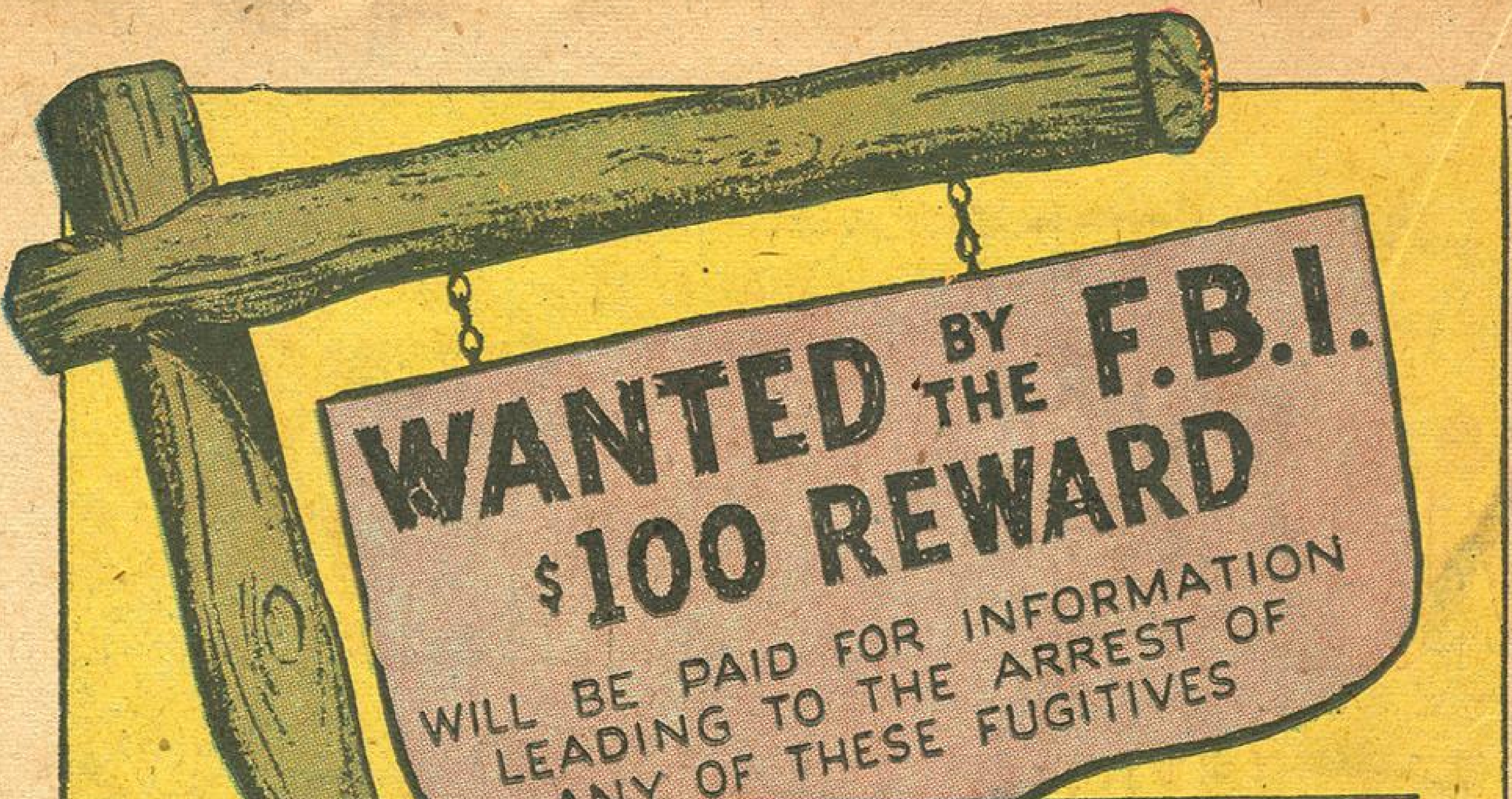

KEEP QUIET OR I'LL BREAK YER ARM! WHERE'S THE BANK-ROLL? C'MON, MAKE IT FAST OR I'LL WORK YUH OVER!
THE GAME IS OVER, DUKE! LET GO OF MY ARM!
WHAT? HEY, YOU WAS FAKIN' ABOUT BEIN' DRUNK! WAIT, DON'T... *UNGH*...!
YOU FELL FOR AN OLD ONE, DUKE! NOW YOU'RE GOING DOWN TO THE STATION HOUSE! THIS WILL KEEP YOU QUIET UNTIL A POLICE CAR COMES ALONG!
DETECTIVE SERGEANT MARTY STEIN HAILED A POLICE CAR AND TOOK DUKE WHALEN TO HEADQUARTERS A FEW MINUTES LATER...
NOW, DUKE, WE'LL SEE WHAT CHARGES I CAN PIN ON YOU! LET'S SEE... ASSAULT, ATTEMPTED ROBBERY, VAGRANCY, AND A HALF DOZEN OTHERS! YOU'LL HAVE A LONG GRAY BEARD BY THE TIME YOU GET OUT!
WHY DON'T YOU BULLS GO AFTER GUYS ON BIG JOBS-- LIKE THE ONE THEY'RE GONNA PULL TONIGHT? QUIT PICKIN' ON GUYS LIKE ME!
OH, THE BOYS ARE GOING TO PULL A *BIG* JOB TONIGHT? SPILL IT, WHALEN! WHO'S GOING TO PULL A JOB? I'M WARNING YOU-- YOU'LL BE BOOKED AS AN ACCOMPLICE IF YOU *DON'T* TALK! AND IF THERE'S SHOOTING, YOU'RE IN *REAL* TROUBLE!
ME SQUEAL? WHADDAYA THINK I AM? BESIDES, THE OTHERS WOULD KILL ME IF THEY KNEW I MOUSED!
MARTY STEIN KNEW HE HAD HIM... HE TOOK DUKE WHALEN INTO HIS OFFICE FOR A LONG TALK...
SO BARNEY, DIPSO AND CHICK ARE GOING TO HOLD UP POP HOLDEN'S LIQUOR STORE? OKAY, DUKE, YOU SAVED YOUR SKIN, BUT REMEMBER-- I'LL BE SEEING YOU FOR *MORE* INFO! I'LL PAY *CASH* NEXT TIME! YOU CAN GO!
CASH? NO KIDDIN'? GEE, DAT'S BETTER THAN ROLLIN' STIFFS! HEY, LOOTENANT, DON'T TELL, HUH? THEY'D KNOCK ME OFF IF THEY FOUND OUT!
HELLO, PHIL? LISTEN... GET DALY AND MEET ME ON THE CORNER OF ELEVENTH AND MAIN IN TEN MINUTES! CHECK YOUR GUN-- YOU MAY NEED IT! I HAVE A NEW STOOL PIGEON WHO JUST SPILLED HIS GUTS!
DETECTIVES MARTY STEIN, DALY AND PHILLIPS WAITED PATIENTLY OUTSIDE HOLDEN'S LIQUOR STORE --THREE QUIET MEN ENFORCING THE LAW...
OKAY, CHICK, IT'S CLEAR! YOU STAY HERE AN' BE SET TUH GET AWAY FAST! ME AN' DIPSO WILL GRAB THE DOUGH! KNOCK OFF DE OLD GUY IF HE SQUAWKS, DIPSO!
NICE CHARACTERS! I'LL LET 'EM GET INSIDE FIRST! THEN I'LL GIVE THE OKAY TO DALY AND PHILLIPS...
HOLDEN'S LIQUOR STORE
OKAY, POP, DIS IS A STICK-UP! KEEP QUIET AN' YUH WON'T GET HURT! GET THE DOUGH, DIPSO!
DROP THE GUN, BARNEY! MAKE IT *QUICK*... WE'RE *POLICE*!
LOOK OUT, BARNEY-- IT'S THE BULLS!


C'MON, DIPSO, WE'LL LAM OUTTA HERE! ...AAANGH!
YEAH, WE WAS... OOOMPH...
I TOLD YOU TO DROP THE GUNS! GET 'EM, DALY!
BANG
BANG!
BANG!
WELL, THE STOOLIE WAS RIGHT! WHEN WILL THESE DUMB PUNKS LEARN NOT TO TRY TO SHOOT IT OUT WITH THE POLICE? THE FOOLS!
HERE'S THE OTHER, MARTY! HE TRIED TO RUN FOR IT WHEN THE SHOOTING STARTED, BUT ONE LOOK AT MY GUN CHANGED HIS MIND!
THE TWO DEATHS HE HAD CAUSED DIDN'T BOTHER DUKE WHALEN! DUKE, AT THAT MOMENT, WAS CONGRATULATING HIMSELF ON BEING A PRETTY SMART BOY...
LOOKA DE GUY! HE'S SO HAPPY, HE MUSTA ROBBED THE POOR BOX IN SOME CHOICH! HIS CONSCIENCE DON'T BOTHER 'IM A BIT!
HE NEVER HAD 'A CONSCIENCE TUH START WIT'!
HEY, BARNEY AND DIPSO WAS JUST KNOCKED OFF BY DE BULLS! CHICK'S ON HIS WAY TUH DE JUG! JUST HAPPENED A FEW MINUTES AGO!
SO STEIN GOT ALL THREE OF THEM! I'LL MAKE A FAST BUCK IF I KEEP MY EARS OPEN! THESE SCHMOES WILL NEVER KNOW WHO'S SQUEALIN'!
A WEEK PASSED... THEN DUKE WHALEN SAT IN ON ANOTHER SESSION...
FILL 'EM UP, JOE! LIPPY AN' BIG RED ARE PALS O' MINE!
YEAH, DAT'S RIGHT! WE'LL BE IN DE CHIPS IN A COUPLA DAYS AN' WE'LL TAKE CARE OF YUH, DUKE!
DAT'S RIGHT, DUKE! WE'LL TREAT YUH RIGHT AFTER DIS NEXT CAPER!
YEAH, LIP, DIS IS A SURE THING! I GOT DE KEY MADE TODAY, AN' WE WALTZ IN TOMORROW AFTERNOON AND CLEAN OUT DE JOINT! IT'S A CINCH!
WHO YUH PUTTIN' DE MUSCLE ON, LIPPY? IS THE JOB AROUND HERE?
NO OFFENSE, DUKE, BUT HE AIN'T SAYIN'! C'MON, RED, LET'S GO LOOK THE JOINT OVER... MAKE SURE THE PEOPLE ARE AWAY!
DUKE FOLLOWED THEM, HUNGRY FOR THE REWARD FOR INFORMATION...
WELL, I DON'T KNOW WHICH APARTMENT THEY'RE GONNA ROB, BUT I GOT ENOUGH TUH TELL THE BULL! HE PROMISED ME CASH IF I TIPPED HIM OFF TUH ANY NEW JOBS! DIS IS EASY MONEY!
DETECTIVE STEIN ACCEPTED THE TIP, CALLED HIS PARTNER, DALY, THEN WENT WITH DUKE WHALEN TO THE ADDRESS... TO WAIT FOR THE PAIR!
DAT'S LIPPY AN' RED! NOW PAY ME OFF AN' LEMME GET OUT O' HERE! DEY'D BLAST ME IF DEY KNEW I FINGERED 'EM!
SERVICE ENTRANCE
HERE'S FIFTY, DUKE! NOW CRAWL OUT OF HERE BEFORE YOU HAVE ME SHAKING, TOO! DALY AND I WILL TAKE CARE OF THESE PUNKS!
FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER, LIPPY AND BIG RED WERE BUSILY STRIPPING THE APARTMENT WHEN THE DOOR OPENED AND...
DIS IS A REAL HAUL, LIP! I'M GONNA TAKE DE DOUGH AND HAVE A LONG REST IN... HUH?
GET 'EM UP, BOYS! YOU'LL HAVE A LONG REST, LIPPY... UP THE RIVER WITH THE REST OF THE RATS! YOUR LITTLE HOUSE PARTY IS ALL OVER!
BULLS! SOMEBODY SQUEALED AN' I GOT A GOOD HUNCH WHO DID IT!


DUKE WHALEN PURSUED HIS NEW CAREER--PAID FROM A FUND PROVIDED FOR THAT PURPOSE! IT WAS PROFITABLE AND SAFE...HE THOUGHT!
HAPPY DAYS! HOW DO YUH LIKE THE NEW OUTFIT, JOE?
FINE! YUH'RE DOIN' BETTER THAN THE REST OF US! EVERYBODY THAT AIN'T BEEN PINCHED IN THE LAS' WEEK IS TOO SCARED TUH PULL A JOB! I'M AFRAID TUH BLOW MY NOSE FER FEAR A COP'LL JUMP OUTTA MY POCKET AN' ARREST ME FER DISTOIBIN' THE PEACE!
YOU GUYS GOT THE JITTERS--THE BULLS ARE JUST AS STUPID AS EVER! NOW, I GOT A JOB THAT'LL PUT US ON EASY STREET! YOU GUYS WANT IN OR ARE YUH YELLAH?
MORE BUSINESS! CRASH IS A TOUGH GUY WITH A ROD BUT HE'LL NEVER KNOW I SQUEALED!
SURE THING, CRASH! ANYTHING FER A BUCK!
HERE'S THE SETUP! THE METROPOLITAN FUR COMPANY HAS A HALF-MILLION DOLLARS' WORTH OF FURS, SEE? THE WATCHMAN'S WIFE BRINGS HIM LUNCH EVERY NIGHT ABOUT ELEVEN! WE JUST STEP--WHAT ARE YOUR EARS FLAPPIN' FOR, WILLY?
UH...SORRY, CRASH, I WAS JUST BRINGIN' THE DRINKS! DON'T GET SORE!
CRASH, I DON'T THINK I'LL BE IN ON... HEY, LEGGO--CRASH!
WHADDAYA MEAN, YUH DON'T THINK YUH'LL GO? YUH'RE IN, SEE? YUH KNOW TOO MUCH TUH DROP OUT! DAT GOES FER YOU, JOE! ARE YUH GONNA TRY TUH BACK OUT, TOO?
ME? WIT' A HALF A MILLION BUCKS WAITIN', I'D ROB FORT KNOX!
IT WAS A NEW ROLE FOR DUKE WHALEN! IF HE SQUEALED, HE'D GET MONEY WITHOUT RISK! IF HE WENT ON THE JOB, THERE WAS A SHARE OF $500,000 WAITING!
I DIDN'T MEAN I WASN'T GOIN', CRASH! YOU COULDN'T KEEP ME OUT OF A GOOD DEAL LIKE THIS!
THAT'S THE WAY TUH TALK, DUKE! I KNEW YUH HAD THE MOXIE ALLA TIME! OKAY, THEN! I KNOW WHERE TUH GET A TRUCK! DUKE, YOU GOTTA...
LATER, THEIR PLANS COMPLETE, THE TRIO WAS READY!
TAKE MY HEATER, DUKE--I GOT ANOTHER ONE STASHED AT THE BAR! REMEMBER... THERE'S A HALF A MILLION BUCKS THERE, SO DON'T BE AFRAID TUH USE DAT HEATER!
OKAY, OKAY! DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME! I'LL HOLD UP MY END!
TELEPHONE
INTENT ON THEIR PLAN, THE TRIO DIDN'T NOTICE THE WAITER AT THE PHONE AS THEY LEFT...
DAT'S RIGHT, INSPECTOR! CRASH CRANDALL, JOE BLOCH AN' DUKE WHALEN! THEY'RE JUS' LEAVIN' NOW...
SO LONG, PAL, SEE YUH LATER! HAVE YER BEST SCOTCH READY WHEN I GET BACK!
FIVE MINUTES LATER...THE VICIOUS TRIO HAD BARELY STARTED ON THEIR WAY WHEN THE TELETYPE IN POLICE HEADQUARTERS BEGAN TO CHATTER, AND THE MACHINERY OF THE LAW GOT INTO MOTION!
CALLING DETECTIVE SERGEANT STEIN! GO TO THE METROPOLITAN FUR COMPANY AT 115 14TH STREET! KEEP THIS ADDRESS UNDER OBSERVATION FOR EXPECTED BURGLARY! OVER!
GOT IT, BILL! SEND VIRANO AND JOHNSTON DOWN THERE, TOO! NO SIRENS!
POLICE

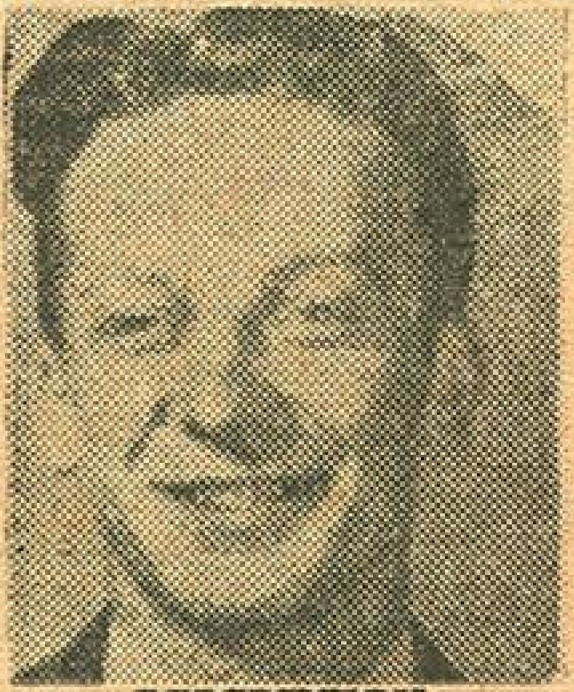

MEANWHILE...
IT'S FIVE TO ELEVEN! WHEN THE WATCHMAN'S WIFE SHOWS, WE HIDE--AN' GET IN BEFORE HE LOCKS THE DOOR AGAIN! DUKE, YOU WATCH 'IM AN' MAKE SURE HE DON'T SQUAWK!
DON'T WORRY, CRASH! I'LL TAKE CARE O' HIM!
METROPOLITAN FUR CO.
VAN
OPEN UP, PAT! HERE'S YOUR DINNER-- I'M IN A HURRY!
NO MORE THAN I AM, WOMAN! I COULD EAT A HORSE, I'M THAT HUNGRY!
IT'S GONNA BE A *SHAME* TUH SPOIL HIS DINNER!
ONE SIDE, LADY! I GOT BUSINESS IN HERE! KEEP QUIET, PAT, OR I'LL DROP YUH!
*HEY!* YUH RUINED ME DINNER! OKAY, MISTER... DON'T SHOOT!
IT'S A HOLD-UP, PAT! I'LL GO FER HELP!
YUH'RE NOT GOIN' ANYWHERE, LADY!
FIRST ME DINNER RUINED, NOW YOU'RE KILLIN' ME WIFE! I'LL PUT A STOP TUH THIS!
*HOLD IT!* TOUCH THAT HANDLE AND I'LL *BLAST* YUH!
ALARM
I WARNED YUH, YUH FOOL! I TOLD YUH NOT TUH TOUCH DAT ALARM!
NOW YUH DID IT, DUKE! COME ON--LET'S GET THE SWAG AN' GET OUTTA HERE BEFORE EVERY COP IN TOWN SHOWS UP!
BANG! BANG!
ARM
WE GOTTA BE FAST, CRASH--DUKE BUMPED THE WATCHMAN! HURRY IT UP!
*HE'LL* FRY IF THEY GET 'IM--NOT *ME!* LOAD UP... THEY'RE WORTH TWO OR THREE GEES APIECE!
MEANWHILE, DETECTIVES STEIN AND DALY ARRIVE ON THE SCENE AS A POLICE CAR PROWLS SILENTLY BY...
I THINK THEY KILLED THE WATCHMAN, DALY! VIRONA, YOU GO AROUND IN BACK! JOHSTON, YOU STAY OUT HERE! DALY AND I WILL GO IN AFTER THEM! BE CAREFUL ...THESE PUNKS ARE KILLERS!
I KNOW IT, MARTY-- I DON'T WANT MY WIFE TO BE A WIDOW! COME ON, LET'S GET THOSE RATS!
POLICE
KEEP IT QUIET, DALY! IF WE SURPRISE 'EM, THEY MIGHT GIVE UP WITHOUT A LOT OF SHOOTING!
THAT SUITS ME, MARTY! I GET NERVOUS WHEN A GUN GOES OFF ...ESPECIALLY IF IT'S POINTED AT ME! I WISH I HAD GONE INTO INSURANCE LIKE MY MOTHER WANTED ME TO!


OKAY, MAC, DROP THE BUNDLE! REACH FOR A GUN AND I'LL BLOW YOUR BELT BUCKLE THROUGH YOUR HIP POCKET! SHOULD I BRING 'IM ALONG, MARTY?
NAH HOLD HIM WHILE I GET THE OTHER TWO! SEND JOHNSON IN WITH THE RIOT GUN AS YOU GO OUT!
GET 'EM UP, YOU TWO! DON'T REACH FOR A GUN, DUKE!
STEIN! HOW DID YOU KNOW? I DIDN'T TELL...
SOMEBODY STOOLED AN' I SUSPECTED YOU ALLA TIME, DUKE! I'M GONNA GET YUH IF I FRY TEN TIMES OVER!
I DIDN'T STOOL, CRASH, HONEST! I WASN'T GONNA... AAAAANGH!
DON'T HAND ME DAT! I HATE STOOLIES! I HATE COPPERS, TOO, FLATFOOT! YUH'LL NEVER GET ME!
BANG
DROP THE GUN, CRASH! YOU'LL GET THE CHAIR FOR THAT!
BANG!
I'M GONNA CHILL YUH, COPPER! I'LL GET OUTTA THIS! OH...OH! ANOTHER FLATFOOT-- I GOTTA BLOW!
KEEP DOWN, MARTY! I'LL GET 'IM WITH THIS RIOT GUN!
BANG!
I'LL MAKE IT T'ROUGH DE WINDOW! THEY'LL NEVER... EEEIIIYYY!
YOU'RE MORGUE BAIT NOW, CRASH! NICE SHOOTING, JOHNSTON!
BLAM
BANG
CRASH!
DUKE WHALEN, THE MAN WHO PLAYED BOTH ENDS AGAINST THE MIDDLE, WAS DYING...DYING WITH HURT BEWILDERMENT IN HIS EYES...
WELL, I GUESS YOU'RE FINISHED, DUKE! CRASH MADE SURE YOU'LL NEVER SQUEAL AGAIN!
YEAH! SAY, LOOTENANT, HOW'D YUH KNOW WE WAS GONNA PULL DIS JOB? I DIDN'T TIP YUH OFF LIKE I DID ON THE OTHERS! HOW'D YUH KNOW?
YOU'RE NOT THE ONLY STOOL PIGEON IN THE WORLD, DUKE! ANY TIME ONE OF YOU BOYS CAN MAKE A DOLLAR, YOU SELL YOUR SOUL TO DO IT! WILLY, THE WAITER IN THAT BAR, TOLD US ABOUT THE PARTY!
YES, DUKE WHALEN WAS SURPRISED THAT THERE WAS ANOTHER STOOL PIGEON TO PUT THE FINGER ON HIM! MOST CRIMINALS ARE BRUTAL, ROTTEN, AND WITHOUT HONOR! WHEN A DUKE WHALEN OR A WILLY GET KILLED BY THE MEN THEY BETRAY, THERE ARE ALWAYS OTHERS WHO WILL TAKE THEIR PLACES! STOOL PIGEONS DIE YOUNG BUT THEY'RE AN IMPORTANT ELEMENT IN FIGHTING CRIME! THEY ARE ONE OF THE MANY REASONS WHY CRIME CAN'T WIN!... REMEMBER... SOMEONE ALWAYS SQUEALS!
THE END


WANTED BY THE F.B.I.
$100 REWARD
WILL BE PAID FOR INFORMATION
LEADING TO THE ARREST OF
ANY OF THESE FUGITIVES

## *FRANK JOSEPH WELICKA*

**With aliases: Frank Walicka, Frank Walicke, Frank Walkick, Frank Welles, Frank Willis**



### DESCRIPTION

Age, 34, born June 5, 1914, Amsterdam, New York; Height 5' 9"; Weight, 169 pounds; Eyes, blue; Hair, reddish brown; Complexion, ruddy, freckled; Build, medium; Race, white; Nationality, American, Lithuanian descent; Education, grade school; Occupation, greenhouse worker.

### NATIONAL MOTOR VEHICLE THEFT ACT
### CRIMINAL RECORD

As Frank Welicka, arrested Police Department, Albany, New York, April 3, 1932; charge, grand larceny, first degree; disposition, sentence suspended. As Frank Welicka, arrested Police Department, Albany, New York, March 19, 1933; charge, investigation; disposition, released. As Frank Welicka, arrested Police Department, Albany, New York, March 21, 1933; charge, petty larceny; disposition, previous probation revoked, 10-year sentence imposed. As Frank Walick, received State Reformatory, Elmira, New York, March 25, 1933; crime grand larceny, first degree; sentence 10 years, paroled July 3, 1934. An indictment was returned by a Federal Grand Jury at Jamestown, New York, on July 30, 1942, charging subject with violation of the National Motor Vehicle Theft Act in that he did, on or about September 5, 1941, unlawfully transport a stolen automobile in interstate commerce from Rochester, New York, to Biloxi, Mississippi, knowing it to have been stolen.

Fingerprint Classification:
27 L 9 R IOO 18
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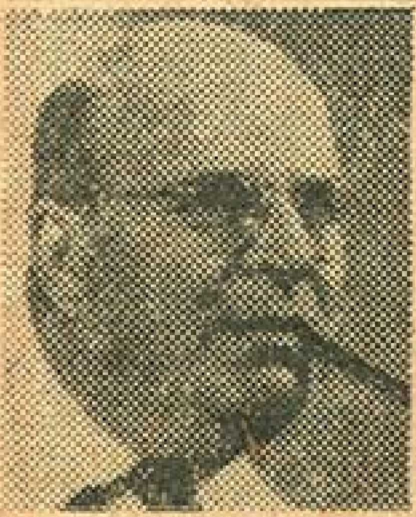
## CHARLES JEAN DROSSNER



**With aliases: Douglas Campbell, Jose Carlos DeBraganca, Charles Deschamps, C. F. Drexel, Charles Dutton, William Hartman.**

### DESCRIPTION

Age, 58, born June 29, 1890, San Francisco, California (not verified); Height 5' 8"; Weight, about 200 pounds; Eyes, grayish green; Hair, gray, bald on top; Complexion, medium; Build, heavy; Race, white; Nationality, American; Education, reported to have one or two years of college work, widely traveled; Occupation, confidence man; Scars and marks, right index finger amputated near second joint; Characteristics, entertaining talker, has fluent command of several languages, including German, French, Spanish, Russian, and reportedly Japanese; Remarks, wears thick-lensed glasses almost continuously.

### NATIONAL STOLEN PROPERTY ACT
### CRIMINAL RECORD

Drossner has been convicted in the States of California and Wisconsin for forging and uttering and issuing fraudulent checks. He has been convicted in Italy for swindling and in France for abuse of confidence, impersonation of French Army officer, illegal wearing of French Army decorations and deserting the French Foreign Legion. He also served time in Vienna, Austria, for impersonating an officer and larceny. On March 31, 1947, a complaint was filed with a U. S. Commissioner at New Orleans, Louisiana, charging him with a violation of the National Stolen Property Act.

Fingerprint Classification:
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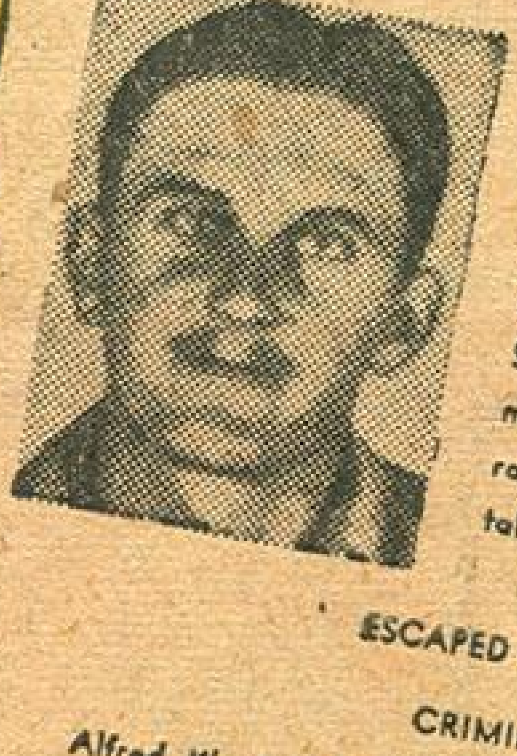

## ALFRED KLAUKE

### DESCRIPTION

Age 28, born March 24, 1920, in Germany; Height 5' 9½"; Weight, 168 pounds; Eyes, brown; Hair, brown; Complexion, ruddy; Sex, male; Race, white; Nationality, German; Education, primary school; Military rank, Corporal in the German Army; Marital status, single.

### ESCAPED PRISONER OF WAR
### CRIMINAL RECORD

Alfred Klauke is one of two German Prisoners of War who escaped on May 23, 1945, from a work detail at Fort Bliss, Texas.

Fingerprint Classification:
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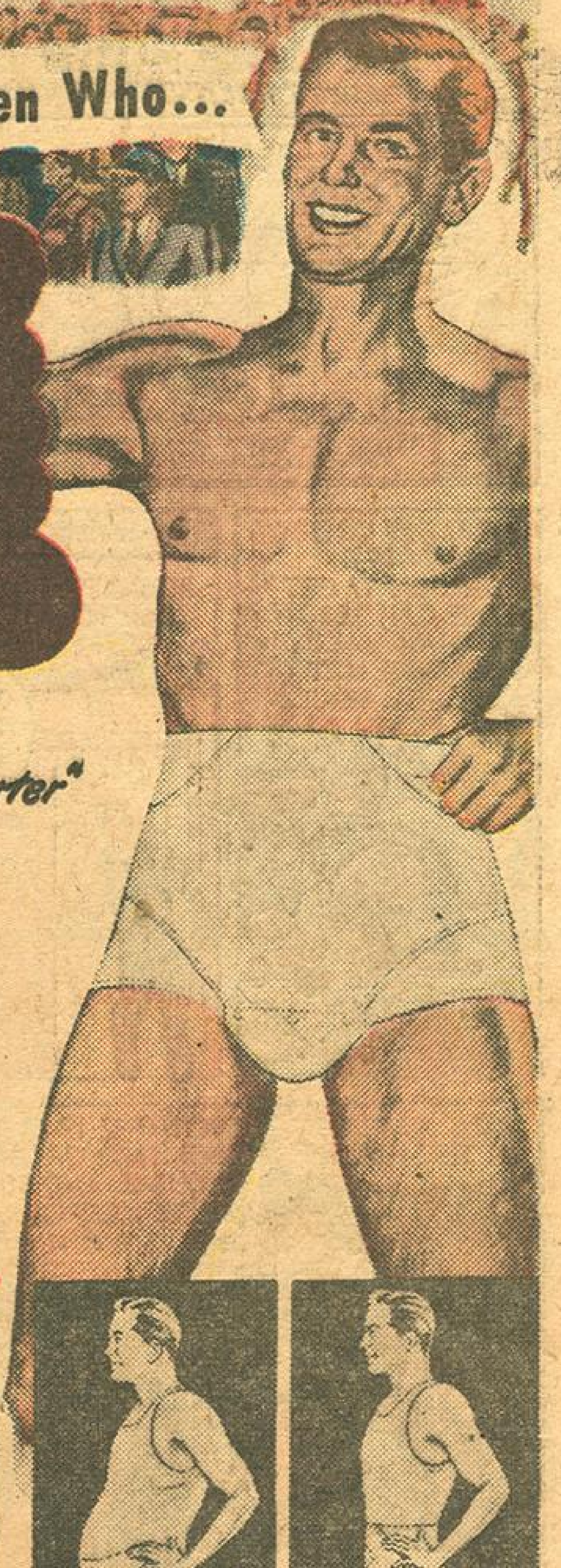
8 18 W MMI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FEEL BETTER...LOOK YOUNGER
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### ..."The Amazing NEW Abdominal Supporter"

YES, instantly, you, too, can begin to feel ALIVE . . . ON TOP OF THE WORLD by joining the Parade of Men who are marching up the highway of happier living with the COMMANDER, the amazing new Men's Abdominal Supporter.

**GET "IN SHAPE" INSTANTLY — ENJOY A HAPPY STREAMLINED APPEARANCE**

The COMMANDER presents the new exclusively designed "INTERLOCKING HANDS" principle for extra support where you need it most. It flattens the burdensome sagging "corporation" and restores to the body the zestful invigorating feeling that comes with firm, sure "bay window" control. Try COMMANDER yourself.

Order this new belt today and begin enjoying the pleasure of feeling "in shape" and "in trim" at once.

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### Discover the Secret of COMMANDER'S Sensational "INTERLOCKING HANDS" SLENDERIZING PRINCIPLE

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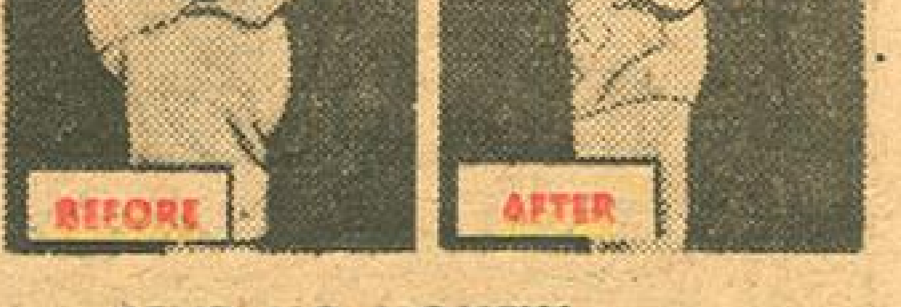
Stand naturally before a mirror. Notice how your chest is in, and how your "corporation" sticks out like a "bay window." You wish you didn't look that way. What to do about it? Get set for Test #2 at right. There's a big surprise coming!

**TEST #2**

Now clasp your hands over the abdomen, raising it and pressing against it. Notice how the "corporation" is pushed back in where it belongs. Sag is supported. Droop is gone. You feel wonderful and look inches slimmer too. That's exactly how Commander's "Interlocking Hands" supporting principle works. Send for Commander right now and begin feeling trim and slim immediately Nothing to annoy you. NO LACES. NO BUCKLES. NO STR



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"Enclosed find order for another belt. I wouldn't be without this supporter for ten times what it costs."—Dr. C. G. S., Illinois

"I must write and tell you how well pleased I am with your supporter. It is giving me so much comfort."—H A. Z., Bethlehem, Pa.

"Enclosed please find an order for two more. I am using the Commander right now and am well satisfied. It is the most practical belt I have ever had."—E. W., Chicago, Ill.

"I am sure you will be pleased to know that it is by far the best and most practical supporter I have ever had."—Dr. A. M. S., Mich.

"I would not be without one. It is just the thing I needed."—M A. B., Buffalo, N. Y.

"I purchased a belt for my husband which has proved to be the most wonderful thing he has ever worn. I wish I could put into words how much better he looks and feels."—(Mrs.) R. E. M., Phila., Pa.

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10 Day Trial!

If it fails to do all we say, send it back and the purchase price will be promptly refunded.

Only $2.98 Sizes 28 to 47

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Send me the "COMMANDER" for ten days' trial. I will pay postman the special price of $2.98 plus postage. If not satisfied after wearing it ten days, I may return it and the purchase price will be promptly refunded.

My waist measure is________My height is________

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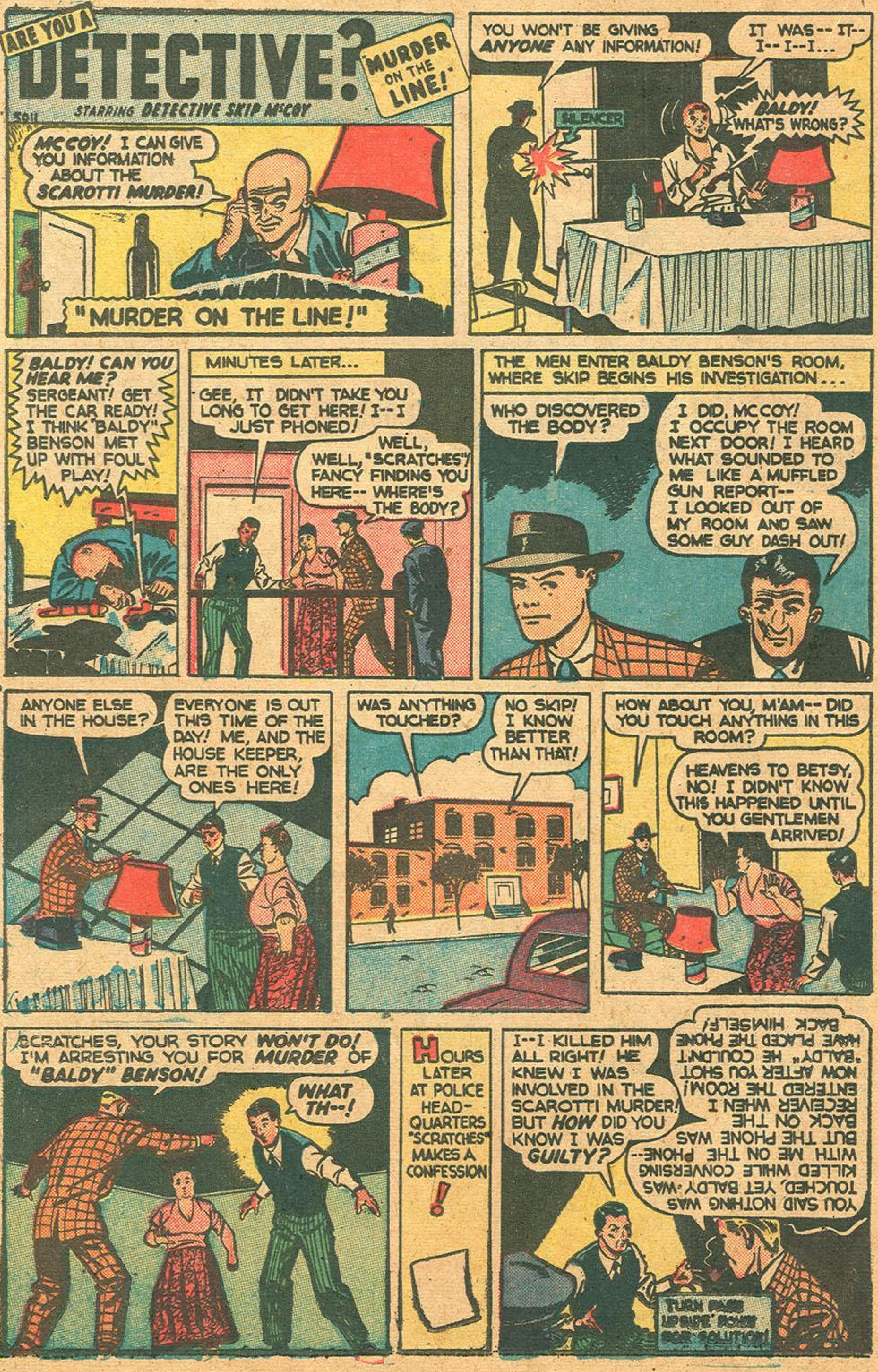
☐ Check here if you enclose $2.98 with this order and we will pay postage charges. The same refund offer holds.

☐ Extra Pouch or 75c. - 3 for $2.00 ☐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MURDER ON THE LINE!
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5011
McCOY! I CAN GIVE YOU INFORMATION ABOUT THE SCARROTI MURDER!
"MURDER ON THE LINE!"
YOU WON'T BE GIVING ANYONE ANY INFORMATION!
IT WAS-- IT-- I-- I--I...
SILENCER
BALDY! WHAT'S WRONG?
BALDY! CAN YOU HEAR ME? SERGEANT! GET THE CAR READY! I THINK "BALDY" BENSON MET UP WITH FOUL PLAY!
MINUTES LATER...
GEE, IT DIDN'T TAKE YOU LONG TO GET HERE! I--I JUST PHONED!
WELL, WELL, "SCRATCHES"! FANCY FINDING YOU HERE-- WHERE'S THE BODY?
THE MEN ENTER BALDY BENSON'S ROOM, WHERE SKIP BEGINS HIS INVESTIGATION...
WHO DISCOVERED THE BODY?
I DID, McCOY! I OCCUPY THE ROOM NEXT DOOR! I HEARD WHAT SOUNDED TO ME LIKE A MUFFLED GUN REPORT-- I LOOKED OUT OF MY ROOM AND SAW SOME GUY DASH OUT!
ANYONE ELSE IN THE HOUSE?
EVERYONE IS OUT THIS TIME OF THE DAY! ME, AND THE HOUSE KEEPER, ARE THE ONLY ONES HERE!
WAS ANYTHING TOUCHED?
NO SKIP! I KNOW BETTER THAN THAT!
HOW ABOUT YOU, M'AM-- DID YOU TOUCH ANYTHING IN THIS ROOM?
HEAVENS TO BETSY, NO! I DIDN'T KNOW THIS HAPPENED UNTIL YOU GENTLEMEN ARRIVED!
SCRATCHES, YOUR STORY WON'T DO! I'M ARRESTING YOU FOR MURDER OF "BALDY" BENSON!
WHAT TH--!
HOURS LATER AT POLICE HEAD-QUARTERS "SCRATCHES" MAKES A CONFESSION!
I--I KILLED HIM ALL RIGHT! HE KNEW I WAS INVOLVED IN THE SCAROTTI MURDER! BUT HOW DID YOU KNOW I WAS GUILTY?
YOU SAID NOTHING WAS TOUCHED, YET BALDY WAS KILLED WHILE CONVERSING WITH ME ON THE PHONE-- BUT THE PHONE WAS BACK ON THE RECEIVER WHEN I ENTERED THE ROOM! NOW AFTER YOU SHOT "BALDY," HE COULDN'T HAVE PLACED THE PHONE BACK HIMSELF!
TURN PAGE UPSIDE DOWN FOR SOLUTION!

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# DANGEROUS TO BE TOO FAT

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"Certain diseases long have been associated with overweight. So definite has been this association that life insurance companies have been reluctant to place standard insurance on people with more than moderate overweight and where it is excessive, insurance has been refused altogether. *This practice shows that insurance companies consider overweight a very serious disability.* In addition to being a menace to health, overweight is a burden to carry about. It contributes to fatigue and bodily discomfort.

• • •

**WHAT YOU SHOULD WEIGH**

| HEIGHT | WOMEN | MEN |
|---|---|---|
| 4 ft. 8 in. | 112 | |
| 4 ft. 9 in. | 114 | |
| 4 ft. 10 in. | 116 | |
| 4 ft. 11 in. | 118 | |
| 5 ft. | 120 | 126 |
| 5 ft. 1 in. | 122 | 128 |
| 5 ft. 2 in. | 124 | 130 |
| 5 ft. 3 in. | 127 | 133 |
| 5 ft. 4 in. | 131 | 136 |
| 5 ft. 5 in. | 134 | 140 |
| 5 ft. 6 in. | 138 | 144 |
| 5 ft. 7 in. | 142 | 148 |
| 5 ft. 8 in. | 146 | 152 |
| 5 ft. 9 in. | 150 | 156 |
| 5 ft. 10 in. | 154 | 161 |
| 5 ft. 11 in. | 157 | 166 |
| 6 ft. | 161 | 172 |
| 6 ft. 1 in. | | 178 |
| 6 ft. 2 in. | | 184 |
| 6 ft. 3 in. | | 190 |
| 6 ft. 4 in. | | 196 |
| 6 ft. 5 in. | | 201 |

Adults only, as ordinarily dressed.

## Ladies Reduce FAT

The Protam Plan was designed for normally healthy Ladies as well as Men. NOW . . . Lose Ugly Fat and correct that

**MATRONLY FIGURE**

**HEAVY ABDOMEN**

**HEAVY WEIGHT IN LOWER PART OF BODY**

**UNATTRACTIVE, FLESHY APPEARANCE**

# MEN! DON'T STAY FAT

## You CAN LOSE UP TO 7 POUNDS IN ONE WEEK

## SAFELY! WITHOUT RISKING HEALTH

- NO DRUGS
- NO HARDSHIP
- NO EXERCISE
- NO MASSAGE
- NOTHING TO WEAR

LOSE UGLY FAT NOW . . . Notice the difference in POUNDS and INCHES the very first week, whether Overweight 10 or 100 Pounds . . . even if burdened with fat for many years (illness excepted). The Protam Plan controls weight . . . WEIGHT LOSS CAN BE PERMANENT by continuing the plan, once down to normal, it helps retain your new "athlete's waistline" as long as you like. Protam is not a Drug, Laxative or Thyroid . . . absolutely Harmless . . . Is good for you

**REDUCE In 10 Days OR MONEY BACK**

### PROTAM PLAN OXIDIZES EXCESS FAT

The Protam Plan reacts quickly . . . Drastically Cuts down Fat Producing Calories. USES UP ACCUMULATED EXCESS FAT. Lose Ugly Fat Economically, Simply, Pleasantly, without risking your health. Look and feel better, see bulges disappear within the first weeks. Thousands of Overweight people report sensational results, some Losing 20 Pounds in 30 Days, others enthuse about "How Well They Feel" while Reducing. To achieve same results . . . Just Take Protam as directed, follow the Protam Plan Once or Twice a day, according to how fast you wish to Lose Weight. The Protam Plan is based on a low calory regimen. Protam is an appetite appeasing FOOD, Scientifically Formulated, Laboratory Tested and Approved, Fortified with energy-giving PROTEINS, AMINO ACIDS, MINERALS and VITAMINS.

### READ HOW OTHERS LOST UNWANTED FAT

**LOST 8 LBS.**—"I have lost eight lbs. in 2 weeks, am satisfied with results."
Mrs. D. B., Canton, Ohio

**MORE ENERGY**—"Have lost at least 6 lbs. a week. My, I feel so much better and have more energy and strength to do my work." Mrs. E. P.

**LOST 17 LBS.**—"I lost 17 lbs. with the Protam Plan using only one can."
Mrs. B. C., Takoma Pk., D.C.

**WONDERFUL**—"Protam is the most wonderful food I have ever taken, it does just what it says it will do."
Mrs. M. S., New Rochelle, N.Y.

### PROTAM IS GOOD FOR YOU

Protam is good for you because it contains all the essential AMINO ACIDS, (a comparatively new scientific nutritional discovery), PROTEINS for Body Fuel, added Pep and Energy, VITAMINS and MINERALS. Protam is safe . . . an amazing, nutritional REDUCING FOOD SUPPLEMENT for a low calory regimen.

## FREE 10 DAY TRIAL OFFER

ORDER TODAY . . . You risk NO MONEY, not even postage. You must Lose Pounds and Inches within Ten Days or your Money will be Refunded Immediately, including postage. Your decision is final. Just Mail Coupon Today . . . NOW. On Delivery simply pay postman $2.50 . . . begin Losing Fat the first few days. Enjoy New Energy . . . Have confidence in your appearance.

**SEND NO MONEY**

**ASSOCIATED NUTRITION PRODUCTS, INC., Dept. 4801,**
**150 Nassau Street, New York 7, N. Y.**

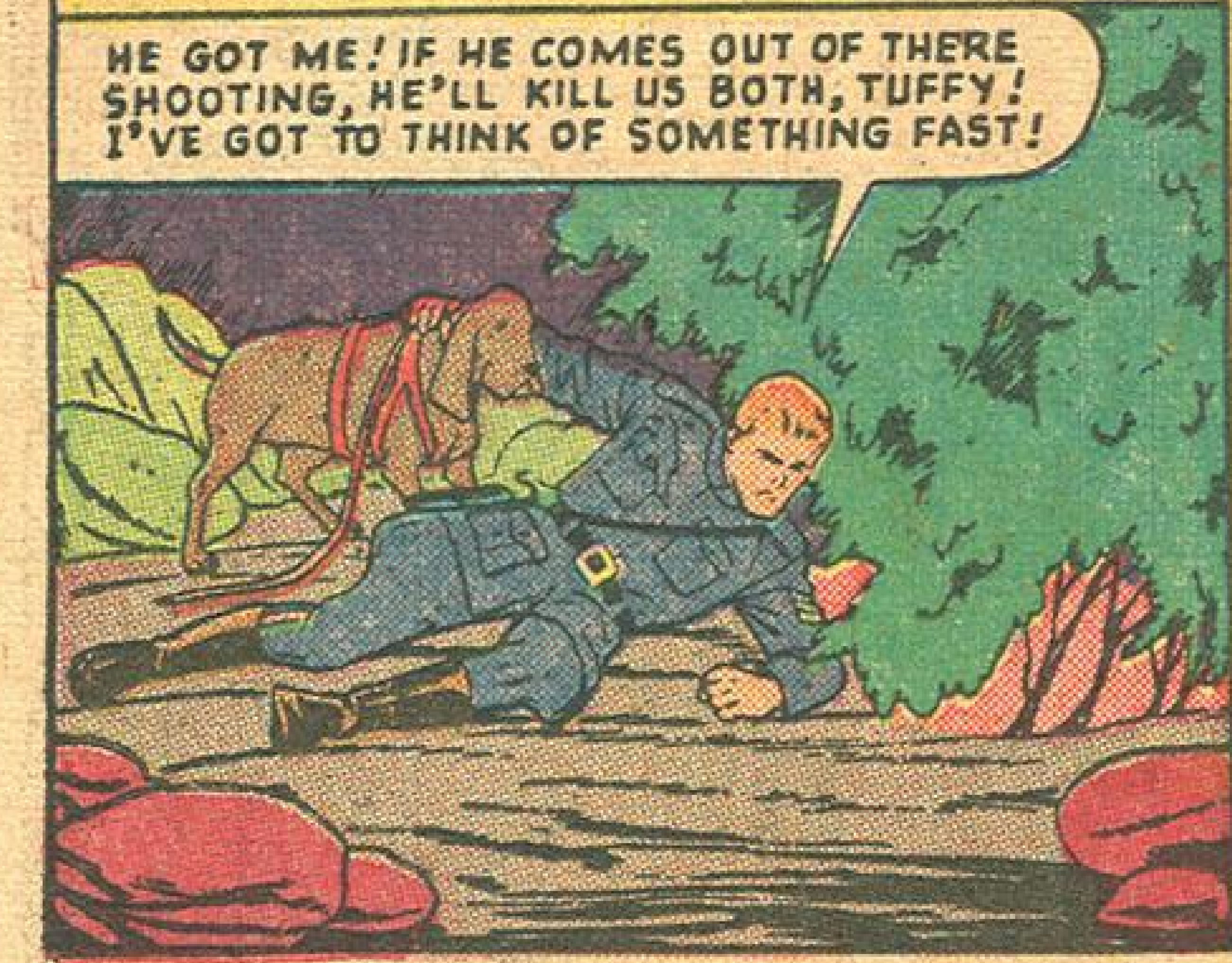
Send me in plain package the 8 oz. Protam Plan for a Ten Day Free Trial. I will pay postman $2.50 plus postage. This money will be refunded immediately, including postage, if I do not safely REDUCE to my satisfaction within 10 Days. I RISK NOTHING.

NAME ______________________
Print Plainly
ADDRESS ______________________
CITY ______________ ZONE _____ STATE ______
(Sorry, No Canadian Orders)

**We Pay Postage If Check or Money Order Enclosed.**

**RUSH COUPON TODAY ➡**

THE HEAVY BULLET HIT McCLINTOCK IN THE SHOULDER, KNOCKING HIM DOWN! HIS GUN FELL INTO THE UNDERBRUSH! QUICKLY HE ROLLED BEHIND SOME BUSHES, DRAGGING THE DOG WITH HIM!


HE GOT ME! IF HE COMES OUT OF THERE SHOOTING, HE'LL KILL US BOTH, TUFFY! I'VE GOT TO THINK OF SOMETHING FAST!

# "BULL" BARTOK

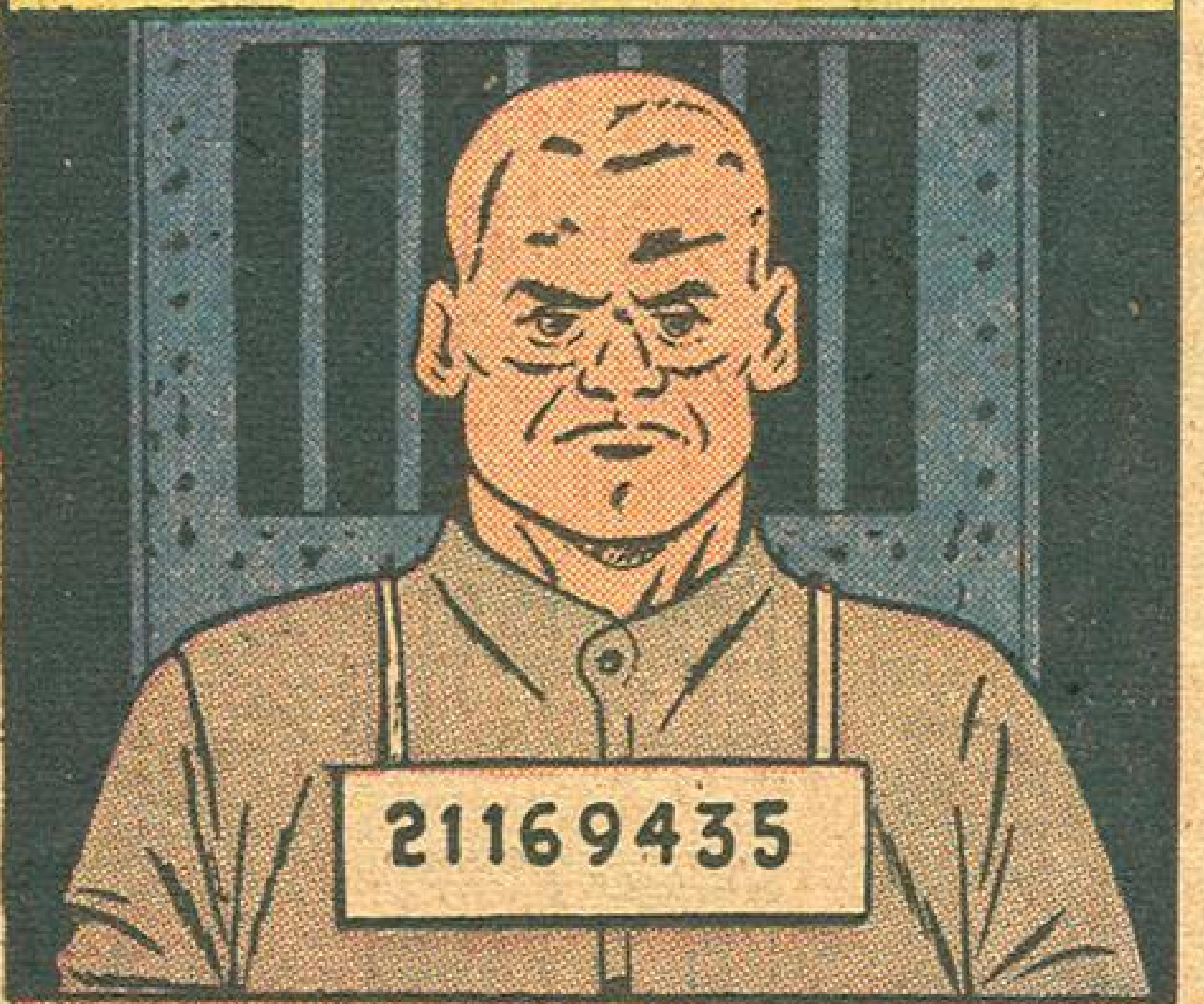
1903 AN ALL-TRUE CRIME STORY 1946

HE BROKE OUT OF ONE OF THE TOUGHEST JAILS IN THE EAST! HE WAS LISTED AS PUBLIC ENEMY NUMBER ONE! BUT WHEN HE FACED A LONE, UNARMED POLICEMAN, IT WAS

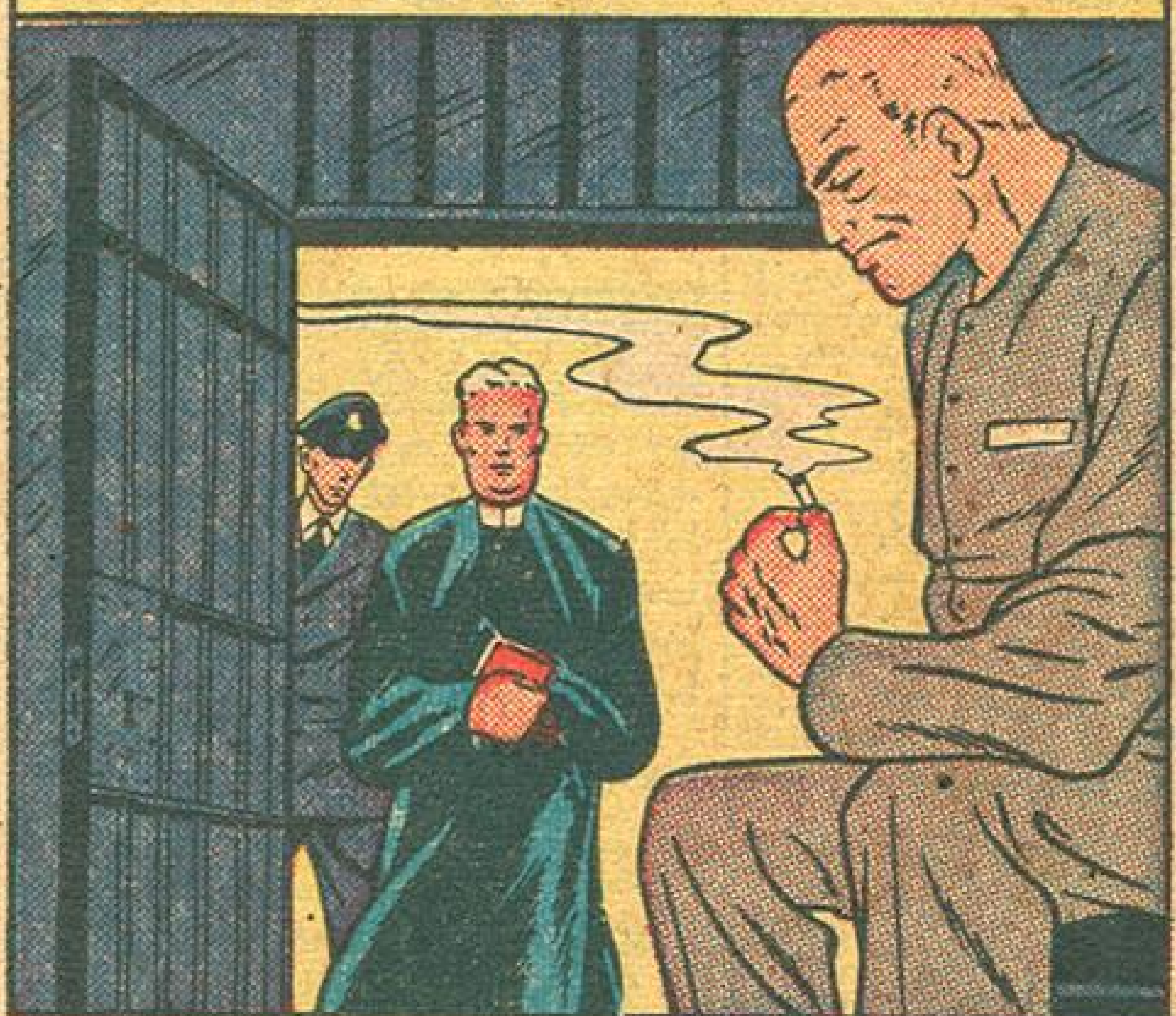
# "WITH FEAR IN HIS HEART!"

4620

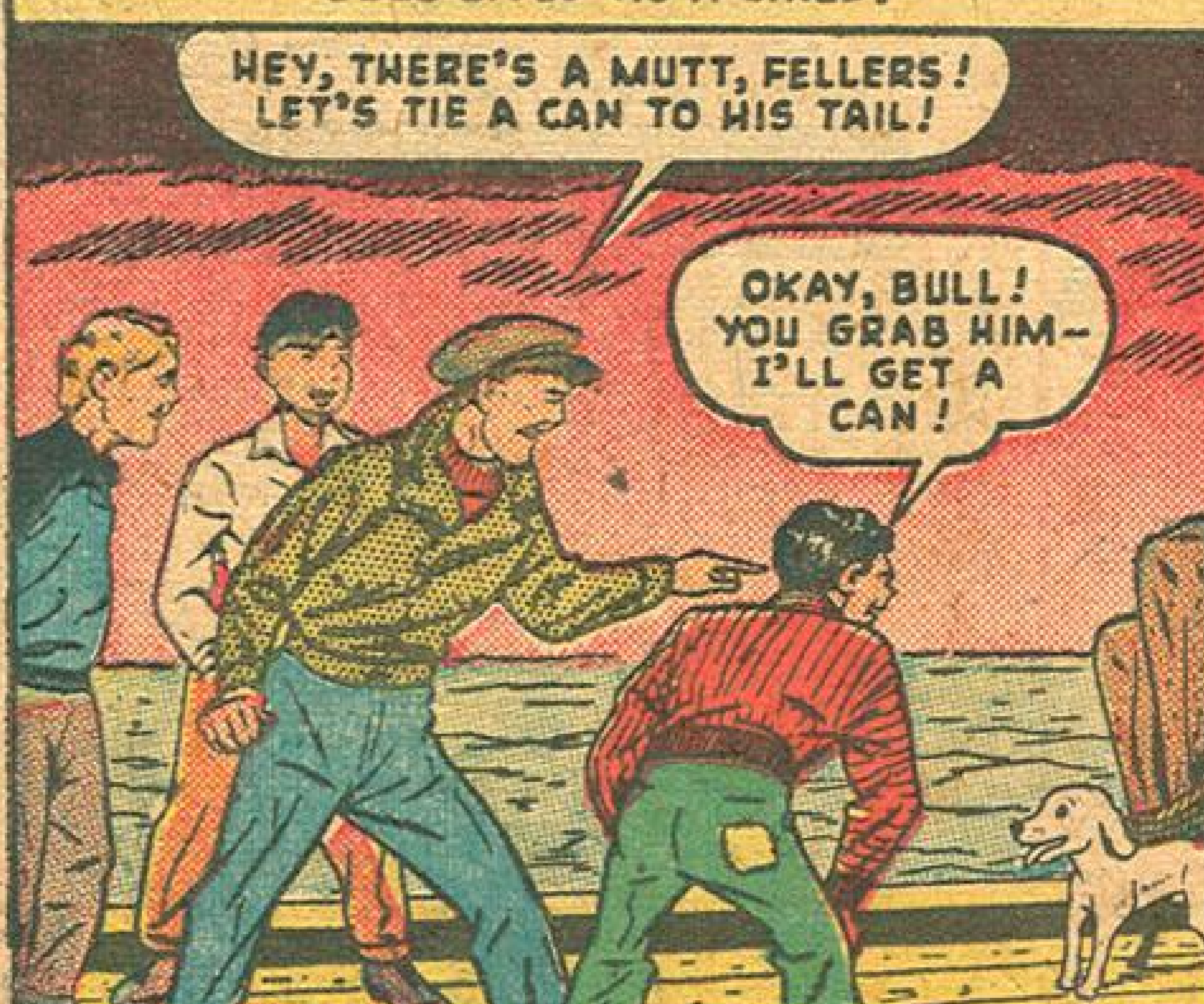
DO YOU SEE THIS MAN? HIS NAME IS FRANCIS "BULL" BARTOK! AT 5 O'CLOCK, OCTOBER 16, 1946, "BULL" BARTOK WAS PUT TO DEATH IN THE ELECTRIC CHAIR!

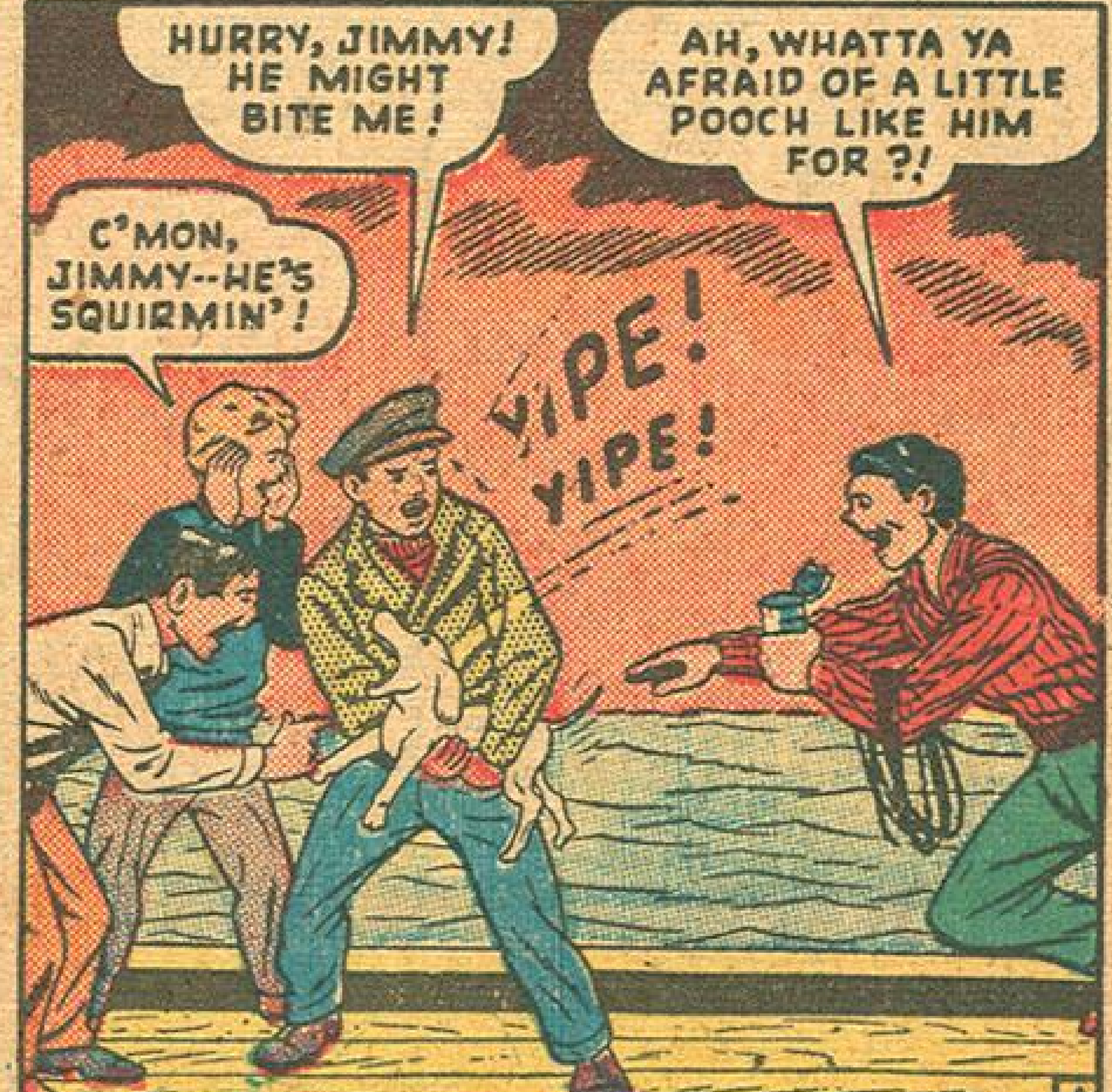


AND THIS IS THE STORY OF "BULL" BARTOK'S LIFE, AND THE EVENTS LEADING UP TO HIS TERRIBLE FATE!

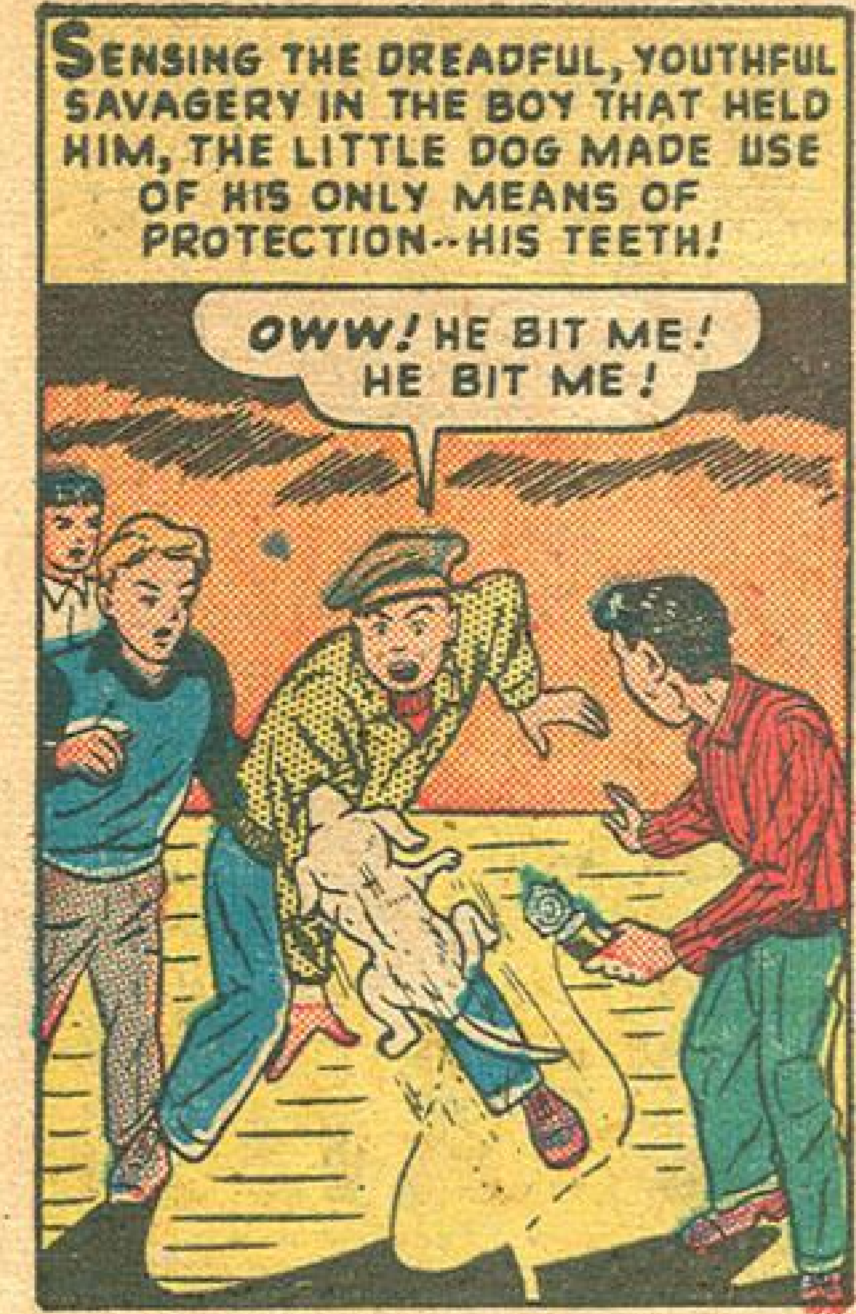


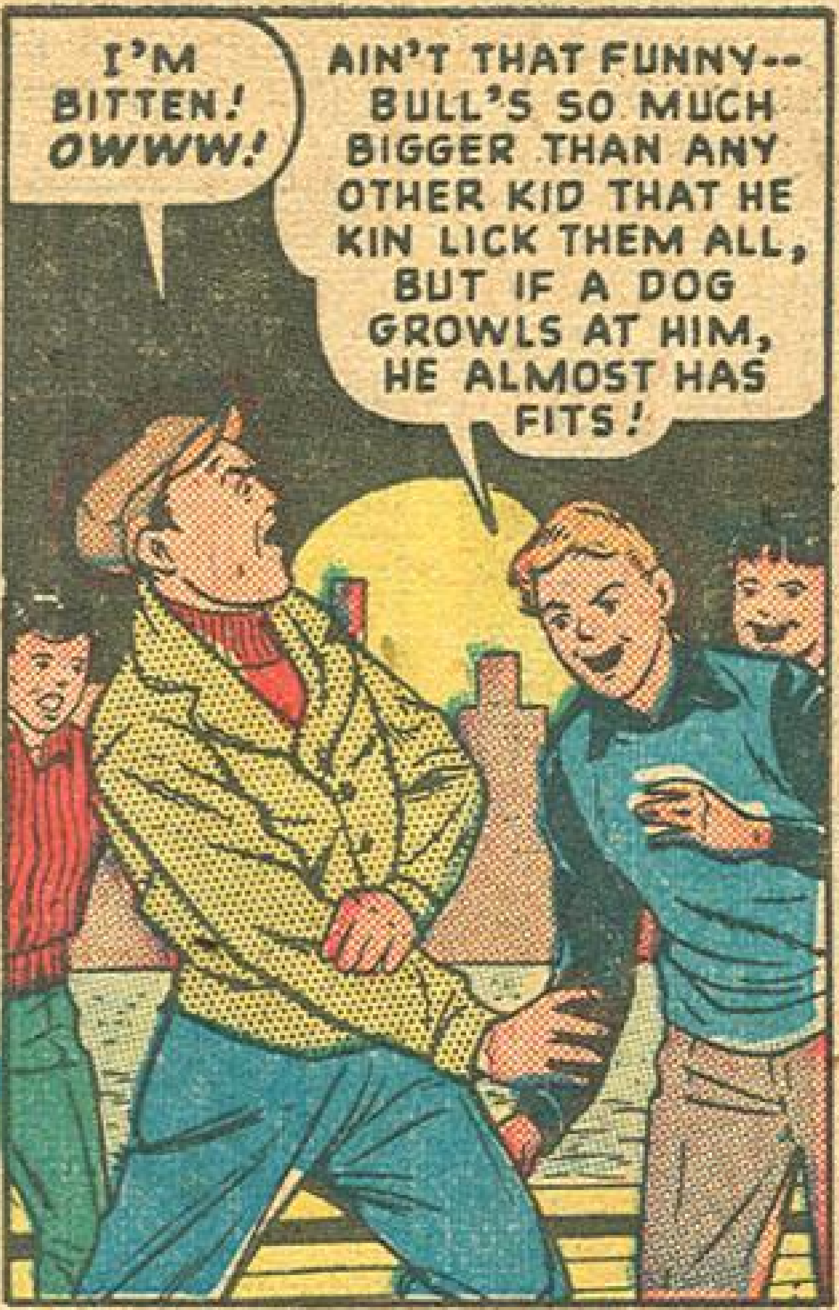
HOW DID BULL BARTOK COME TO THIS END? WELL, IT GOES 'WAY BACK--BACK TWENTY YEARS--BACK TO THE DOCK DISTRICT IN NEW YORK CITY WHERE BULL LIVED AS A CHILD!

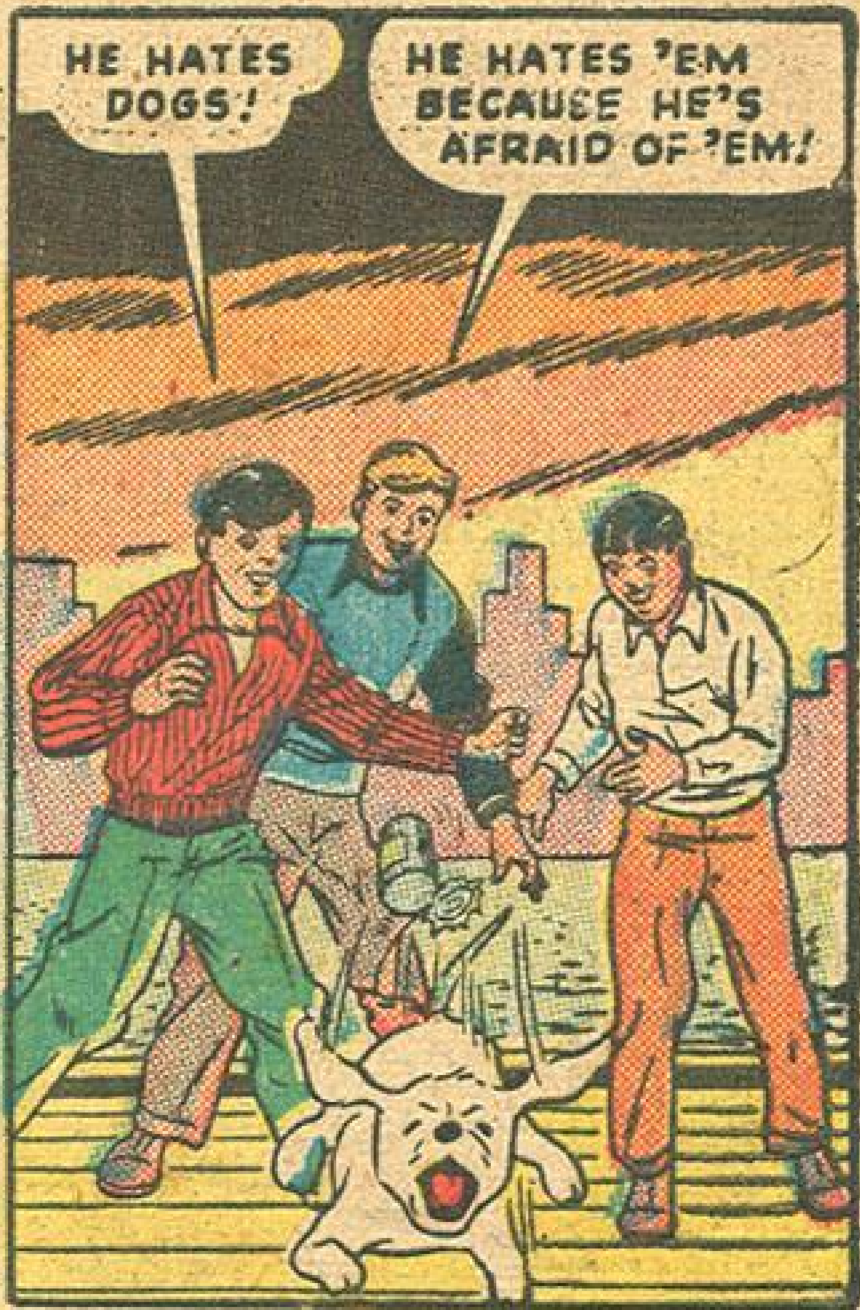

HEY, THERE'S A MUTT, FELLERS! LET'S TIE A CAN TO HIS TAIL!
OKAY, BULL! YOU GRAB HIM--I'LL GET A CAN!


HURRY, JIMMY! HE MIGHT BITE ME!
AH, WHATTA YA AFRAID OF A LITTLE POOCH LIKE HIM FOR?!
C'MON, JIMMY--HE'S SQUIRMIN'!
YIPE! YIPE!

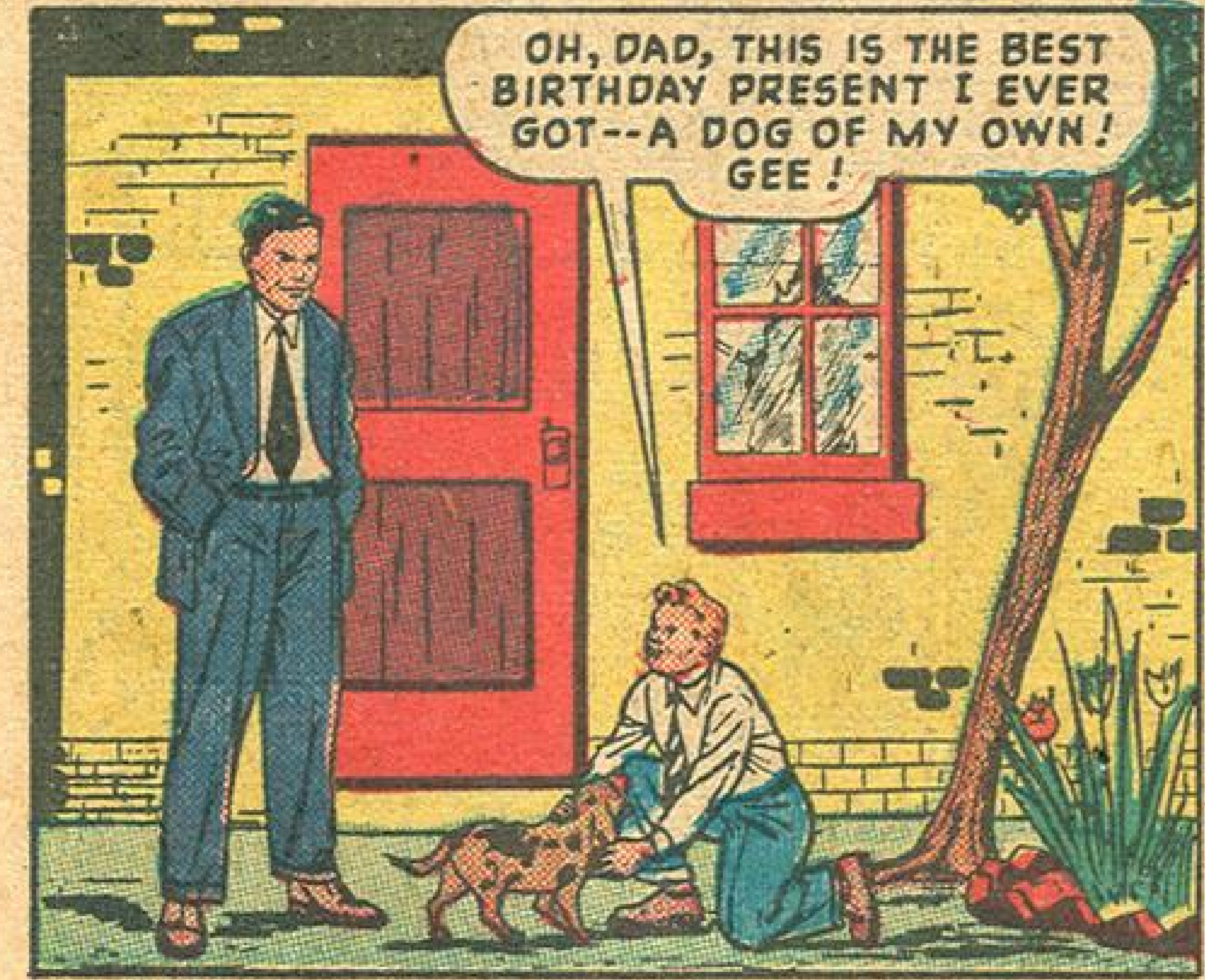
ALL NAMES AND PLACES IN THIS TRUE-TO-LIFE STORY ARE FICTITIOUS
ANY SIMILARITY BETWEEN ACTUAL PERSONS OR PLACES AND THOSE USED IN THIS STORY IS PURELY COINCIDENTAL


SENSING THE DREADFUL, YOUTHFUL SAVAGERY IN THE BOY THAT HELD HIM, THE LITTLE DOG MADE USE OF HIS ONLY MEANS OF PROTECTION--HIS TEETH!
OWW! HE BIT ME! HE BIT ME!

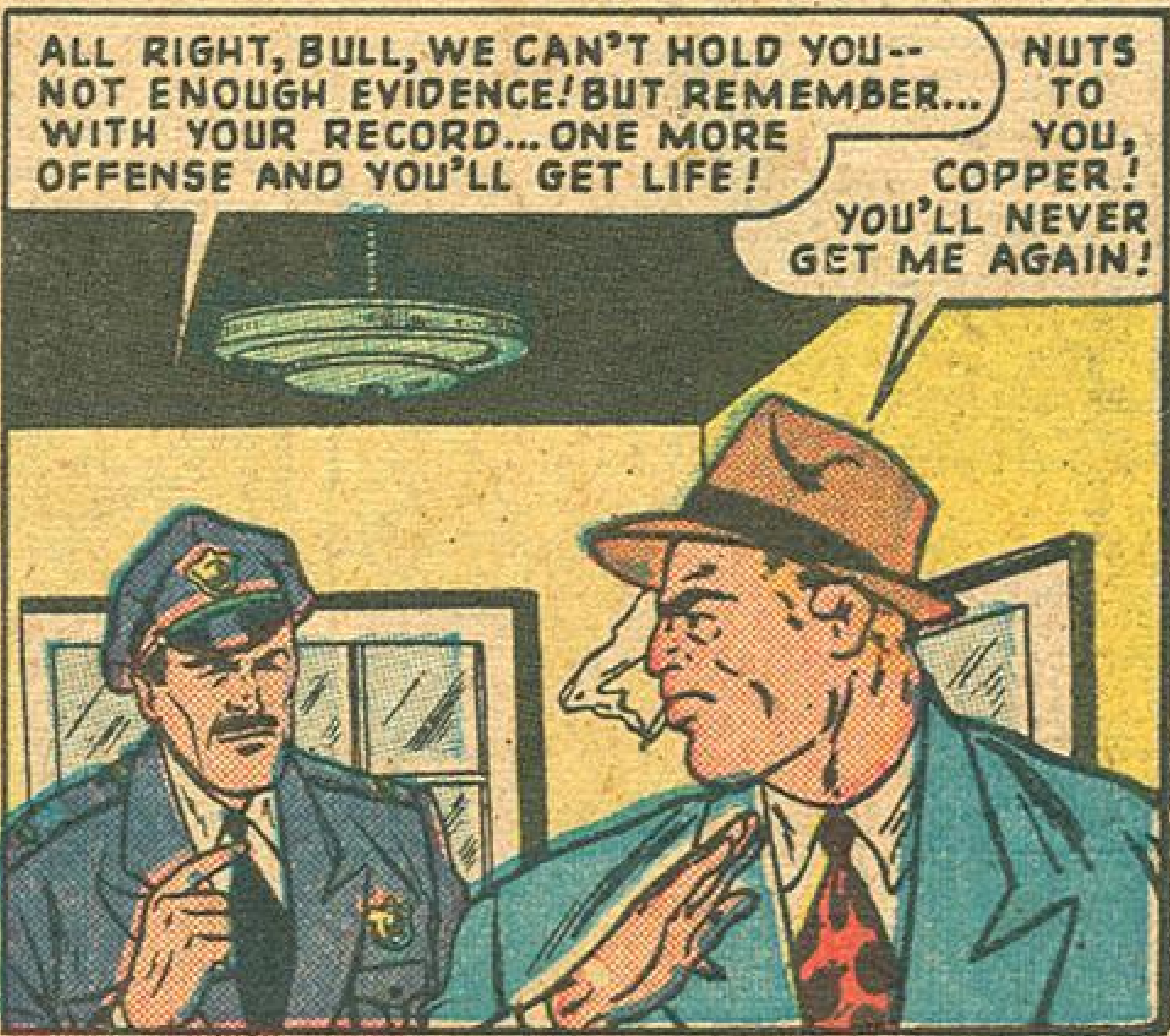

I'M BITTEN! OWWW!
AIN'T THAT FUNNY--BULL'S SO MUCH BIGGER THAN ANY OTHER KID THAT HE KIN LICK THEM ALL, BUT IF A DOG GROWLS AT HIM, HE ALMOST HAS FITS!


HE HATES DOGS!
HE HATES 'EM BECAUSE HE'S AFRAID OF 'EM!

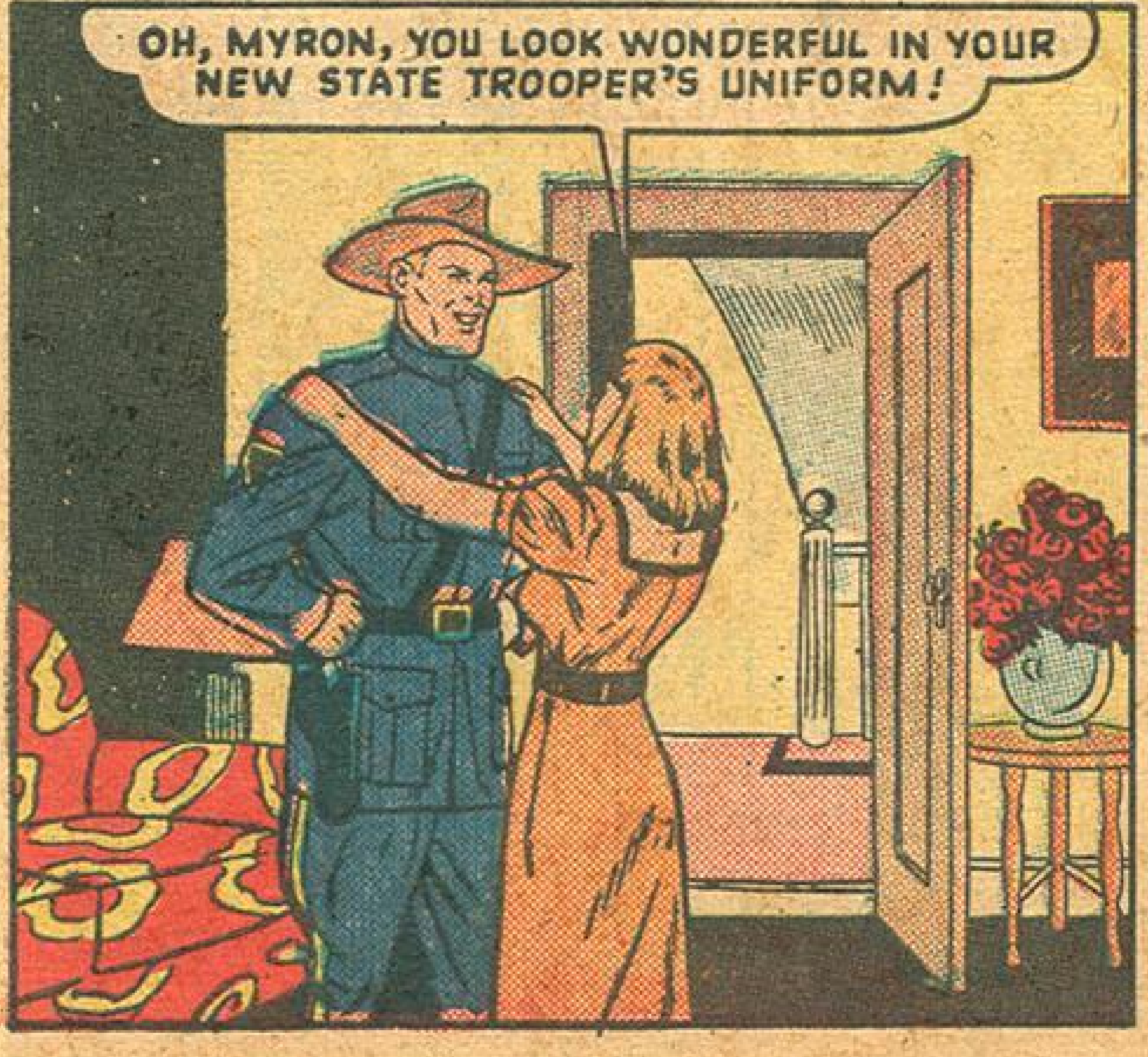
MEANWHILE, IN THE BRONX, ANOTHER BOY, THE SAME AGE AS BULL BARTOK, ALSO BECAME INVOLVED WITH A DOG! THIS BOY'S NAME WAS MYRON McCLINTOCK! REMEMBER HIM!


OH, DAD, THIS IS THE BEST BIRTHDAY PRESENT I EVER GOT--A DOG OF MY OWN! GEE!

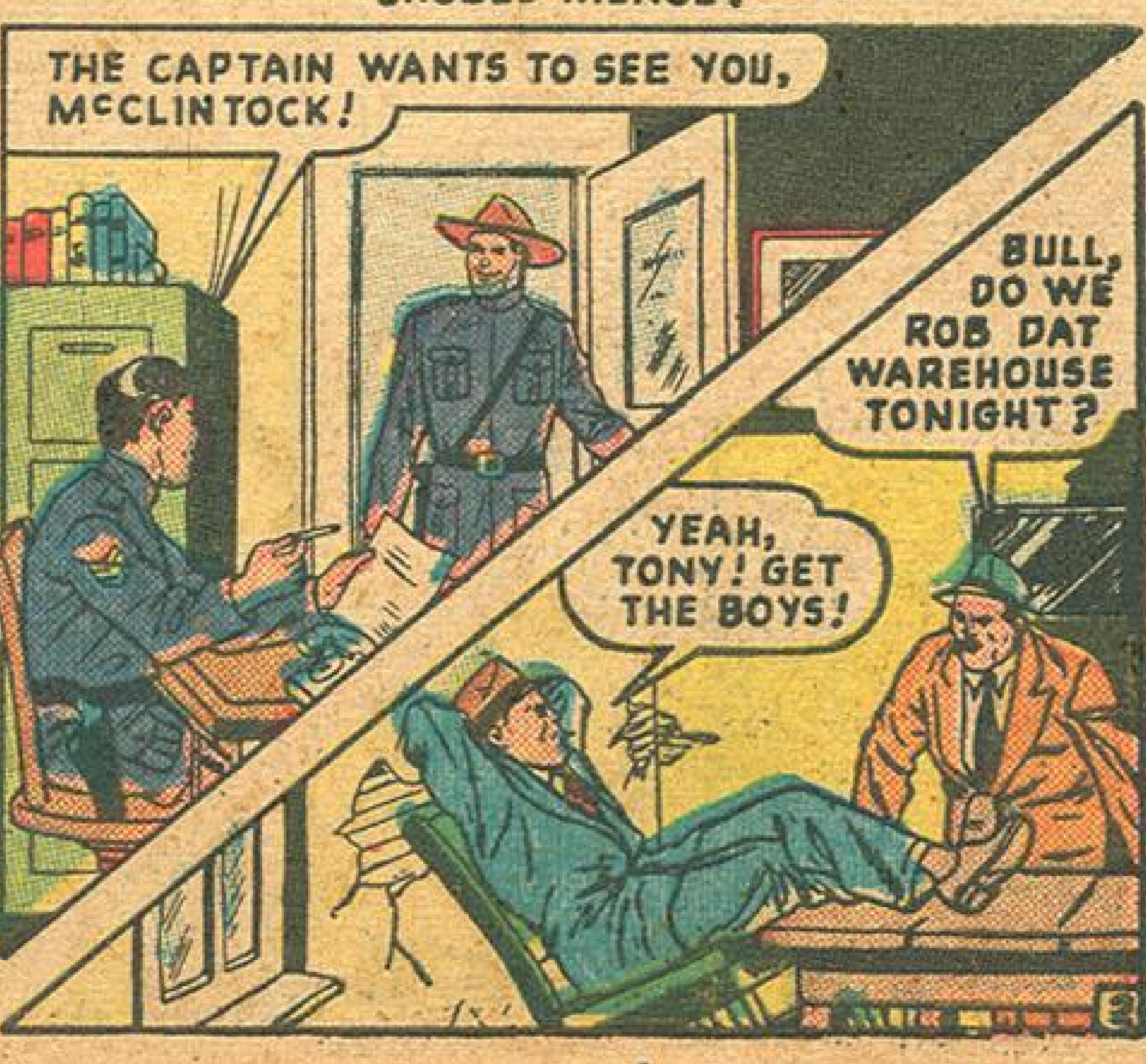
YEARS PASSED! BULL BARTOK GREW OLDER... AS HE'D GROWN HE'D PROGRESSED FROM PETTY THIEVERY TO OUT-AND-OUT GANGSTERISM!

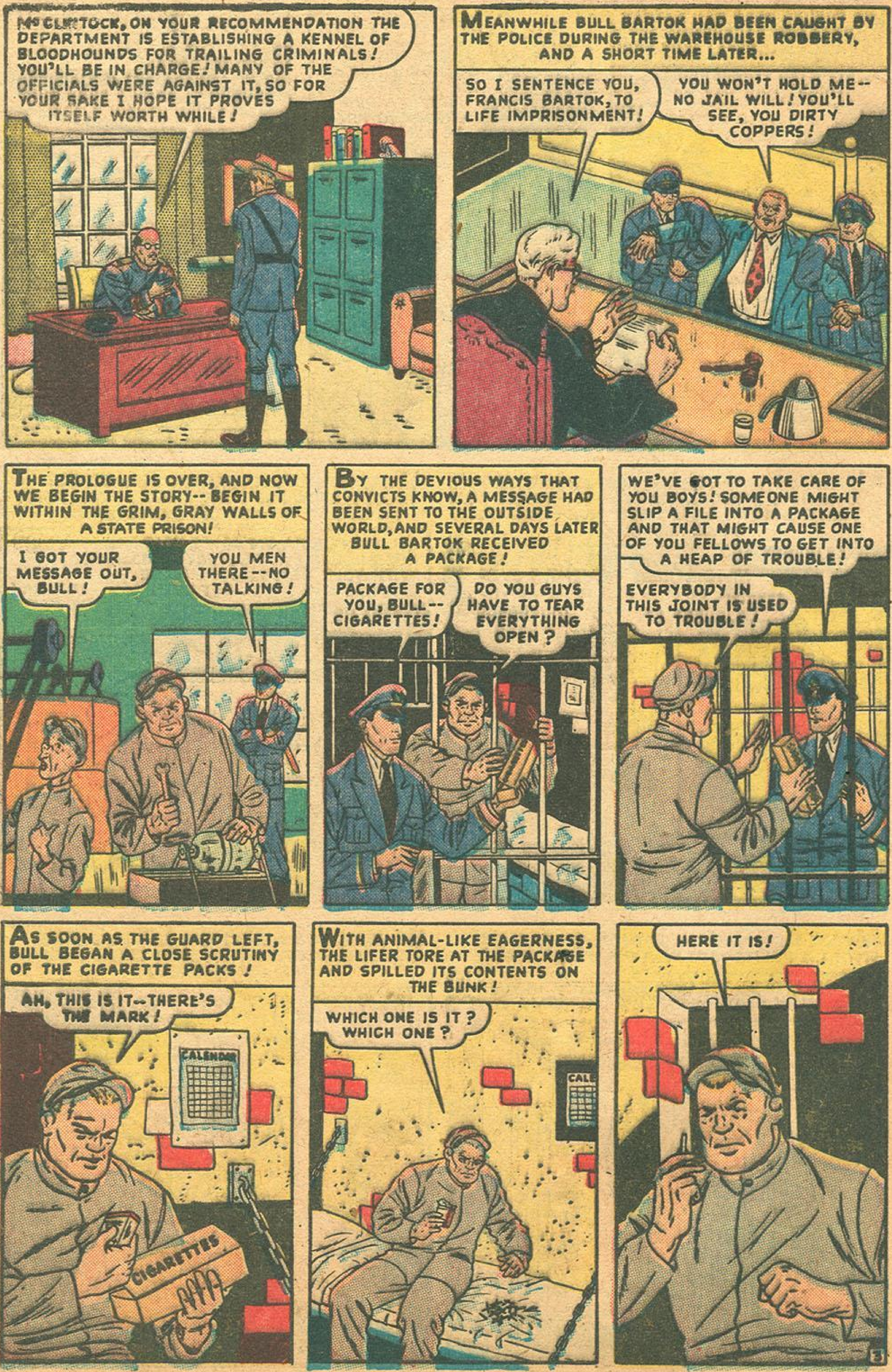

ALL RIGHT, BULL, WE CAN'T HOLD YOU--NOT ENOUGH EVIDENCE! BUT REMEMBER... WITH YOUR RECORD... ONE MORE OFFENSE AND YOU'LL GET LIFE!
NUTS TO YOU, COPPER! YOU'LL NEVER GET ME AGAIN!

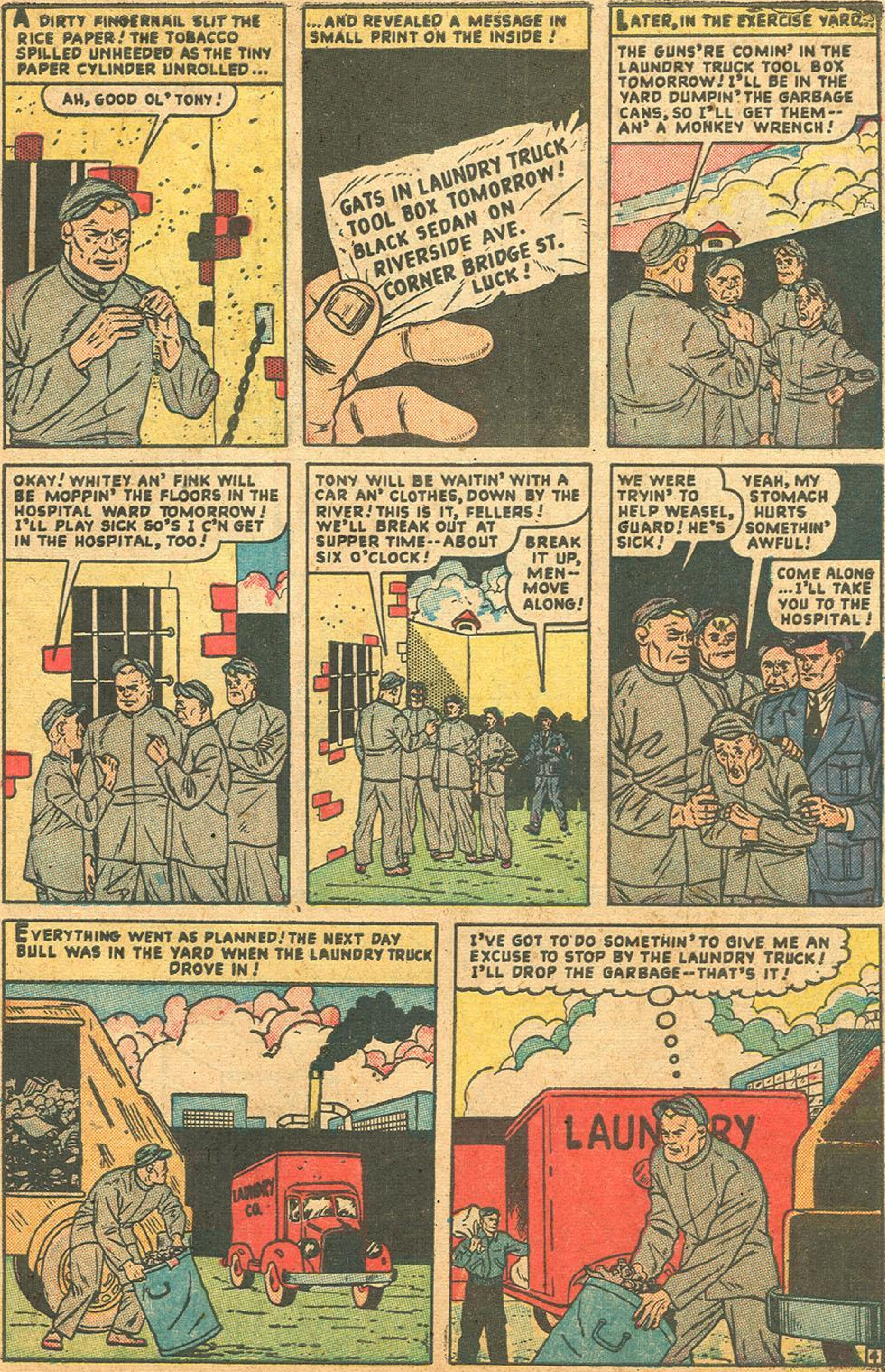
MYRON McCLINTOCK ALSO BECAME INVOLVED WITH THE POLICE--BUT IN A DIFFERENT WAY!

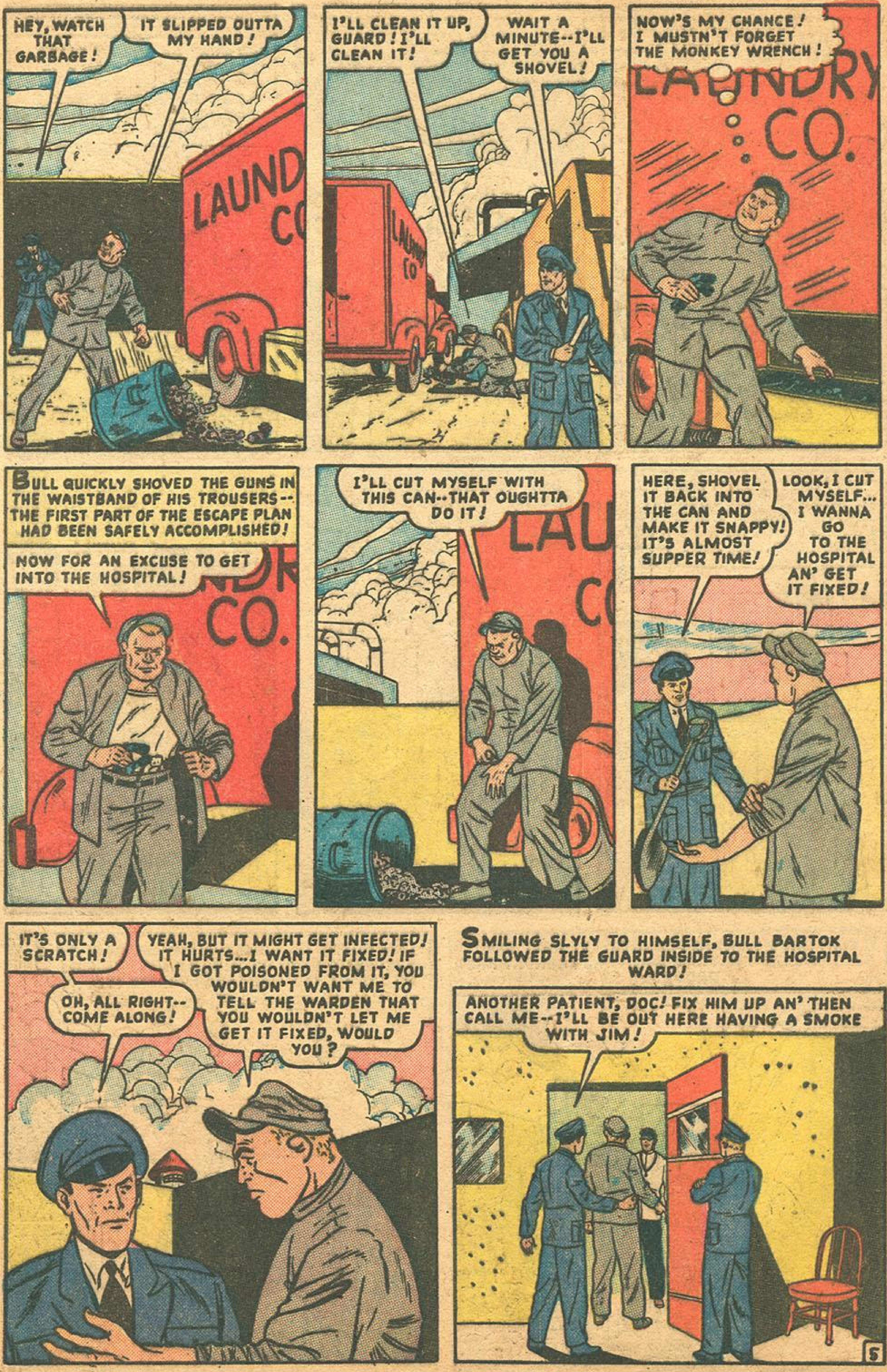

OH, MYRON, YOU LOOK WONDERFUL IN YOUR NEW STATE TROOPER'S UNIFORM!

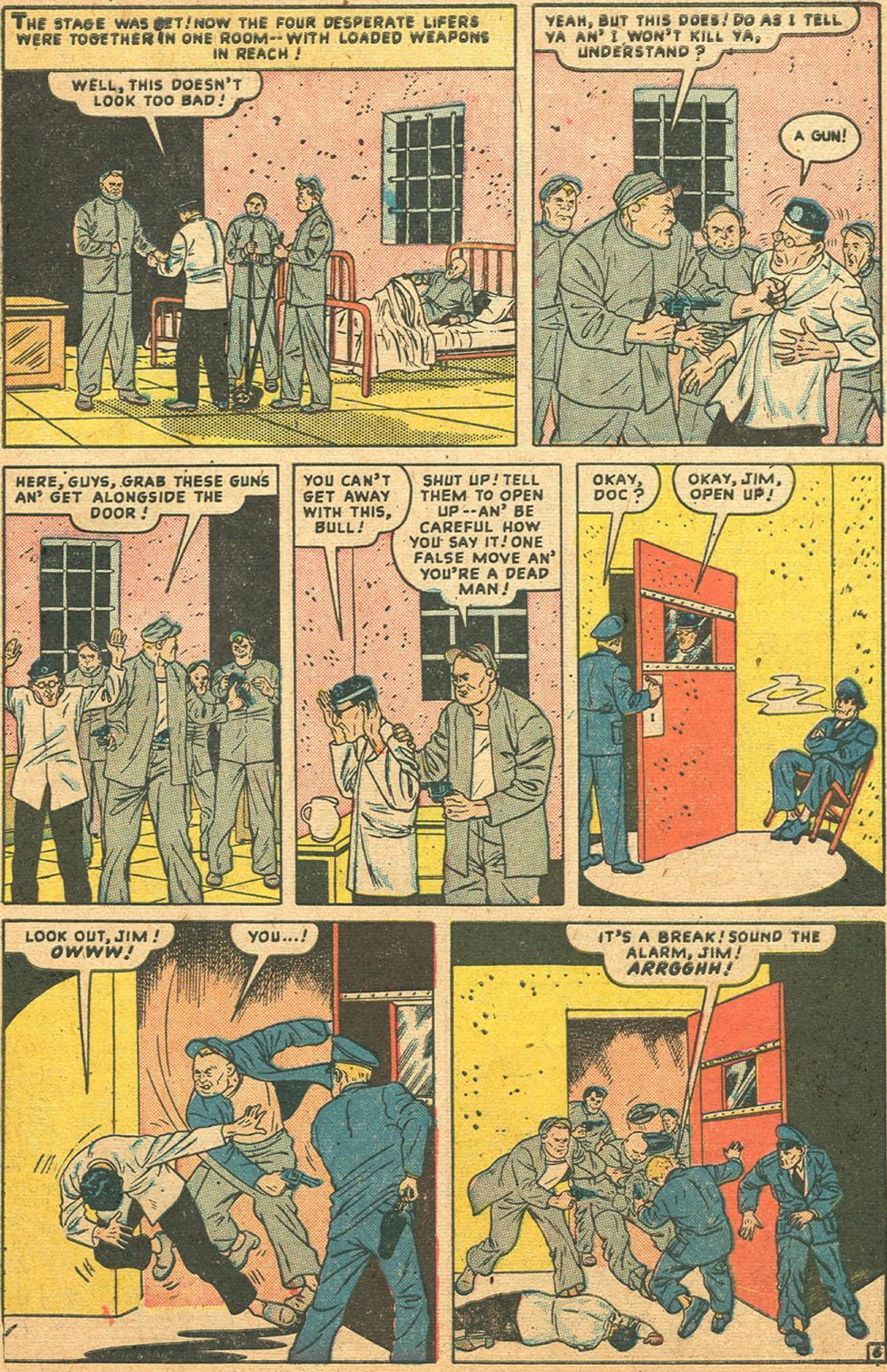
SO THESE TWO WENT THEIR SEPARATE WAYS, BUT FATE DECREED THAT SOON THEIR PATHS SHOULD MERGE!

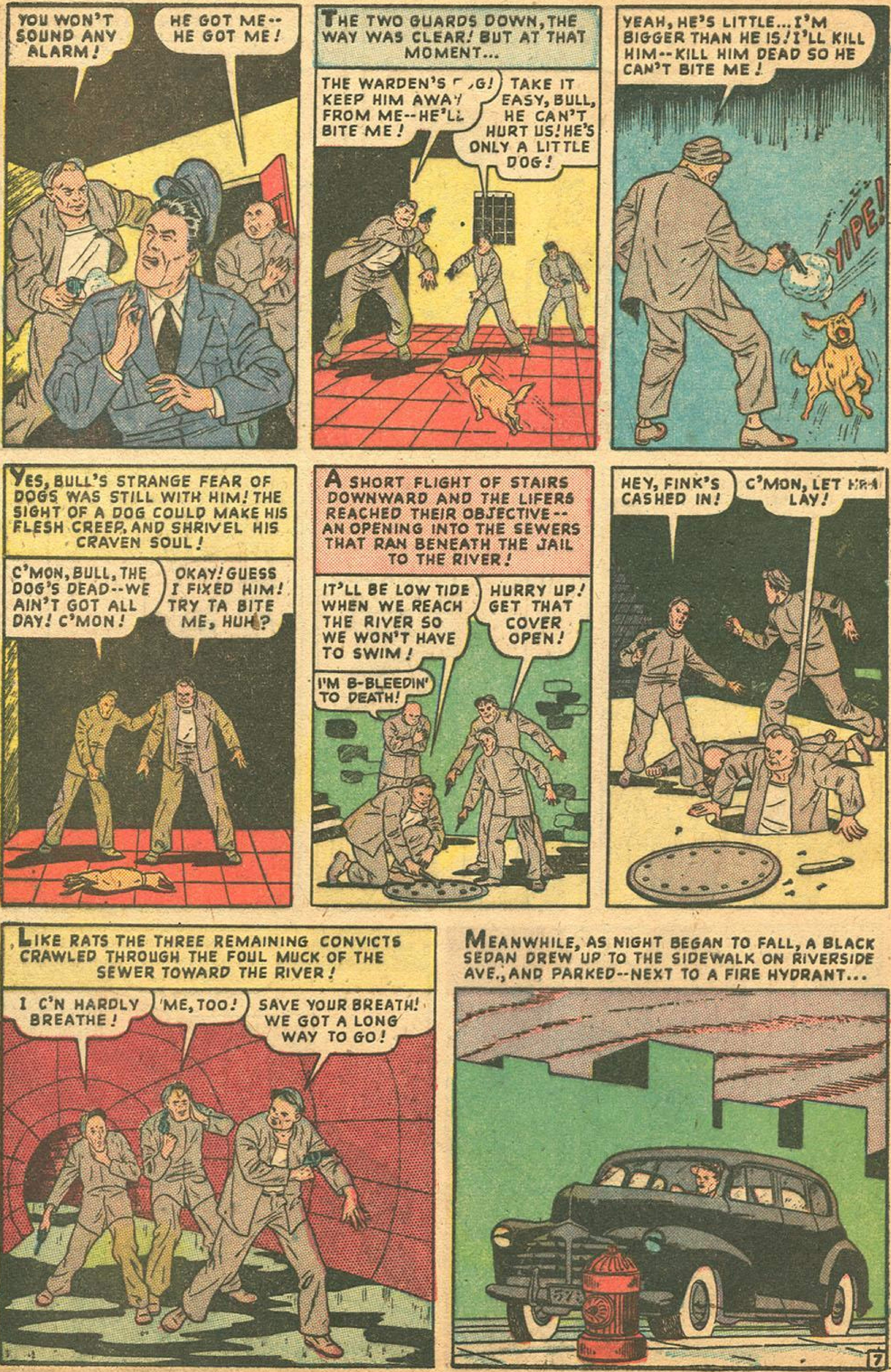

THE CAPTAIN WANTS TO SEE YOU, McCLINTOCK!
BULL, DO WE ROB DAT WAREHOUSE TONIGHT?
YEAH, TONY! GET THE BOYS!

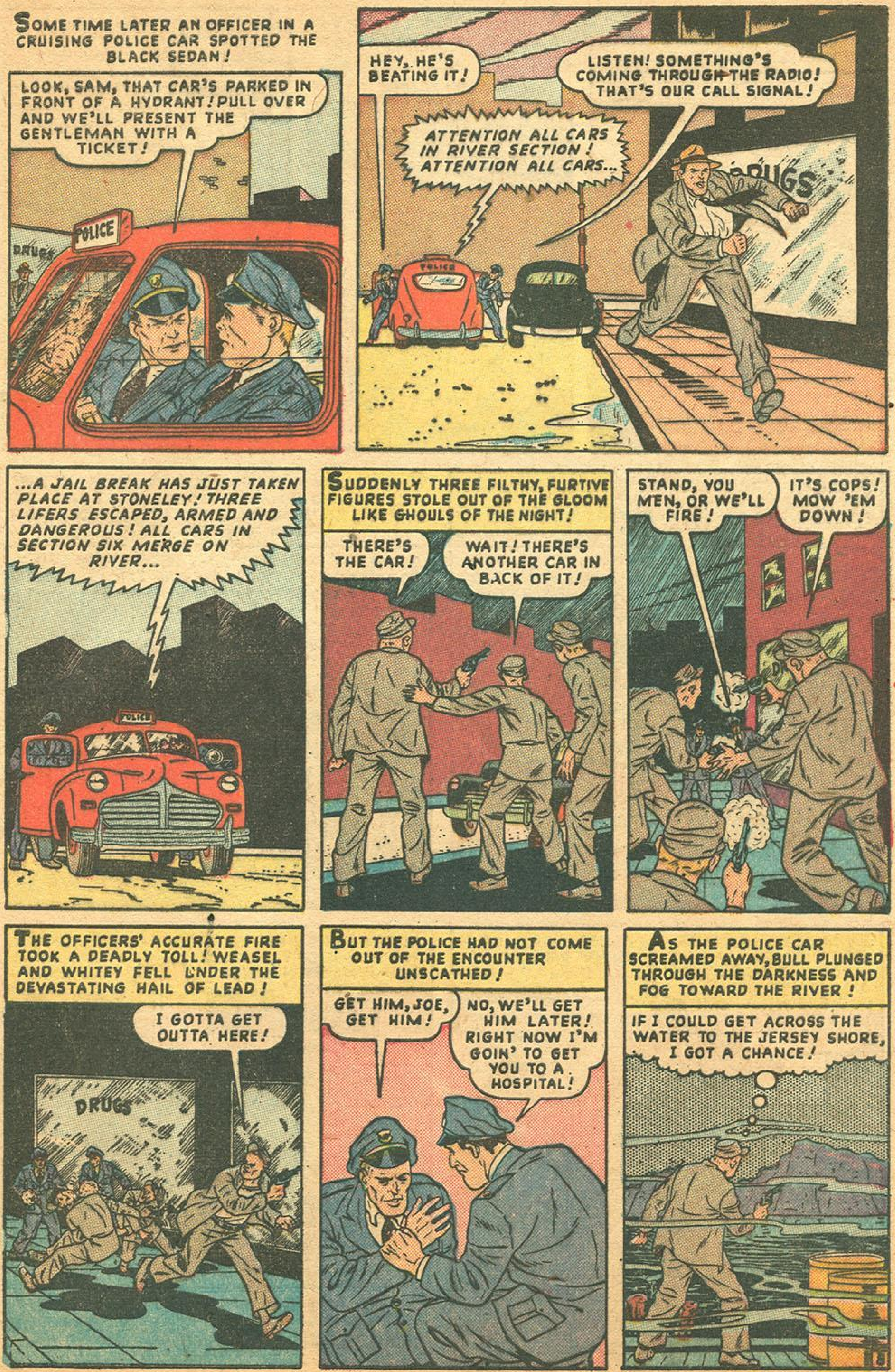

McCLINTOCK, ON YOUR RECOMMENDATION THE DEPARTMENT IS ESTABLISHING A KENNEL OF BLOODHOUNDS FOR TRAILING CRIMINALS! YOU'LL BE IN CHARGE! MANY OF THE OFFICIALS WERE AGAINST IT, SO FOR YOUR SAKE I HOPE IT PROVES ITSELF WORTH WHILE!
MEANWHILE BULL BARTOK HAD BEEN CAUGHT BY THE POLICE DURING THE WAREHOUSE ROBBERY, AND A SHORT TIME LATER...
SO I SENTENCE YOU, FRANCIS BARTOK, TO LIFE IMPRISONMENT!
YOU WON'T HOLD ME-- NO JAIL WILL! YOU'LL SEE, YOU DIRTY COPPERS!
THE PROLOGUE IS OVER, AND NOW WE BEGIN THE STORY-- BEGIN IT WITHIN THE GRIM, GRAY WALLS OF A STATE PRISON!
I GOT YOUR MESSAGE OUT, BULL!
YOU MEN THERE--NO TALKING!
BY THE DEVIOUS WAYS THAT CONVICTS KNOW, A MESSAGE HAD BEEN SENT TO THE OUTSIDE WORLD, AND SEVERAL DAYS LATER BULL BARTOK RECEIVED A PACKAGE!
PACKAGE FOR YOU, BULL-- CIGARETTES!
DO YOU GUYS HAVE TO TEAR EVERYTHING OPEN?
WE'VE GOT TO TAKE CARE OF YOU BOYS! SOMEONE MIGHT SLIP A FILE INTO A PACKAGE AND THAT MIGHT CAUSE ONE OF YOU FELLOWS TO GET INTO A HEAP OF TROUBLE!
EVERYBODY IN THIS JOINT IS USED TO TROUBLE!
AS SOON AS THE GUARD LEFT, BULL BEGAN A CLOSE SCRUTINY OF THE CIGARETTE PACKS!
AH, THIS IS IT--THERE'S THE MARK!
CALENDAR
CIGARETTES
WITH ANIMAL-LIKE EAGERNESS, THE LIFER TORE AT THE PACKAGE AND SPILLED ITS CONTENTS ON THE BUNK!
WHICH ONE IS IT? WHICH ONE?
HERE IT IS!
3

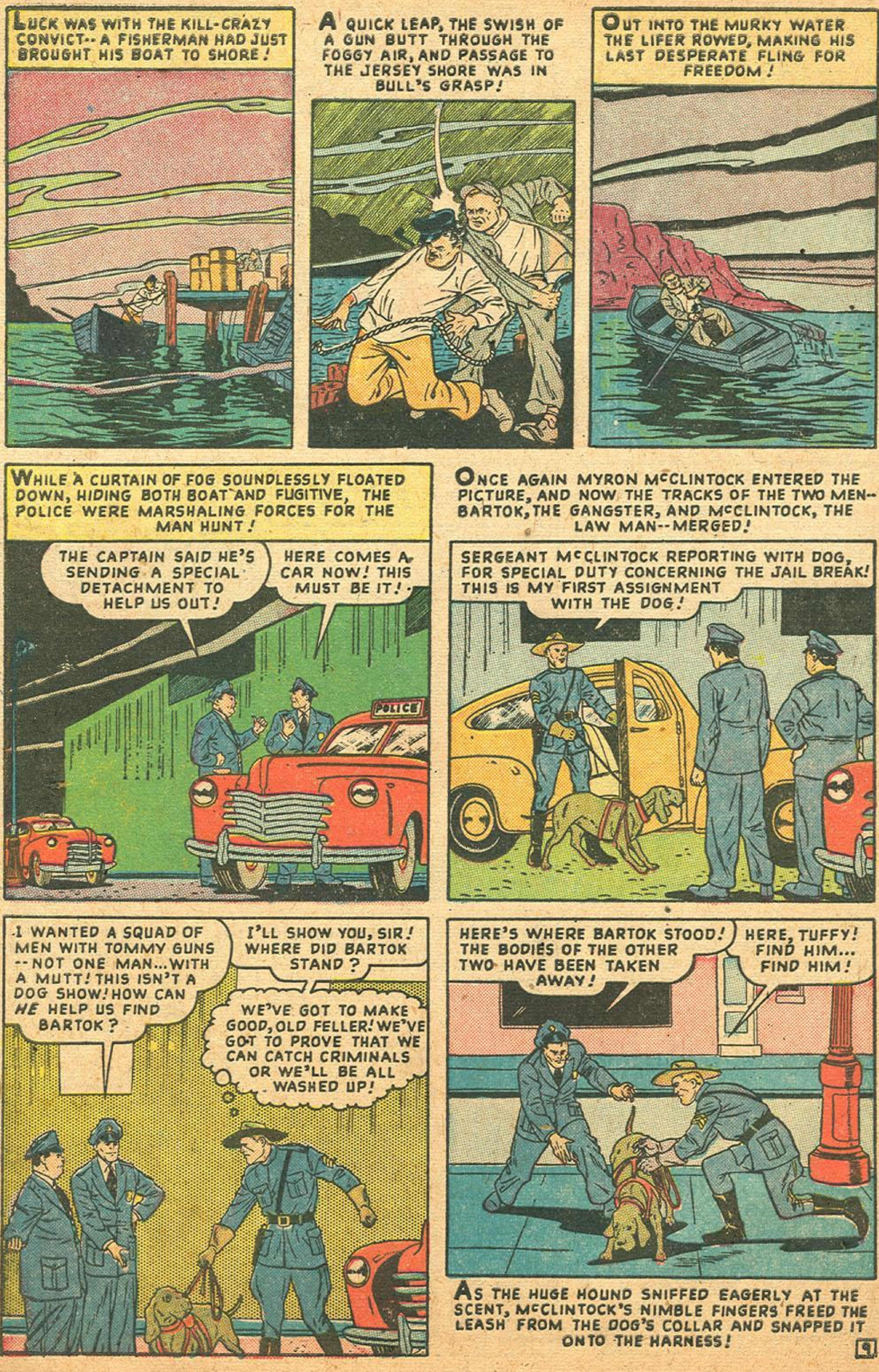

A DIRTY FINGERNAIL SLIT THE RICE PAPER! THE TOBACCO SPILLED UNHEEDED AS THE TINY PAPER CYLINDER UNROLLED...
AH, GOOD OL' TONY!
...AND REVEALED A MESSAGE IN SMALL PRINT ON THE INSIDE!
GATS IN LAUNDRY TRUCK TOOL BOX TOMORROW! BLACK SEDAN ON RIVERSIDE AVE. CORNER BRIDGE ST. LUCK!
LATER, IN THE EXERCISE YARD...
THE GUNS'RE COMIN' IN THE LAUNDRY TRUCK TOOL BOX TOMORROW! I'LL BE IN THE YARD DUMPIN' THE GARBAGE CANS, SO I'LL GET THEM -- AN' A MONKEY WRENCH!
OKAY! WHITEY AN' FINK WILL BE MOPPIN' THE FLOORS IN THE HOSPITAL WARD TOMORROW! I'LL PLAY SICK SO'S I C'N GET IN THE HOSPITAL, TOO!
TONY WILL BE WAITIN' WITH A CAR AN' CLOTHES, DOWN BY THE RIVER! THIS IS IT, FELLERS! WE'LL BREAK OUT AT SUPPER TIME--ABOUT SIX O'CLOCK!
BREAK IT UP, MEN--MOVE ALONG!
WE WERE TRYIN' TO HELP WEASEL, GUARD! HE'S SICK!
YEAH, MY STOMACH HURTS SOMETHIN' AWFUL!
COME ALONG ...I'LL TAKE YOU TO THE HOSPITAL!
EVERYTHING WENT AS PLANNED! THE NEXT DAY BULL WAS IN THE YARD WHEN THE LAUNDRY TRUCK DROVE IN!
LAUNDRY CO.
I'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHIN' TO GIVE ME AN EXCUSE TO STOP BY THE LAUNDRY TRUCK! I'LL DROP THE GARBAGE--THAT'S IT!
LAUN RY

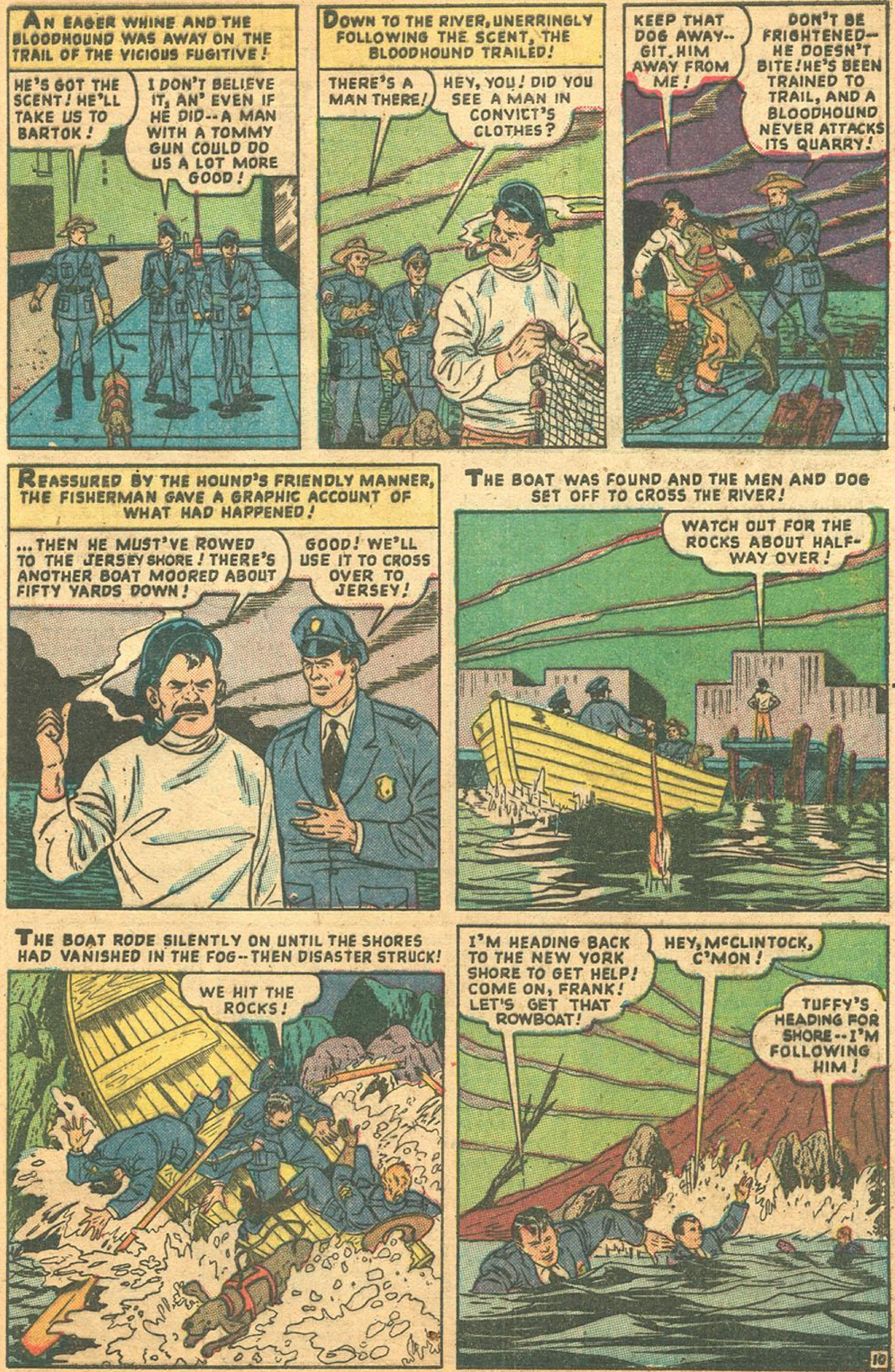

HEY, WATCH THAT GARBAGE!
IT SLIPPED OUTTA MY HAND!
LAUND CO
I'LL CLEAN IT UP, GUARD! I'LL CLEAN IT!
WAIT A MINUTE--I'LL GET YOU A SHOVEL!
LAUNDRY CO
NOW'S MY CHANCE! I MUSTN'T FORGET THE MONKEY WRENCH!
LAUNDRY CO.
BULL QUICKLY SHOVED THE GUNS IN THE WAISTBAND OF HIS TROUSERS--THE FIRST PART OF THE ESCAPE PLAN HAD BEEN SAFELY ACCOMPLISHED!
NOW FOR AN EXCUSE TO GET INTO THE HOSPITAL!
CO.
I'LL CUT MYSELF WITH THIS CAN--THAT OUGHTTA DO IT!
HERE, SHOVEL IT BACK INTO THE CAN AND MAKE IT SNAPPY! IT'S ALMOST SUPPER TIME!
LOOK, I CUT MYSELF... I WANNA GO TO THE HOSPITAL AN' GET IT FIXED!
IT'S ONLY A SCRATCH!
YEAH, BUT IT MIGHT GET INFECTED! IT HURTS...I WANT IT FIXED! IF I GOT POISONED FROM IT, YOU WOULDN'T WANT ME TO TELL THE WARDEN THAT YOU WOULDN'T LET ME GET IT FIXED, WOULD YOU?
OH, ALL RIGHT--COME ALONG!
SMILING SLYLY TO HIMSELF, BULL BARTOK FOLLOWED THE GUARD INSIDE TO THE HOSPITAL WARD!
ANOTHER PATIENT, DOC! FIX HIM UP AN' THEN CALL ME--I'LL BE OUT HERE HAVING A SMOKE WITH JIM!

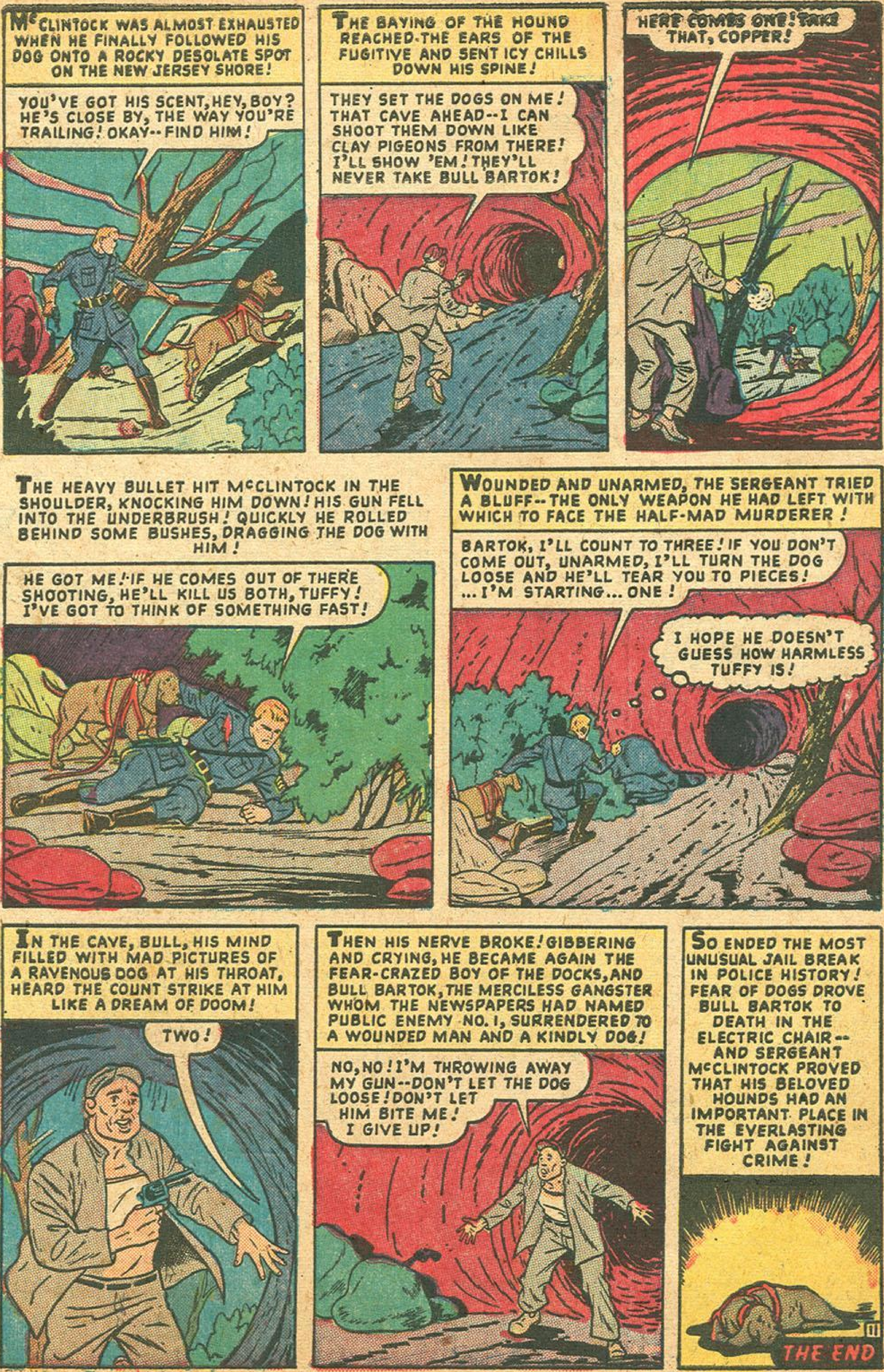

THE STAGE WAS SET! NOW THE FOUR DESPERATE LIFERS WERE TOGETHER IN ONE ROOM-- WITH LOADED WEAPONS IN REACH!
WELL, THIS DOESN'T LOOK TOO BAD!
YEAH, BUT THIS DOES! DO AS I TELL YA AN' I WON'T KILL YA, UNDERSTAND?
A GUN!
HERE, GUYS, GRAB THESE GUNS AN' GET ALONGSIDE THE DOOR!
YOU CAN'T GET AWAY WITH THIS, BULL!
SHUT UP! TELL THEM TO OPEN UP--AN' BE CAREFUL HOW YOU SAY IT! ONE FALSE MOVE AN' YOU'RE A DEAD MAN!
OKAY, DOC?
OKAY, JIM, OPEN UP!
LOOK OUT, JIM! *OWWW!*
YOU...!
IT'S A BREAK! SOUND THE ALARM, JIM! *ARRGGHH!*


YOU WON'T SOUND ANY ALARM!
HE GOT ME-- HE GOT ME!
THE TWO GUARDS DOWN, THE WAY WAS CLEAR! BUT AT THAT MOMENT...
THE WARDEN'S DOG! KEEP HIM AWAY FROM ME--HE'LL BITE ME!
TAKE IT EASY, BULL, HE CAN'T HURT US! HE'S ONLY A LITTLE DOG!
YEAH, HE'S LITTLE...I'M BIGGER THAN HE IS! I'LL KILL HIM--KILL HIM DEAD SO HE CAN'T BITE ME!
YIPE!
YES, BULL'S STRANGE FEAR OF DOGS WAS STILL WITH HIM! THE SIGHT OF A DOG COULD MAKE HIS FLESH CREEP, AND SHRIVEL HIS CRAVEN SOUL!
C'MON, BULL, THE DOG'S DEAD--WE AIN'T GOT ALL DAY! C'MON!
OKAY! GUESS I FIXED HIM! TRY TA BITE ME, HUH?
A SHORT FLIGHT OF STAIRS DOWNWARD AND THE LIFERS REACHED THEIR OBJECTIVE--AN OPENING INTO THE SEWERS THAT RAN BENEATH THE JAIL TO THE RIVER!
IT'LL BE LOW TIDE WHEN WE REACH THE RIVER SO WE WON'T HAVE TO SWIM!
HURRY UP! GET THAT COVER OPEN!
I'M B-BLEEDIN' TO DEATH!
HEY, FINK'S CASHED IN!
C'MON, LET HIM LAY!
LIKE RATS THE THREE REMAINING CONVICTS CRAWLED THROUGH THE FOUL MUCK OF THE SEWER TOWARD THE RIVER!
I C'N HARDLY BREATHE!
ME, TOO!
SAVE YOUR BREATH! WE GOT A LONG WAY TO GO!
MEANWHILE, AS NIGHT BEGAN TO FALL, A BLACK SEDAN DREW UP TO THE SIDEWALK ON RIVERSIDE AVE., AND PARKED--NEXT TO A FIRE HYDRANT...


SOME TIME LATER AN OFFICER IN A CRUISING POLICE CAR SPOTTED THE BLACK SEDAN!
LOOK, SAM, THAT CAR'S PARKED IN FRONT OF A HYDRANT! PULL OVER AND WE'LL PRESENT THE GENTLEMAN WITH A TICKET!
POLICE
DRUGS
HEY, HE'S BEATING IT!
LISTEN! SOMETHING'S COMING THROUGH THE RADIO! THAT'S OUR CALL SIGNAL!
ATTENTION ALL CARS IN RIVER SECTION! ATTENTION ALL CARS...
POLICE
DRUGS
...A JAIL BREAK HAS JUST TAKEN PLACE AT STONELEY! THREE LIFERS ESCAPED, ARMED AND DANGEROUS! ALL CARS IN SECTION SIX MERGE ON RIVER...
POLICE
SUDDENLY THREE FILTHY, FURTIVE FIGURES STOLE OUT OF THE GLOOM LIKE GHOULS OF THE NIGHT!
THERE'S THE CAR!
WAIT! THERE'S ANOTHER CAR IN BACK OF IT!
STAND, YOU MEN, OR WE'LL FIRE!
IT'S COPS! MOW 'EM DOWN!
THE OFFICERS' ACCURATE FIRE TOOK A DEADLY TOLL! WEASEL AND WHITEY FELL UNDER THE DEVASTATING HAIL OF LEAD!
I GOTTA GET OUTTA HERE!
DRUGS
BUT THE POLICE HAD NOT COME OUT OF THE ENCOUNTER UNSCATHED!
GET HIM, JOE, GET HIM!
NO, WE'LL GET HIM LATER! RIGHT NOW I'M GOIN' TO GET YOU TO A HOSPITAL!
AS THE POLICE CAR SCREAMED AWAY, BULL PLUNGED THROUGH THE DARKNESS AND FOG TOWARD THE RIVER!
IF I COULD GET ACROSS THE WATER TO THE JERSEY SHORE, I GOT A CHANCE!


LUCK WAS WITH THE KILL-CRAZY CONVICT-- A FISHERMAN HAD JUST BROUGHT HIS BOAT TO SHORE!
A QUICK LEAP, THE SWISH OF A GUN BUTT THROUGH THE FOGGY AIR, AND PASSAGE TO THE JERSEY SHORE WAS IN BULL'S GRASP!
OUT INTO THE MURKY WATER THE LIFER ROWED, MAKING HIS LAST DESPERATE FLING FOR FREEDOM!
WHILE A CURTAIN OF FOG SOUNDLESSLY FLOATED DOWN, HIDING BOTH BOAT AND FUGITIVE, THE POLICE WERE MARSHALING FORCES FOR THE MAN HUNT!
THE CAPTAIN SAID HE'S SENDING A SPECIAL DETACHMENT TO HELP US OUT!
HERE COMES A CAR NOW! THIS MUST BE IT!
POLICE
ONCE AGAIN MYRON McCLINTOCK ENTERED THE PICTURE, AND NOW THE TRACKS OF THE TWO MEN-- BARTOK, THE GANGSTER, AND McCLINTOCK, THE LAW MAN--MERGED!
SERGEANT McCLINTOCK REPORTING WITH DOG, FOR SPECIAL DUTY CONCERNING THE JAIL BREAK! THIS IS MY FIRST ASSIGNMENT WITH THE DOG!
I WANTED A SQUAD OF MEN WITH TOMMY GUNS --NOT ONE MAN...WITH A MUTT! THIS ISN'T A DOG SHOW! HOW CAN *HE* HELP US FIND BARTOK?
I'LL SHOW YOU, SIR! WHERE DID BARTOK STAND?
WE'VE GOT TO MAKE GOOD, OLD FELLER! WE'VE GOT TO PROVE THAT WE CAN CATCH CRIMINALS OR WE'LL BE ALL WASHED UP!
HERE'S WHERE BARTOK STOOD! THE BODIES OF THE OTHER TWO HAVE BEEN TAKEN AWAY!
HERE, TUFFY! FIND HIM... FIND HIM!
AS THE HUGE HOUND SNIFFED EAGERLY AT THE SCENT, McCLINTOCK'S NIMBLE FINGERS FREED THE LEASH FROM THE DOG'S COLLAR AND SNAPPED IT ONTO THE HARNESS!


AN EAGER WHINE AND THE BLOODHOUND WAS AWAY ON THE TRAIL OF THE VICIOUS FUGITIVE!
HE'S GOT THE SCENT! HE'LL TAKE US TO BARTOK!
I DON'T BELIEVE IT, AN' EVEN IF HE DID--A MAN WITH A TOMMY GUN COULD DO US A LOT MORE GOOD!
DOWN TO THE RIVER, UNERRINGLY FOLLOWING THE SCENT, THE BLOODHOUND TRAILED!
THERE'S A MAN THERE!
HEY, YOU! DID YOU SEE A MAN IN CONVICT'S CLOTHES?
KEEP THAT DOG AWAY-- GIT HIM AWAY FROM ME!
DON'T BE FRIGHTENED-- HE DOESN'T BITE! HE'S BEEN TRAINED TO TRAIL, AND A BLOODHOUND NEVER ATTACKS ITS QUARRY!
REASSURED BY THE HOUND'S FRIENDLY MANNER, THE FISHERMAN GAVE A GRAPHIC ACCOUNT OF WHAT HAD HAPPENED!
...THEN HE MUST'VE ROWED TO THE JERSEY SHORE! THERE'S ANOTHER BOAT MOORED ABOUT FIFTY YARDS DOWN!
GOOD! WE'LL USE IT TO CROSS OVER TO JERSEY!
THE BOAT WAS FOUND AND THE MEN AND DOG SET OFF TO CROSS THE RIVER!
WATCH OUT FOR THE ROCKS ABOUT HALF-WAY OVER!
THE BOAT RODE SILENTLY ON UNTIL THE SHORES HAD VANISHED IN THE FOG--THEN DISASTER STRUCK!
WE HIT THE ROCKS!
I'M HEADING BACK TO THE NEW YORK SHORE TO GET HELP! COME ON, FRANK! LET'S GET THAT ROWBOAT!
HEY, McCLINTOCK, C'MON!
TUFFY'S HEADING FOR SHORE--I'M FOLLOWING HIM!


McCLINTOCK WAS ALMOST EXHAUSTED WHEN HE FINALLY FOLLOWED HIS DOG ONTO A ROCKY DESOLATE SPOT ON THE NEW JERSEY SHORE!
YOU'VE GOT HIS SCENT, HEY, BOY? HE'S CLOSE BY, THE WAY YOU'RE TRAILING! OKAY--FIND HIM!
THE BAYING OF THE HOUND REACHED THE EARS OF THE FUGITIVE AND SENT ICY CHILLS DOWN HIS SPINE!
THEY SET THE DOGS ON ME! THAT CAVE AHEAD--I CAN SHOOT THEM DOWN LIKE CLAY PIGEONS FROM THERE! I'LL SHOW 'EM! THEY'LL NEVER TAKE BULL BARTOK!
HERE COMES ONE! TAKE THAT, COPPER!
THE HEAVY BULLET HIT McCLINTOCK IN THE SHOULDER, KNOCKING HIM DOWN! HIS GUN FELL INTO THE UNDERBRUSH! QUICKLY HE ROLLED BEHIND SOME BUSHES, DRAGGING THE DOG WITH HIM!
HE GOT ME! IF HE COMES OUT OF THERE SHOOTING, HE'LL KILL US BOTH, TUFFY! I'VE GOT TO THINK OF SOMETHING FAST!
WOUNDED AND UNARMED, THE SERGEANT TRIED A BLUFF--THE ONLY WEAPON HE HAD LEFT WITH WHICH TO FACE THE HALF-MAD MURDERER!
BARTOK, I'LL COUNT TO THREE! IF YOU DON'T COME OUT, UNARMED, I'LL TURN THE DOG LOOSE AND HE'LL TEAR YOU TO PIECES! ...I'M STARTING... ONE!
I HOPE HE DOESN'T GUESS HOW HARMLESS TUFFY IS!
IN THE CAVE, BULL, HIS MIND FILLED WITH MAD PICTURES OF A RAVENOUS DOG AT HIS THROAT, HEARD THE COUNT STRIKE AT HIM LIKE A DREAM OF DOOM!
TWO!
THEN HIS NERVE BROKE! GIBBERING AND CRYING, HE BECAME AGAIN THE FEAR-CRAZED BOY OF THE DOCKS, AND BULL BARTOK, THE MERCILESS GANGSTER WHOM THE NEWSPAPERS HAD NAMED PUBLIC ENEMY NO. 1, SURRENDERED TO A WOUNDED MAN AND A KINDLY DOG!
NO, NO! I'M THROWING AWAY MY GUN--DON'T LET THE DOG LOOSE! DON'T LET HIM BITE ME! I GIVE UP!
SO ENDED THE MOST UNUSUAL JAIL BREAK IN POLICE HISTORY! FEAR OF DOGS DROVE BULL BARTOK TO DEATH IN THE ELECTRIC CHAIR-- AND SERGEANT McCLINTOCK PROVED THAT HIS BELOVED HOUNDS HAD AN IMPORTANT PLACE IN THE EVERLASTING FIGHT AGAINST CRIME!
11
THE END

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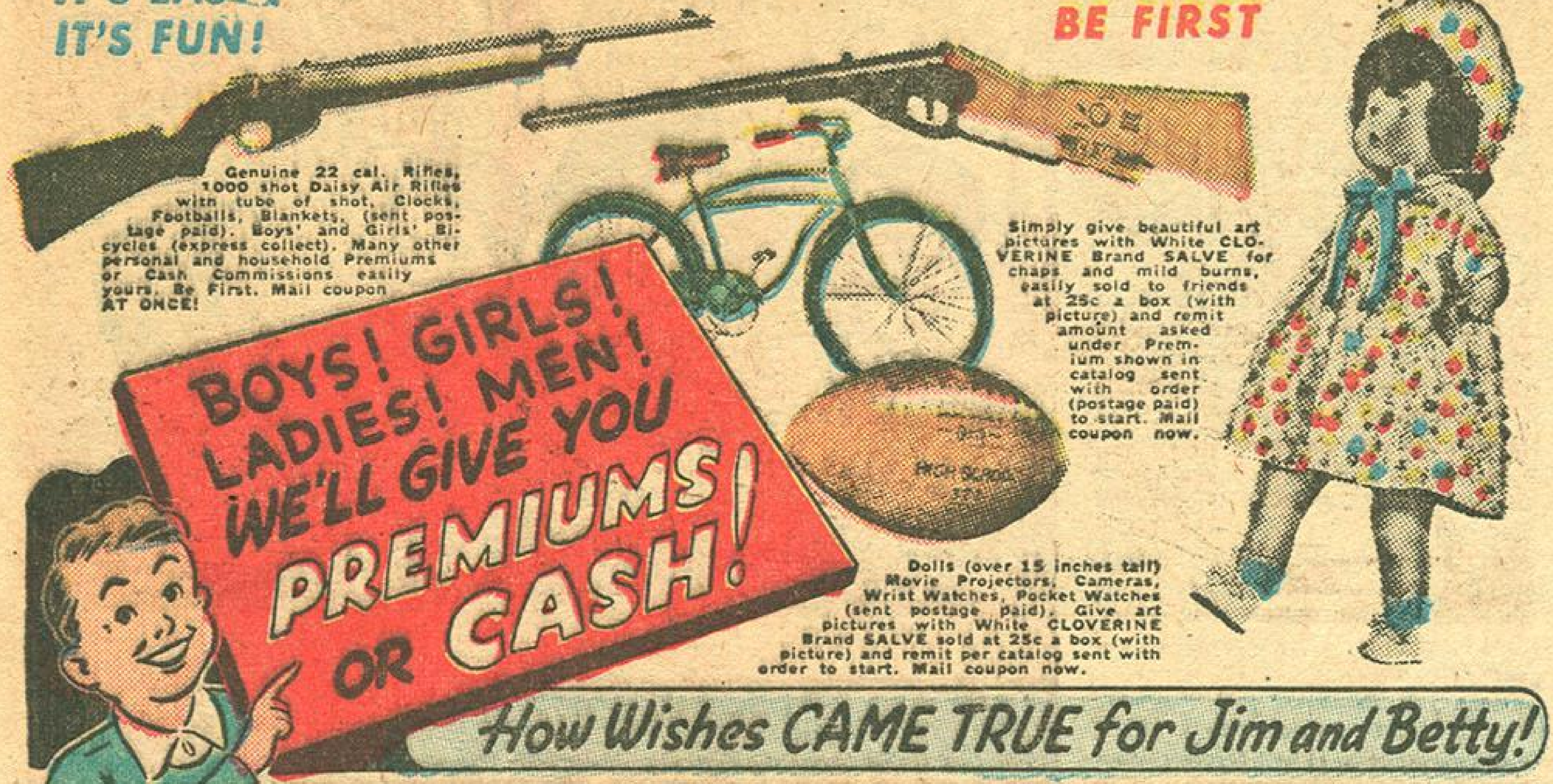
BOYS! GIRLS! LADIES! MEN! WE'LL GIVE YOU PREMIUMS OR CASH!

Genuine 22 cal. Rifles, 1000 shot Daisy Air Rifles with tube of shot, Clocks, Footballs, Blankets, (sent postage paid). Boys' and Girls' Bicycles (express collect). Many other personal and household Premiums or Cash Commissions easily yours. Be First. Mail coupon AT ONCE!

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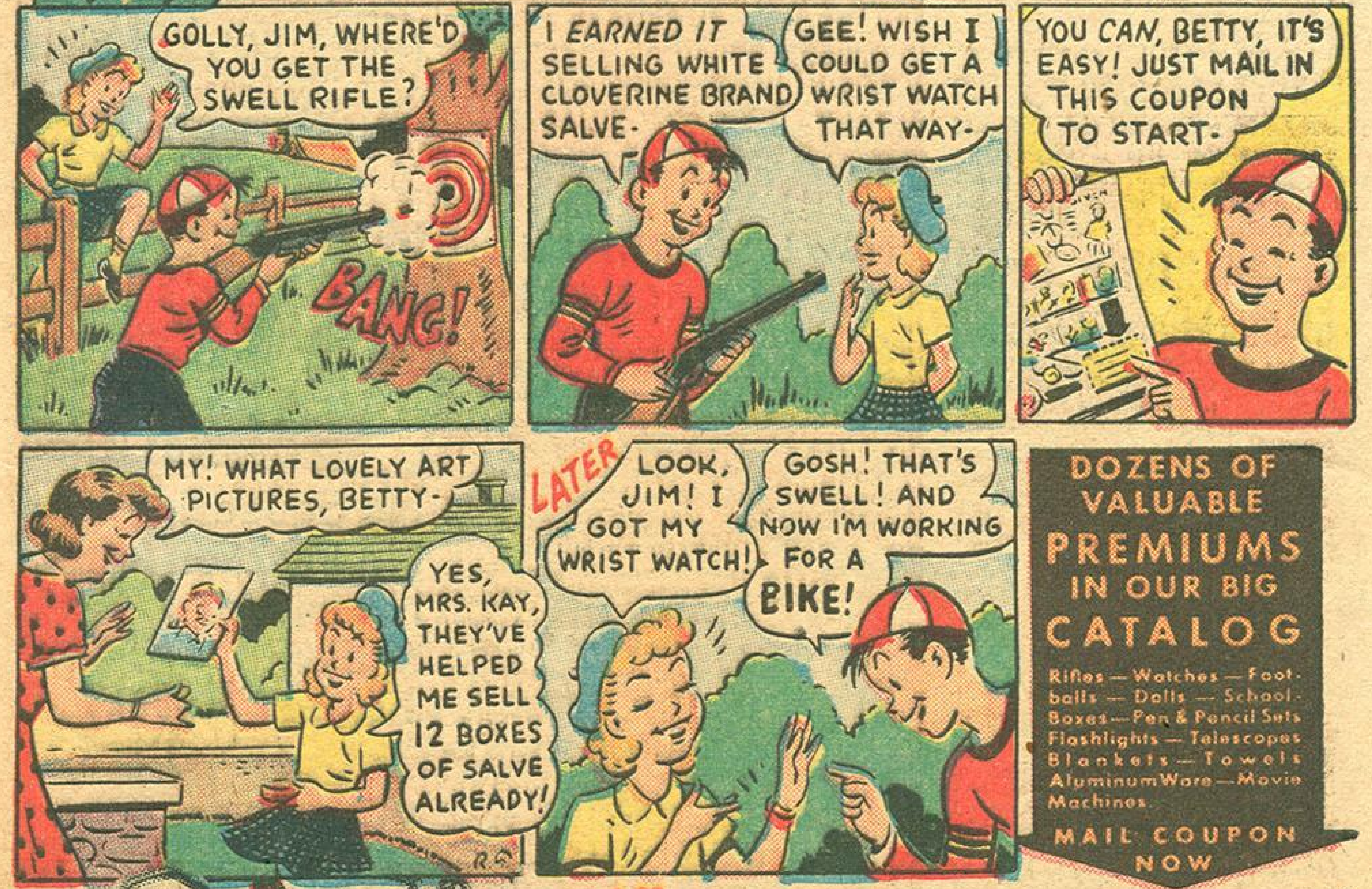
## How Wishes CAME TRUE for Jim and Betty!


GOLLY, JIM, WHERE'D YOU GET THE SWELL RIFLE?
BANG!
I EARNED IT SELLING WHITE CLOVERINE BRAND SALVE-
GEE! WISH I COULD GET A WRIST WATCH THAT WAY-
YOU CAN, BETTY, IT'S EASY! JUST MAIL IN THIS COUPON TO START-
MY! WHAT LOVELY ART PICTURES, BETTY-
YES, MRS. KAY, THEY'VE HELPED ME SELL 12 BOXES OF SALVE ALREADY!
LATER
LOOK, JIM! I GOT MY WRIST WATCH!
GOSH! THAT'S SWELL! AND NOW I'M WORKING FOR A BIKE!

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Rifles — Watches — Footballs — Dolls — School-Boxes — Pen & Pencil Sets Flashlights — Telescopes Blankets — Towels AluminumWare — Movie Machines.

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Wilson Chem. Co., Dept. MC-148, Tyrone, Pa., Date..........

Gentlemen:- Please send me on trial twelve colorful art pictures with twelve boxes of white CLOVERINE Brand SALVE to sell at 25c a box (with picture.) I will remit amount asked within 30 days, select a Premium or keep Cash Commission as fully explained under Premium wanted in catalog sent with order, postage paid to start.

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St. ________ RD ________ Box ________

Town ________ Zone No. ________ State ________

Print Last Name Here | | | | | | | | | | |

Paste coupon on postal card or mail in an envelope today.

# BLACKHEADS "PET HATE"

## Say Men, Girls in Choosing Date

What a "black mark" is the blackhead . . . according to men and girls popular enough to be choosy about dates!

"Nobody's dreamboat'" "Nobody's date bait!" And that's not all that's said of those who are careless about blackheads. But blackheads ARE ugly! Blackheads ARE grimy! And they DON'T look good in close-ups!

So can you blame the fellow who says, "Sure, I meet lots of girls who look cute at first glance. But if, on that second glance, I see dingy blackheads, it's *good night!*"

Or can you blame the girl who confesses, "I hate to go out with a fellow who has blackheads. If he's careless about that you're sure he'll embarrass you in other ways, too!"

But you — are YOUR ears burning? Well, you've company and, sad to say, good company. There are lots of otherwise attractive fellows and girls who could date anyone they like if they'd only realize how offensive blackheads are . . . and how easily and quickly they could get rid of them . . . if they *want* to!

## "He-Man" Often Guilty of Blackhead Crime

Take your "he-man" . . . super at track, games, sports of all kinds . . . who thinks that after just a shower he's ready to go anywhere! And won't the girls all admire his muscles!

Sure they would! But not many dance floors are set up for hurdle races! You can't show off your snappy left hook when only cokes are in the ring. The "he-man" who's also clean-cut, will get the breaks wherever he is.

## Even Cute Girls Become Careless

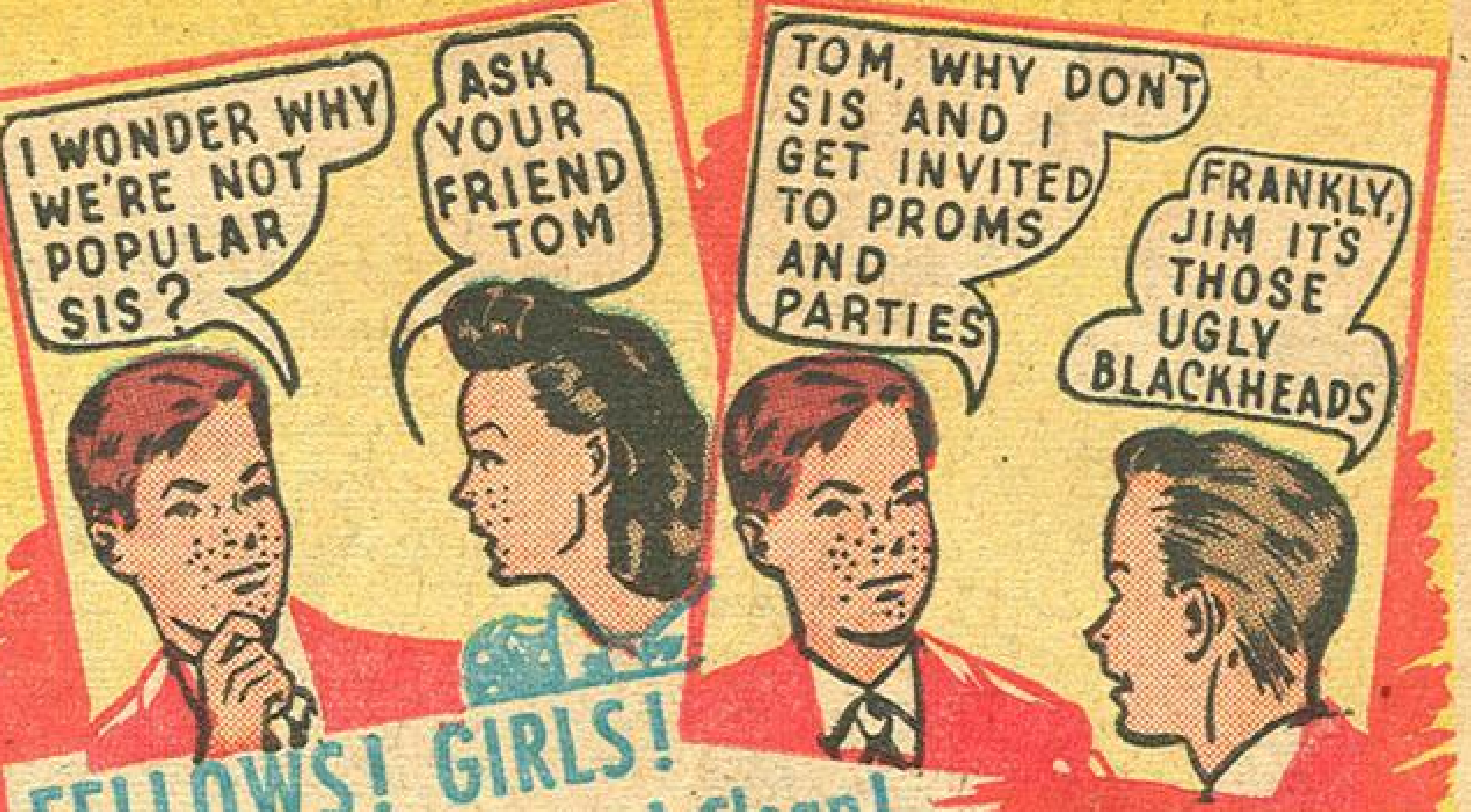
Easy, too easy, for a girl to think that if she has the latest in clothes and hair-do she needn't bother about blackheads. A little more make-up, she guesses, will take care of that. BUT MAKE-UP WON'T HIDE BLACKHEADS! Not unless it's plaster of paris, maybe! And even good make-up "slips" at a dance! So don't take chances, cute though you may be!

### TAKE THESE TIPS TO BANISH BLACKHEADS

Keep skin clean by washing morning and night with warm, almost hot, water. Use good soap and plenty of it. And finish with cool water.

Extract every blackhead as soon as you see it — with a SAFE extractor. Don't use finger nails. Don't squeeze. That may mean infection, injured tissues, a marred skin.

*Just be clean! Be quick! And be safe! That's easy!* And that's ALL!


I WONDER WHY WE'RE NOT POPULAR SIS?
ASK YOUR FRIEND TOM
TOM, WHY DON'T SIS AND I GET INVITED TO PROMS AND PARTIES
FRANKLY, JIM IT'S THOSE UGLY BLACKHEADS

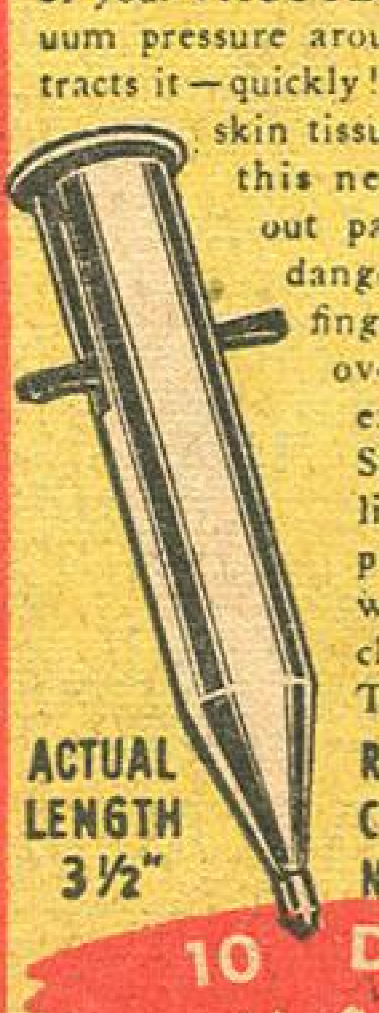
FELLOWS! GIRLS! Keep Skin Clear and Clean!

# UGLY BLACKHEADS OUT in *Seconds* with VACUTEX

AREN'T YOU GLAD WE HEARD ABOUT VACUTEX

## NEW! SCIENTIFIC! VACUUM ACTION!

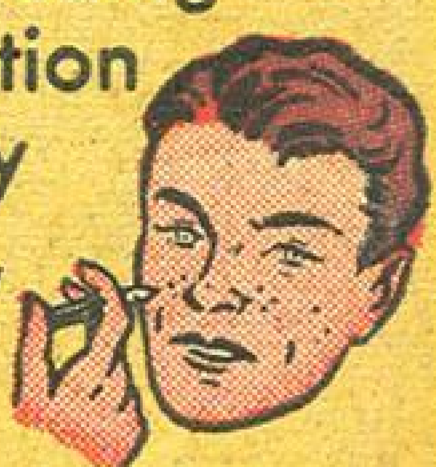
Amazing new VACUTEX is painless . . . safe . . . fast! In seconds you are rid of those ugly blackheads that clog the pores . . . make your skin look grimy and dingy . . . give others such a wrong impression of you. VACUTEX creates a gentle vacuum pressure around the blackhead and extracts it — quickly! — without injury to tender skin tissues. Keep skin always clear this new scientific way. Without painful squeezing! Without dangerous infection from germy fingers! Just place VACUTEX over blackhead and draw back extractor. Blackhead's out! Simple! But you'll be delighted by your instantly improved appearance. Others will notice your clearer, cleaner skin! Try VACUTEX — now!



ACTUAL LENGTH 3½"

RUSH COUPON NOW!

**No Squeezing**
**No Infection**
**No Injury to Skin Tissues!**



**Just place VACUTEX over blackhead — release extractor — and blackhead's out!**

10 DAY TRIAL OFFER

Don't send a penny. Mail coupon and pay postman only $1.00 plus postage. Or save all postage by enclosing $1.00 with guarantee coupon. If not thrilled to be rid of embarrassing hated blackheads this new quick way — just return VACUTEX in 10 days and get $1 back. Order today!

10 DAY TRIAL GUARANTEE

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19 West 44th St., New York 18, N. Y.

☐ Enclosed find $1.00. Send me VACUTEX postpaid.

☐ Ship C.O.D. I will pay postman $1.00 plus postage.

My dollar will be refunded if I am not delighted.

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ADDRESS____________________

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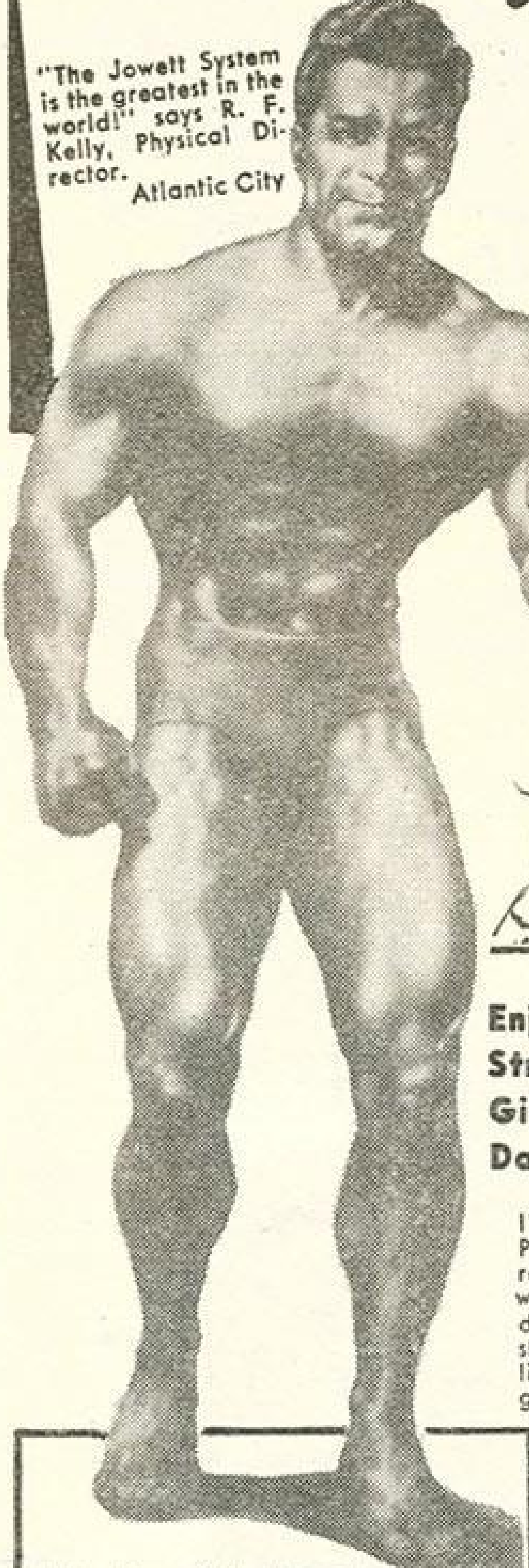

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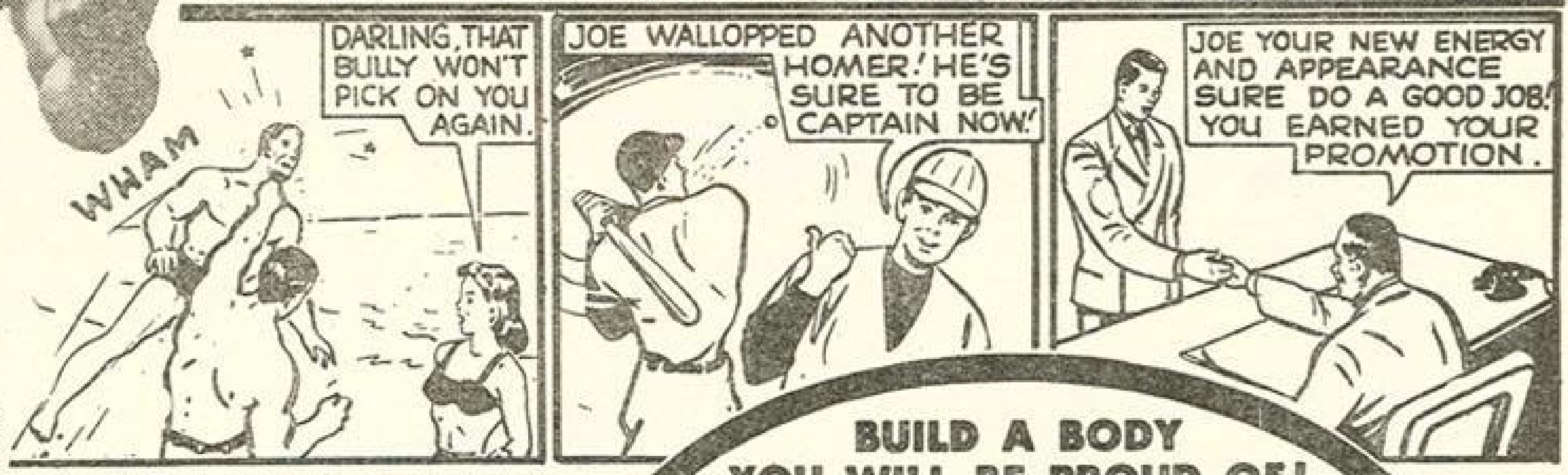
DARLING, THAT BULLY WON'T PICK ON YOU AGAIN.
WHAM
JOE WALLOPPED ANOTHER HOMER! HE'S SURE TO BE CAPTAIN NOW!
JOE YOUR NEW ENERGY AND APPEARANCE SURE DO A GOOD JOB! YOU EARNED YOUR PROMOTION.

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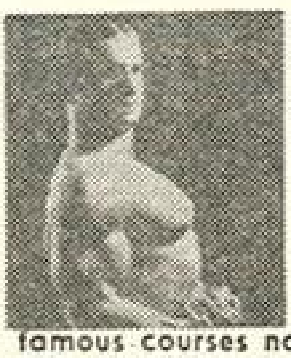

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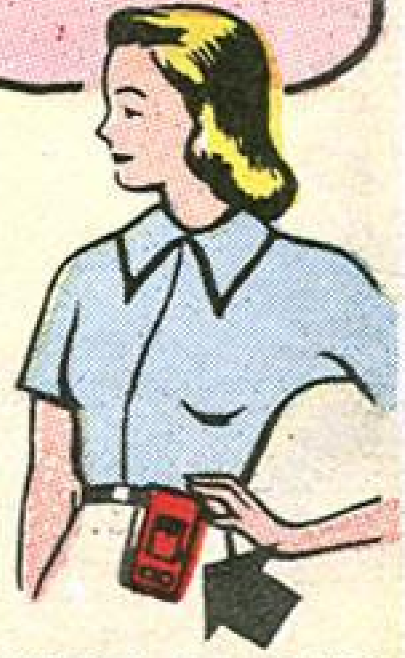

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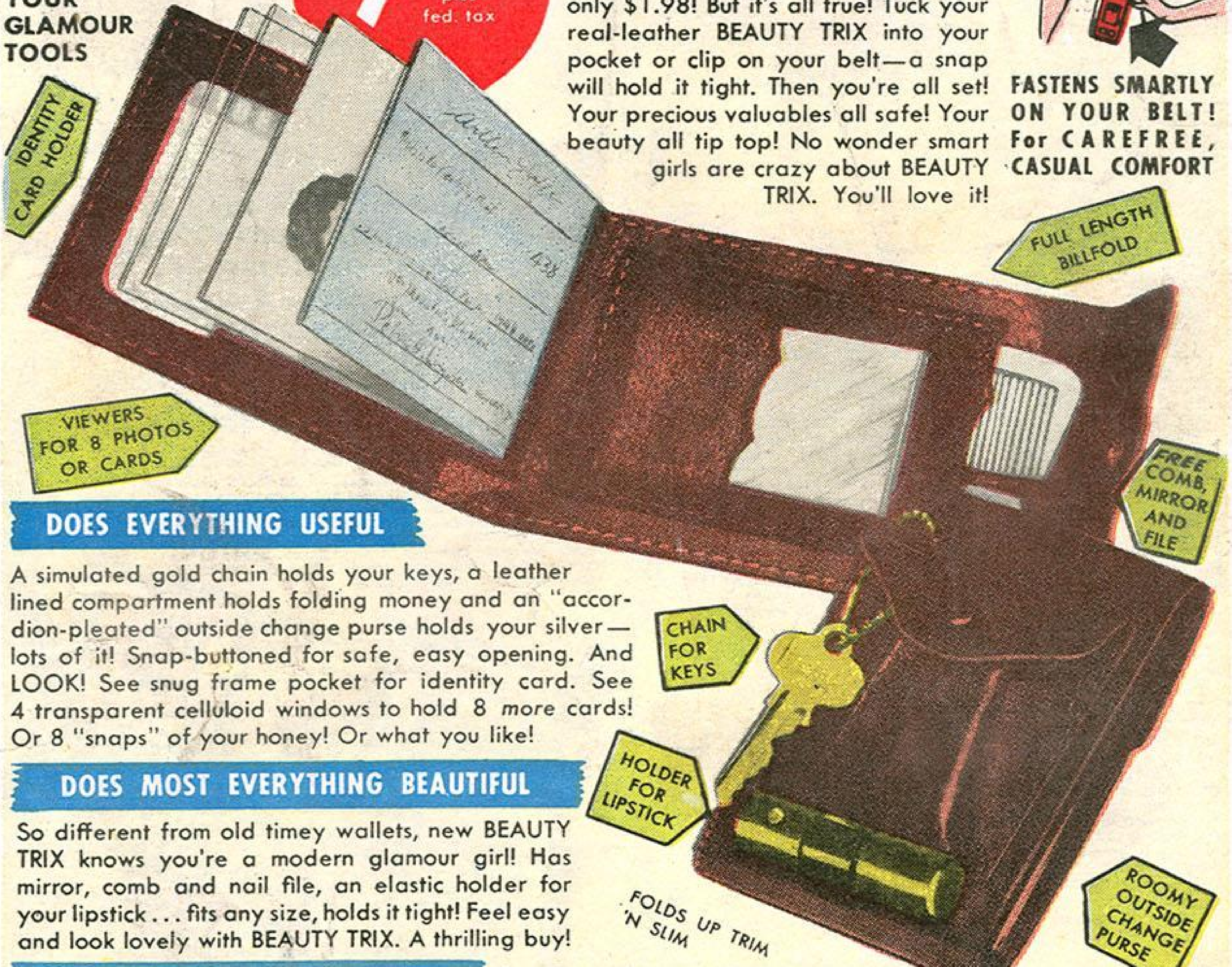
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☐ On delivery I will pay postman $1.98 plus postage, and fed. tax.

☐ I enclosed $2.38. You pay postage.

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